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THE WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

Geo. T. Doo. R.A. Engraver.

Alexander Pope.

From the original Picture by Jervas, in the possession of

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THE WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

NEW EDITION.

INCLUDING

SEVERAL HUNDRED UNPUBLISHED LETTERS, AND OTHER NEW MATERIALS,

COLLECTED IN PART BY THE LATE

RT. HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER.

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES.

BY REV. WHITWELL ELWIN.

VOL. VI.

CORRESPONDENCE.—VOL. I.

WITH PORTRAITS AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PRESENTED
BY
J. A. Matthews, Esq., L.L.D.
1898

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INTRODUCTION

TO

POPE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

When Pope's Letters were published,[1] as they had relation to recent facts, and persons either then living or not yet forgotten, they may be supposed to have found readers; but, as the facts were minute, and the characters, being either private or literary, were little known, or little regarded, they awaked no popular kindness or resentment; the book never became much the subject of conversation; some read it as a contemporary history, and some perhaps as a model of epistolary language; but those who read it did not talk of it. Not much therefore was added by it to fame or envy, nor do I remember that it produced either public praise, or public censure.

Pope is seen in this collection as connected with the other contemporary wits, and certainly suffers no disgrace in the comparison: but it must be remembered that he had the power of favouring himself; he might have originally had publication in his mind, and have written with care, or have afterwards selected those which he had most happily conceived, or most diligently laboured, and I know not whether there does not appear something more studied and artificial in his productions than the rest, except one long letter by Bolingbroke, composed with all the skill and industry of a professed author. It is indeed not easy to distinguish affectation from habit; he that has once studiously formed a style, rarely writes afterwards with complete ease. Pope may be said to write always with his reputation in his head; Swift perhaps like a man who remembered that he was writing to Pope; but Arbuthnot like one who lets thoughts drop from his pen as they rise into his mind.

Of Pope's social qualities, if an estimate be made from his letters, an opinion too favourable cannot easily be formed; they exhibit a perpetual and unclouded effulgence of general benevolence, and particular fondness. There is nothing but liberality, gratitude, constancy, and tenderness. It has been so long said as to be commonly believed, that the true characters of men may be found in their letters, and

[1] Johnson is speaking here of Pope's avowed edition in 1737, and not of the earlier P. T. impression.

that he who writes to his friend lays his heart open before him. But the truth is that such were the simple friendships of the "Golden Age," and are now the friendships only of children. Very few can boast of hearts which they dare lay open to themselves, and of which, by whatever accident exposed, they do not shun a distinct and continued view; and, certainly, what we hide from ourselves we do not show to our friends. There is, indeed, no transaction which offers stronger temptations to fallacy and sophistication than epistolary intercourse. In the eagerness of conversation the first emotions of the mind often burst out before they are considered; in the tumult of business, interest and passion have their genuine effect; but a friendly letter is a calm and deliberate performance, in the cool of leisure, in the stillness of solitude, and surely no man sits down to depreciate by design his own character. Friendship has no tendency to secure veracity, for by whom can a man so much wish to be thought better than he is as by him whose kindness he desires to gain or keep? Even in writing to the world there is less constraint; the author is not confronted with his reader, and takes his chance of approbation among the different dispositions of mankind; but a letter is addressed to a single mind, of which the prejudices and partialities are known, and must therefore please, if not by favouring them, by forbearing to oppose them.

To charge those favourable representations which men give of their own minds with the guilt of hypocritical falsehood would show more severity than knowledge. The writer commonly believes himself. Almost every man's thoughts, while they are general, are right; and most hearts are pure, while temptation is away. It is easy to awaken generous sentiments in privacy; to despise death when there is no danger; to glow with benevolence when there is nothing to be given. While such ideas are formed they are felt, and self-love does not suspect the gleam of virtue to be the meteor of fancy.

If the letters of Pope are considered merely as compositions, they seem to be premeditated and artificial. It is one thing to write because there is something which the mind wishes to discharge, and another to solicit the imagination because ceremony or vanity requires something to be written. Pope confesses his early letters to be vitiated with "affectation and ambition;" to know whether he disentangled himself from these perverters of epistolary integrity his book and his life must be set in comparison. One of his favourite topics is contempt of his own poetry. For this, if it had been real, he would deserve no commendation; and in this he was certainly not sincere, for his high value of himself was sufficiently observed, and of what could he be proud but of his poetry? He writes, he says, when "he has just nothing else to do;" yet Swift complains that he was never at leisure for conversation, because he "had always some

poetical scheme in his head." It was punctually required that his writing-box should be set upon his bed before he rose ; and Lord Oxford's domestic related that, in the dreadful winter of Forty, she was called from her bed by him four times in one night to supply him with paper lest he should lose a thought.

He pretends insensibility to censure and criticism, though it was observed by all who knew him that every pamphlet disturbed his quiet, and that his extreme irritability laid him open to perpetual vexation ; but he wished to despise his critics, and therefore hoped that he did despise them. As he happened to live in two reigns when the Court paid little attention to poetry, he nursed in his mind a foolish disesteem of kings, and proclaims that "he never sees Courts." Yet a little regard shown him by the Prince of Wales melted his obduracy, and he had not much to say when he was asked by his Royal Highness, "How he could love a prince while he disliked kings?"[1] He very frequently professes contempt of the world, and represents himself as looking on mankind, sometimes with gay indifference, as on emmets of a hillock, below his serious attention, and sometimes with gloomy indignation, as on monsters more worthy of hatred than of pity. These were dispositions apparently counterfeited. How could he despise those whom he lived by pleasing, and on whose approbation his esteem of himself was superstructed? Why should he hate those to whose favour he owed his honour and his ease? Of things that terminate in human life, the world is the proper judge ; to despise its sentence, if it were possible, is not just, and if it were just is not possible. Pope was far enough from this unreasonable temper ; he was sufficiently "a fool to fame," and his fault was that he pretended to neglect it. His levity and his sullenness were only in his letters ; he passed through common life, sometimes vexed and sometimes pleased, with the natural emotions of common men. His scorn of the great is repeated too often to be real ; no man thinks much of that which he despises, and as falsehood is always in danger of inconsistency, he makes it his boast at another time that he lives among them.

It is evident that his own importance swells often in his mind. He is afraid of writing, lest the clerks of the post-office should know his secrets ; he has many enemies ; he considers himself as surrounded by universal jealousy ; "after many deaths, and many dispersions two or three of us," says he, "may still be brought together, not to plot, but divert ourselves, and the world too, if it pleases ;" and they can live together, and "show what friends wits may be in spite of all the fools in the world." All this while it was likely that the clerks did not know his hand ; he certainly had no more enemies than a

[1] "Sir," replied Pope, "I consider royalty under that noble and authorised type of the lion ; while he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached and caressed with safety and pleasure."—WARBURTON.

public character like his inevitably excites ; and with what degree of friendship the wits might live, very few were so much fools as ever to enquire. Some part of this pretended discontent he learned from Swift, and expresses it, I think, most frequently in his correspondence with him. Swift's resentment was unreasonable, but it was sincere ; Pope's was the mere mimicry of his friend, a fictitious part which he began to play before it became him. When he was only twenty-five years old, he related that "a glut of study and retirement had thrown him on the world," and that there was danger lest "a glut of the world should throw him back upon study and retirement." To this Swift answered with great propriety, that Pope had not yet either acted or suffered enough in the world to have become weary of it. And, indeed, it must be some very powerful reason that can drive back to solitude him who has once enjoyed the pleasures of society.

In the letters both of Swift and Pope there appears such narrowness of mind as makes them insensible of any excellence that has not some affinity with their own, and confines their esteem and approbation to so small a number, that whoever should form his opinion of the age from their representation, would suppose them to have lived amidst ignorance and barbarity, unable to find among their contemporaries either virtue or intelligence, and persecuted by those that could not understand them.

When Pope murmurs at the world, when he professes contempt of fame, when he speaks of riches and poverty, of success and disappointment with negligent indifference, he certainly does not express his habitual and settled sentiments, but either wilfully disguises his own character, or, what is more likely, invests himself with temporary qualities, and sallies out in the colours of the present moment. His hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows acted strongly upon his mind ; and if he differed from others it was not by carelessness.—Johnson.

The best letters in this collection are of Swift and Arbuthnot, of Peterborough and Trumbull, as written from the heart, and in an easy, familiar style. Those of Bolingbroke are in the form of dissertations, and those of Pope himself like the elegant and studied epistles of Pliny and Balzac. His letters seem evidently designed for the public eye, and are sometimes inconsistent with the facility and unreservedness that ought to take place and be predominant in a friendly and familiar correspondence. All of them are overcrowded with professions of integrity and disinterestedness, with trite reflections on contentment and retirement ; a disdain of greatness and courts ; a contempt of fame ; and an affected strain of commonplace morality. They seem to be chiefly valuable for some literary particulars incidentally mentioned.—Warton.

Pope's letters in general are not written so naturally as those of

Gay, Swift, and Bolingbroke. Yet he delights in the idea of "pouring out himself," as he calls it, whereas (and I will not speak merely of those written in youth, the faults of which he acknowledges,[1]) they appear in general as much the result of labour (after many efforts rendered more easy perhaps) as his verses. They want that charm which no elegance of language can atone for—nature. Cowper, therefore, very properly designates him as a maker of letters. He sat down gravely and solemnly to show himself magnanimous, warm-hearted, sincere, candid, humane, &c. Like all professors, what he says he often says in direct opposition to what he feels.[2] At least, when he says, "These trifles disturb me not at all;" "I write just what comes into my head;" "I pour out my heart," &c., a severe judge of character would think he felt quite the reverse, though, whilst writing in his study, contemplating his laurel circus, &c., from the window, where he had nothing to disturb him, he might, in a moment of triumphant self-applause, think, "What a happy, liberal, friendly, candid being am I!"

Pope never appears to so much disadvantage as when he writes to the ladies. The "Letters to Several Ladies," in particular, are constrained, affected, full of false wit, and false gaiety, and in everything the reverse of what he wished them to appear, the natural effusions of lively and gallant feelings. He certainly was sensible of this, as will be seen by his own confession, and they were indeed written chiefly at an early age; but as they were published, and with some care (by leaving out passages that might be thought offensive, and correcting others), it is plain he was not indifferent to them in his latter days, though it must have been very strange if he was not aware how vainly laboured they were.

The letters of Cowper, also a poet, form a perfect contrast to Pope's. In the one, I think I see a mind striving to be great, and affecting to be unaffected; in the other, we contemplate, not the studious loftiness, but the playfulness of a mind naturally lofty, throwing at random a ray of sweetness, cheerfulness, and tenderness upon whatever subject occurs, mixed occasionally with severer touches of wisdom, and a mournful, but seldom angry survey of the follies of mankind. We see the playful humour, mingled with melancholy, and the melancholy, mingled with kindness, social feelings, sincerity and tenderness.

I cannot close this parallel without one remark. Because Warton

[1] In the preface to the quarto edition of his letters.

[2] The language of truth and nature is so totally remote from affectation that it cannot be imitated. If, indeed, the imitation could be generally mistaken for the reality, then every man of shrewdness could deceive by professing what he did not feel. But such is the character of art, that even in the most consummate artist it betrays itself.—Bowles.

and Johnson have spoken as they felt of Pope, Hayley accuses them of unfriendliness. There are certain facts which ought to have certain judgments pronounced on them by every one who assumes as his guide, truth and fidelity. I will say if I had read Pope's letters, without knowing the author, or his character, I should have thought him different from what he has endeavoured to depicture himself, and feeling this, I have no hesitation to avow it. I do not deny that many of the letters are written with eloquence. Those are best that display his filial affection, and his friendship, but the egotism, the affected contempt of everybody but those of his own coterie, the ease that is laboured, and the warmth that is studied, make them infinitely less interesting than the letters of Gay, Jervas, or Arbuthnot.—Bowles.

The literary correspondence of Pope with Wycherley, Cromwell, and Walsh is interesting, as a model of what once passed for fine letter-writing. Every nerve was strained to outdo each other in carving all thoughts into a filigree work of rhetoric, and the amœbæan contest was like that between two village cocks from neighbouring farms endeavouring to overcrow each other. To us, in this age of purer and more masculine taste, the whole scene takes the ludicrous air of old and young fops dancing a minuet with each other, practising the most elaborate grimaces, sinkings and risings the most awful, bows the most overshadowing, until plain walking, running, or the motions of natural dancing, are thought too insipid for endurance. In this instance the taste had perhaps really been borrowed from France, though often enough we impute to France what is the native growth of all minds placed in similar circumstances. Madame de Sévigné's letters were really models of grace. But Balzac, whose letters, however, are not without interest, had in some measure formed himself upon the truly magnificent rhetoric of Pliny and Seneca. Pope and his correspondents, meantime degraded the dignity of rhetoric by applying it to trivial commonplaces of compliment, whereas Seneca applied it to the grandest themes which life or contemplation can supply. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, on first coming amongst the wits of the day, naturally adopted their style. She found this sort of euphuism established ; and it was not for a very young woman to oppose it. But her masculine understanding and powerful good sense, shaken free, besides, from all local follies by travels and extensive commerce with the world, first threw off these glittering chains of affectation. Dean Swift, by the very constitution of his mind, plain, sinewy, nervous, and courting only the strength that allies itself with homeliness, was always indisposed to this mode of correspondence. And, finally, Pope himself, as his earlier friends died off, and his own understanding acquired strength, laid it aside altogether. One reason doubtless was, that he found it too fatiguing ; since in

this way of letter writing he was put to as much expense of wit in amusing an individual correspondent as would for an equal extent have sufficed to delight the whole world. A funambulist may harass his muscles and risk his neck on the tight-rope, but hardly to entertain his own family. Pope, however, had another reason for declining this showy system of fencing; and strange it is that he had not discovered this reason from the very first. As life advanced, it happened unavoidably that real business advanced; the careless condition of youth prompted no topics, or at least prescribed none, but such as were agreeable to the taste, and allowed of an ornamental colouring. But when downright business occurred, exchequer bills to be sold, meetings to be arranged, negotiations confided, difficulties to be explained, here and there by possibility a jest or two might be scattered, a witty allusion thrown in, or a sentiment interwoven; but for the main body of the case it neither could receive any ornamental treatment, nor if, by any effort of ingenuity, it had, could it look otherwise than silly and unreasonable:

Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri.

Pope's idleness, therefore, on the one hand, concurring with good sense and the necessities of business on the other, drove him to quit his gay rhetoric in letter-writing. But there are passages surviving in his correspondence which indicate that, after all, had leisure and the coarse perplexities of life permitted it, he still looked with partiality upon his youthful style, and cherished it as a first love. But in this harsh world, as the course of true love, so that of rhetoric, never did run smooth; and thus it happened that, with a lingering farewell, he felt himself forced to bid it adieu. Strange that any man should think his own sincere and confidential overflowings of thought and feeling upon books, men, and public affairs less valuable in a literary view than the legerdemain of throwing up bubbles into the air for the sake of watching their prismatic hues, like an Indian juggler with his cups and balls. We of this age, who have formed our notions of epistolary excellence from the chastity of Gray's, the brilliancy of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's during her later life, and the mingled good sense and fine feeling of Cowper's, value only those letters of Pope which he himself thought of inferior value. And even with regard to these, we may say that there is a great mistake made; the best of those later letters between Pope and Swift, &c., are not in themselves at all superior to the letters of sensible and accomplished women, such as leave every town in the island by every post. Their chief interest is a derivative one; we are pleased with any letter, good or bad, which relates to men of such eminent talent; and sometimes the subjects discussed have a separate interest for

themselves. But as to the quality of the discussion, apart from the person discussing and the thing discussed, so trivial is the value of these letters in a large proportion, that we cannot but wonder at the preposterous value which was set upon them by the writers.—De Quincey.

The casual criticisms on Pope's letters do not differ in general from the estimate of Warton, Bowles, and De Quincey. "His literary correspondence," wrote Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in 1754, "lays open such a mixture of dullness and iniquity that one would imagine it visible even to his most passionate admirers."[1] "I found this consequence," said Cowper to Unwin, "attending, or likely to attend the eulogium you bestowed,—if my friend thought me witty before, he shall think me ten times more witty hereafter; where I joked once I will joke five times, and for one sensible remark I will send him a dozen. Now this foolish vanity would have spoiled me quite, and would have made me as disgusting a letter-writer as Pope, who seems to have thought that unless a sentence was well-turned, and every period pointed with some conceit, it was not worth the carriage. Accordingly he is to me, except in very few instances, the most disagreeable maker of epistles that ever I met with."[2] "The object," says Hallam, when speaking of the letters of Voiture, "was to say what meant little with the utmost novelty in the mode, and with the most ingenious compliment to the person addressed: so that he should admire himself, and admire the writer. Voiture seems to have fancied that good sense spoils a man of wit. Pope, in addressing ladies, was nearly the ape of Voiture. It was unfortunately thought necessary, in such a correspondence, either to affect despairing love, which was to express itself with all possible gaiety, or, where love was too presumptuous, to pour out a torrent of nonsensical flattery which was to be rendered tolerable by far-fetched turns of thought."[3] "I do not hesitate to say," remarks Mr. Croker, "that Pope's correspondence, as originally published, has little of either the lighter or the graver merits of familiar letters. I at least remember none more barren of matter, less enlivened by wit, or less explanatory of the history of either the writer or the times." Gray the poet had a higher opinion of them. He said to Mr. Nicholls "that they were not good letters, but better things."[4]

Those letters are the most interesting which, like Cowper's, are a true reflection of daily life and ideas. Johnson's assertion must be received with large deductions when he says that no one, in a letter, lays open his heart to a friend, since a letter is "a calm and deliberate

[1] Letters and Works, ed. Moy Thomas, vol. ii. p. 254.
[2] Cowper's Works, ed. Southey, 1854, vol. ii. p. 257.
[3] Hallam, Lit. Hist., 5th ed., vol. iii. p. 362.
[4] Works of Gray, ed. Mitford, vol. v. p. 37.

performance" intended to secure the friend's good opinion, and hearts are too evil to be displayed. The deliberation is commonly slight. Familiar letters are usually hasty productions, thrown off with the freedom and carelessness of conversation, and if, as Johnson remarks, "no man sits down to depreciate by design his own character," so multitudes have no intention to disguise it. Their object is to relate with frankness the events, thoughts, and feelings of the hour, and the representation need not be disingenuous and unfaithful because particular infirmities are not gratuitously dragged forth from the recesses of the mind. Some reservations are becoming.

The mistrust excited by studied epistles has probably its foundation in the belief that what is artless in form is genuine in substance, and that what is laboured is sophisticated. Even the suspicion with which ambitious letters are regarded may be pushed too far. When Shenstone heard that his letters to his friend Mr. Whistler had been burnt by a surviving brother, he wrote to Mr. Graves, "I confess to you that I am considerably mortified, and rather than they should have been so unnecessarily destroyed, would have given more money than it is allowable for me to mention with decency. I look upon my letters as some of my *chefs-d'œuvre;* and, could I be supposed to have the least pretensions to propriety of style or sentiment, I should imagine it must appear principally in my letters to his brother, and one or two more friends."[1] The author who aspired to make his intimate letters master-pieces of "style and sentiment," who designed them for posterity, and mourned over their destruction, would certainly be less open than if he wrote for the private eye of a companion. He would aim at effect, and would only express the facts and sentiments he imagined would assist his reputation. Yet the letters would not of necessity be untrustworthy. Within their limited range they might be perfectly honest, and have as much veracity as an autobiography, or an essay, or any other composition intended for the world. Artificial letters may have their value, provided they are truthful and are not altogether insignificant. The vice of the letters published by Pope is not merely that they are studied, but that they are usually barren and insincere.

Pope was eager in denying that he took pains with his letters. He acknowledged that those to Wycherley, and to "several ladies" had "too much of a juvenile ambition of wit or affectation of gaiety." "The rest," he said, "every judge of writing will see were by no means efforts of the genius, but emanations of the heart," and he professed his belief that "this very carelessness would make them the better known from such counterfeits as have been, and may be imputed to him."[2] In private he showed the same anxiety to have

[1] Works of Shenstone, ed. 1791, vol. iii. p. 234.

[2] Pope's Correspondence, ed. Elwin, vol. i. p. xxxviii. xl.

credit for negligence and facility, and he assured Caryll, in May, 1735, that he had never written any letters "but in haste, and generally against the grain." The letters he published have none of the spontaneous characteristics he boasted. They are pretentious, stiff, and laboured. Johnson observes that it is "not easy to distinguish affectation from habit." A ready test can be applied to the letters of Pope. He was often compelled to write on the spur of the moment. His zeal in reclaiming and destroying his hasty letters met with imperfect success. Many escaped, and Bowles is right in saying that they are a decisive proof how different was the style of Pope's off-hand productions from the formal compositions he sent to the press.[1] The original "carelessness" was a fiction, which he followed up by the second, and more explicit falsehood, that "he would not go about to amend" these unconsidered trifles.[2] "Very few of the original autographs," says Mr. Croker, "are extant, for as Pope had recalled them from the hands of his friends, and altered them for publication, he would naturally take care that they should not afterwards rise in judgment against his new version, but of these few all that I have seen, or heard of, bear marks of the garbling process to which they were subjected." The evidence of Pope's extensive corrections and manipulations has multiplied since. The letters he feigned to be all ease and nature were doubly artificial—they were elaborately composed at the outset, and industriously edited at an interval of years. Shenstone had the candour to confess that he looked upon his letters as "some of his *chefs-d'œuvre*," and mourned their destruction. Pope only differed from Shenstone in the greater vanity, and monstrous lying, which made him protest that they were "wretched papers he never writ but in haste," that they "ought to have been burned," that they were printed without his knowledge and against his will,[3] that they were flung before the world with every primitive blemish uncorrected, and that he was vexed beyond measure to find the idle scratchings of his pen divulged.

The letters of Pope are artificial and they are barren. They are full of the cumbrous, manufactured, vapid compliments described by Hallam and De Quincey, of the trite reflections and common-place morality mentioned by Warton, of the boastful affectations and pharisaical self-sufficiency exposed by Johnson. The insignificant matter is rendered more tiresome by its frequent obscurity. Pope's compliments are so far-fetched that they are often barely intelligible. His opinions are constantly delivered with the darkness as well as with the pomp of an oracle. He loved to utter high-sounding sentiments on politics and religion, which are meant to seem lofty

[1] Bowles's Pope, vol. i. p. xcvi.
[2] Pope's Correspondence, vol. i. p. xli.
[3] Pope's Correspondence, vol. i. p. 356.

and magnanimous, and which on examination are found to be little better than evasive nonsense. He had cultivated the art of using words to conceal his thoughts, or want of thought, and his paltry ambiguities, his mean expedients to avoid a manly openness of speech, are never more prominent than in his familiar letters, where, from their special unfitness, they are peculiarly distasteful. No great author, who had been all his life a painstaking "maker of epistles," could have produced fewer tolerable specimens of his craft, and as the remainder of his collection is conspicuous for its emptiness, the remark of Gray is incomprehensible when he says that though "bad letters they are better things."

The hollowness of Pope's professions in his letters was demonstrated by Johnson, who was inclined to absolve him from the charge of "hypocritical falsehood." He might have been beguiled by self-deception. This construction is no longer tenable. He avowed in the beginning of his preface to the quarto of 1737 that before the P. T. volume appeared he had picked out the correspondence he intended should be printed if any of his letters were surreptitiously published, or certain slanders were revived. In the conclusion of his preface he exclaimed against the wrong which had been done him by the surreptitious publications. As an author he had been deprived of the power of judging what was entertaining or reputable. As a man he had been deprived of the privilege of deciding what sentiments he would divulge or conceal. As a member of society he was injured by the exposure of his family secrets, passions, tendernesses, and weaknesses.[1] With slight variations, Pope reprinted, and thus authenticated, the text of the P. T. volume, and in every instance where we can compare it with the letters he sent to his correspondents, we see that the letters he called surreptitious are the very letters he had altered and edited for the press. They had been selected, fused, abridged, amended, redirected, and falsified with a steady eye to his self-exaltation, and the wail over the treacherous promulgation of careless letters which he had not been permitted to purge of a single fault, or imprudence, was a lie to persuade the world that the flattering portrait he had painted for public exhibition was a true picture of the author in his rapid, unstudied effusions—of the man in his confidential, unguarded hours.

The "hypocritical falsehoods" were direct, and Pope could not, in Johnson's language, "believe himself." He could as little believe himself when he said that his object in preserving the letters he did not burn was "to set in a true light" misrepresentations of himself and his friends, facts of history and criticism, and circumstances in the life and character of his eminent contemporaries.[2] His object was

[1] Pope's Correspondence, vol. i. p. xlii.

[2] Pope's Correspondence, vol. i. p. xxxvii. Pope to Lord Oxford, Sept. 15, 1729.

more often to shield himself by calumniating others, to palm off for real a fictitious correspondence which had never been seen by the persons with whom it purported to have been carried on, and to replace a variety of facts by fabrications. The evidence that Pope corrupted his letters, and gave a false account of them in his preface, is independent of the proofs that he ushered into the world the Wycherley, P. T., and Swift correspondence, and charged his own machinations upon Lord Oxford, Curll, and Swift. In this second set of successive, protracted frauds, he displayed a complication of imposture, degradation, and effrontery which can only be paralleled in the lives of professional forgers and swindlers. He feared that the representation he had prepared of his extemporaneous talents, and native goodness, would lose its effect if he was known to have selected and published the letters, and he plunged from infamy to infamy that he might invest his counterfeited virtue with a specious appearance of truth.

The systematic outrage of common principle precludes the supposition that Pope could have been the dupe of his own encomiums. He was a conscious and deliberate pretender. In a letter signed William Cleland, which he prefixed to the Dunciad, and which nobody doubts was his own composition, he makes Cleland say of him, "I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr. Pope, and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings, (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character), but the honest, open, and beneficent man that we most esteemed and loved in him." This was his usual rant, and he could no more suppose that he was "honest and open" than that he was a brawny athlete six feet high. His very vaunts would have indicated that he knew his guilt. "One of his worst mistakes," wrote Aaron Hill to Richardson, September 10, 1744, "was that unnecessary noise he used to make in boast of his morality. It seemed to me almost a call upon suspicion that a man should rate the duties of plain honesty, as if they had been qualities extraordinary. And, in fact, I saw on some occasions, that he found these duties too severe for practice, and but prized himself upon the character in proportion to the pains it cost him to support it."[1] Gratuitous protestations of vulgar honesty would seem humiliating to upright minds. They are the sure symptom of a blunted, accusing conscience. Indeed Pope's false pretences were altogether wanting in tact, and he imagined that no deception was too clumsy to be believed. "He has been very sparing of the letters of his friends," he said in the preface to the quarto, "and thought it a respect shown to their memory to suppress in particular such as were most in his favour. As it is not to vanity, but to friendship, that he intends this monument, he would

[1] Richardson's Correspondence, vol. i. p. 106.

save his enemies the mortification of showing any further how well their betters have thought of him, and at the same time secure from their censure his living friends, who, he promises them, shall never be put to the blush, this way at least, for their partiality to him." The author of the Dunciad is anxious to spare his enemies the mortification of seeing how well their betters have thought of him; the egotist, who was always extolling his own virtues, is fearful lest his friends should be put to the blush for their partiality to him, and he stultifies his affected delicacy in the act of proclaiming it, and takes the benefit of the praise he is pretending to suppress. His notion of sparing his enemies mortification, and his friends shame resolves itself into substituting his own panegyrical representation for the authentic, and probably milder language of his correspondents. The generality of his artifices were not more subtle or plausible.

Johnson says that when the P. T. letters appeared in 1735 they filled the nation with praises of Pope's worth and amiability. The quarto of 1737, he says on the contrary, attracted little notice, and "produced neither public praise nor public censure." [1] Hayley thought the accounts contradictory, and Bowles has shown that they were not. The volume of 1735 was read, he says, because it was new, and with greater avidity because the outcry of Pope, his appeal to the House of Lords, his ostensible desire to obstruct the publication, raised the belief that the letters would reveal the secrets of distinguished men. The sensation had subsided long before the quarto of 1737 came out, and nobody cared for a reprint, with some additions, of the old, prosy correspondence which had disappointed expectation.[2] The letters of Pope were incorporated in his works, and bought with his poetry, or their sale would have stopped. The credit they got him at the outset for benevolence and integrity was not sustained. Subsequent events, and second thoughts dispelled the illusion. The poet Gray was one of the few who clung long to his first belief. Walpole in a letter, which has not been preserved, had related some circumstances to Pope's disadvantage, and Gray replied, February 3, 1746, "I can say no more for Mr. Pope, for what you keep in reserve may be worse than all the rest. It is natural to wish the finest writer, one of them, we ever had, should be an honest man. It is for the interest even of that virtue, whose friend he professed himself, and whose beauties he sung, that he should not be found a dirty animal. But, however, this is Mr. Warburton's business, not mine, who may scribble his pen to the stumps, and all in vain, if these facts are so. It is not from what he told me about himself that I thought well of him, but from a humanity, and goodness of

[1] Lives of the Poets, ed. Cunningham, vol. iii. pp. 62, 64.

[2] Bowles's Pope, vol. i. p. xcviii.

heart, aye, and greatness of mind, that runs through his private correspondence, not less apparent than are a thousand little vanities and weaknesses mixed with those good qualities, for nobody ever took him for a philosopher." [1] Even the weaknesses which, in Gray's estimation, blended with his virtues, were invisible to Hazlitt. "Pope's letters, and prose writings," he says, "neither take away from, nor add to, his poetical reputation. There is, occasionally, a littleness of manner, and an unnecessary degree of caution. He appears anxious to say a good thing in every word, as well as every sentence. They, however, give a very favourable idea of his moral character in all respects; and his letters to Atterbury, in his disgrace and exile, do equal honour to both. If I had to choose, there are one or two persons, and but one or two, that I should like to have been, better than Pope." [2] These opinions were peculiar. The public have usually regarded with indifference the picture Pope gave of himself in his letters, and his unprincipled manœuvres had ceased to assist his good name before they ended by blasting it.

In the subordinate point of literary merit Mr. Croker thought well of the letters which Pope did not revise for the press. "He had," Mr. Croker says, "an early taste, and, as we see in the few of his ungarbled letters which have been found, a natural turn for letter-writing." They were his editorial expurgations which, in Mr. Croker's opinion, "reduced" the letters he published "to mere common-place, —a kind of *caput mortuum*, destitute of vigour, truth and originality." The ungarbled letters can now be counted by hundreds, but they are little less barren than the garbled, and when not artificial, are feebler in composition. Pope was not a master of ready prose. His spontaneous style is poor and often inaccurate, and his unpremeditated letters are singularly deficient in a flow of nervous or elegant English, in casual felicities of language or happy structure of sentences, in gleams of playfulness or humour, in occasional force of reflection or touches of natural feeling.

[1] Gray's Works, vol. ii. p. 181.
[2] Lectures on the English Poets, ed. 1841, p. 152.

PREFACES

TO THE

ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

PREFACE TO THE COLLECTION OF 1735.

TO THE READER.

We presume we want no apology to the reader for this publication, but some may be thought needful to Mr. Pope. However, he cannot think our offence so great as theirs, who first separately published, what we have here but collected in a better form and order. As for the letters we have procured to be added, they serve but to complete, explain, and sometimes set in a true light, those others which it was not in the writer's or our power to recall.

The letters to Mr. Wycherley were procured some years since, on account of a surreptitious edition of his posthumous works. As those letters showed the true state of that case, the publication of them was doing the best justice to the memory of Mr. Wycherley.[1]

The rest of this collection hath been owing to several cabinets; some drawn from thence by accidents, and others, even of those to ladies, voluntarily given. It is to one of

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that sex we are beholden for the whole correspondence with H. C[romwell], Esq.; which letters being lent her by that gentleman, she took the liberty to print, as appears by the following, which we shall give at length, both as it is something curious, and as it may serve for an apology for ourselves.[1]

Now, should our apology for this publication be as ill received, as the lady's seems to have been by the gentlemen concerned, we shall at least have her comfort of being thanked by the rest of the world. Nor has Mr. P. himself any great cause to think it much offence to his modesty, or reflection on his judgment, when we take care to inform the public, that there are few letters of his in this collection which were not written under twenty years of age. On the other hand, we doubt not the reader will be much more surprised to find, at that early period, so much variety of style, affecting sentiment and justness of criticism, in pieces which must have been writ in haste, very few perhaps ever reviewed, and none intended for the eye of the public.

[1] Here follow the letter of Mrs. Thomas to Cromwell, and the two letters of Cromwell to Pope, which are printed Vol. I. pp. 131-134.

PREFACE

PREFIXED TO THE

FIRST GENUINE EDITION IN QUARTO: 1737.[1]

If what is here offered to the reader should happen in any degree to please him, the thanks are not due to the author, but partly to his friends, and partly to his enemies. It was wholly owing to the affection of the former, that so many letters, of which he never kept copies, were preserved; and to the malice of the latter, that they were produced in this manner.

He had been very disagreeably used, in the publication of some letters written in his youth, which fell into the hands of a woman who printed them, without his, or his correspondent's consent, in 1727. This treatment, and the apprehension of more of the same kind, put him upon recalling as many as he could from those who he imagined had kept any. He was sorry to find the number so great, but immediately lessened it by burning three parts in four of them. The rest he spared, not in any preference of their style or writing, but merely as they preserved the memory of some friendships which will ever be dear to him, or set in a true light some matters of fact, from which the scribblers of the times had taken occasion to asperse either his friends or himself. He therefore laid by the

[1] This is the title which Pope adopted when he reprinted the preface in Cooper's edition of 1737. The poet's favourite form of speech was equivocation, and while the public were to understand that the quarto was the first genuine edition, his private reading probably was that it was the first genuine edition in *quarto*. At the head of the preface in the quarto was a design by Kent, representing Hermes, the classical postman, or messenger of the gods. A scroll underneath has inscribed upon it the words, *Vellem nescire literas.*

originals, together with those of his correspondents, and caused a copy to be taken to deposit in the library of a noble friend, that in case either of the revival of slanders, or the publication of surreptitious letters, during his life or after, a proper use might be made of them.

The next year, the posthumous works of Mr. Wycherley were printed, in a way disreputable enough to his memory.[1] It was thought a justice due to him, to show the world his better judgment; and that it was his last resolution to have suppressed those poems. As some of the letters which had passed between him and our author cleared that point, they were published in 1729, with a few marginal notes added by a friend.

If in these letters, and in those which were printed without his consent,[2] there appear too much of a juvenile ambition of wit, or affectation of gaiety, he may reasonably hope it will be considered to *whom*, and at *what age*, he was guilty of it, as well as how soon it was over. The rest, every judge of writing will see, were by no means efforts of the genius, but emanations of the heart; and this alone may induce any candid reader to believe their publication an act of necessity rather than of vanity.

It is notorious, how many volumes have been published under the title of his correspondence, with promises still of more, and open and repeated offers of encouragement to all persons who should send any letters of his for the press.[3] It

[1] As the posthumous works of Wycherley were published in 1728, it would follow from the statement in the text that the copy of Pope's correspondence was deposited in Lord Oxford's library in 1727. From the poet's own letters to Lord Oxford, we now know that the copy was not completed till after October, 1729.

[2] Pope said in a note to Cooper's edition of 1737, that the allusion was "no doubt to the letters to ladies."

[3] Curll, in an address "To the subscribers," in the third volume of "Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence, announced that he should continue the series as long as "people of taste would contribute their stores;" and added that he was always "ready to purchase any genuine pieces from such possessors as expect a premium." But the collection of P. T. was the cause, and not the consequence of these offers, and Curll could say with truth, "Mr. Pope's project to usher his letters into the world by my means was the foundation of the scheme." A less scrupulous man than the bookseller might have considered that he was justified in his retaliation by the provocation he had received.

is as notorious what methods were taken to procure them, even from the publisher's own accounts in his prefaces, viz. by transacting with people in necessities,[1] or of abandoned characters,[2] or such as dealt without names in the dark.[3] Upon a quarrel with one of these last, he betrayed himself so far, as to appeal to the public in narratives and advertisements, like that Irish highwayman a few years before, who preferred a bill against his companion, for not sharing equally in the money, rings, and watches, they had traded for in partnership upon Hounslow-heath.[4]

Several have been printed in his name which he never writ, and addressed to persons to whom they never were written;[5] counterfeited as from Bishop Atterbury to him, which neither that bishop nor he ever saw,[6] and advertised even after that period when it was made felony to correspond with him.

I know not how it has been this author's fate, whom both

[1] See the Preface to Vol. I. of a book called "Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence."—Pope. This preface is the address "To the Reader" which first appeared in the volume of P. T., and not in the reprint of Curll, to which Pope refers. The person in necessity was Mrs. Thomas.

[2] Postscript to the Preface to Vol. IV.—Pope. Curll had only mentioned in this postscript that "a noted cast-off punk of his pious St. John—Mrs. Griffith, alias Butler, alias Lucretia Lindo—had several letters of Mr. Pope's not worth printing." The bookseller, evidently quoting from one of these letters, says, "I am sorry that *ill-health, ill-humour, and the want of a coach,* should all conspire to prevent his paying that visit to Lucretia which she lately expected from him."

[3] Narrative and Anecdotes before Vol. II.—Pope. The allusion is to P. T. and Smythe.

[4] This retort was a feeble attempt to evade the fact, that one main purpose of these appeals of Curll was to show that "the companion against whom he preferred the bill" was no other than Pope.

[5] In Vol. III. Letters from Mr. Pope to Mrs. Blount, etc.—Pope. These were the four letters translated from Voiture, which were sent to Curll by S. E., on August 23, 1735. The *etc.* was a characteristic device of the poet. He was unable to particularise any additional instances, but wished to have it thought that more existed.

[6] Vol. II. of the same 8vo. p. 20, and at the end of the edition of his letters in 12mo. by the booksellers of London and Westminster; and of the last edition in 12mo. printed for T. Cooper, 1735.—Pope. Three of the letters only were said to have been written to Pope. The first he subsequently admitted to be authentic; the second, though not addressed to him, was the composition of Atterbury; and with such evidence of the fallaciousness of the poet's assertions there is no ground for supposing that the third was not equally genuine.

his situation and his temper have all his life excluded from rivalling any man, in any pretension, except that of pleasing by poetry, to have been as much aspersed and written at, as any first minister of his time. Pamphlets and newspapers have been full of him, nor was it *there only* that a private man, who never troubled either the world or common conversation with his opinions of religion or government, has been represented as a dangerous member of society, a bigoted papist, and an enemy to the establishment. The unwarrantable publication of his letters hath at least done him this service, to show he has constantly enjoyed the friendship of worthy men; and that if a catalogue were to be taken of his friends and his enemies, he needs not to blush at either. Many of them having been written on the most trying occurrences, and all in the openness of friendship, are a proof what were his real sentiments, as they flowed warm from the heart, and fresh from the occasion, without the least thought that ever the world should be witness to them. Had he sat down with a design to draw his own picture, he could not have done it so truly; for whoever sits for it, whether to himself or another, will inevitably find the features more composed, than his appear in these letters. But if an author's hand, like a painter's, be more distinguishable in a slight sketch than in a finished picture, this very carelessness will make them the better known from such counterfeits as have been, and may be imputed to him, either through a mercenary, or malicious design.

We hope it is needless to say he is not accountable for several passages in the surreptitious editions of those letters, which are such as no man of common sense would have published himself. The errors of the press were almost innumerable, and could not but be extremely multiplied in so many repeated editions, by the avarice and negligence of piratical printers, to not one of whom he ever gave the least title, or any other encouragement than that of not prosecuting them.[1]

[1] This protestation is contradicted by his own confession to Fortescue that he had connived at Cooper's edition, which came out in June, 1735.

For the *chasms* in the correspondence, we had not the means to supply them, the author having destroyed too many letters to preserve any series. Nor would he go about to amend them, except by the omission of some passages, improper, or at least impertinent, to be divulged to the public, or of such entire letters, as were either not his, or not approved of by him.

He has been very sparing of those of his friends, and thought it a respect shown to their memory, to suppress in particular such as were most in his favour. As it is not to *vanity* but to *friendship* that he intends this monument, he would save his enemies the mortification of showing any further how well their betters have thought of him, and at the same time secure from their censure his living friends, who, he promises them, shall never be put to the blush, this way at least, for their partiality to him.

But however this collection may be received, we cannot but lament the *cause*, and the *necessity* of such a publication, and heartily wish no honest man may be reduced to the same. To state the case fairly in the present situation.[1] A bookseller advertises his intention to publish your letters; he openly promises encouragement, or even pecuniary rewards, to those who will help him to any; and engages to insert whatever they shall send. Any scandal is sure of a reception, and any enemy who sends it screened from a discovery. Any domestic or servant, who can snatch a letter from your pocket or cabinet, is encouraged to that vile practice. If the quantity falls short of a volume, anything else shall be joined with it, more especially scandal, which the collector can think for his interest, all recommended under your name. You have not only theft to fear, but forgery. Any bookseller, though conscious in what manner they were obtained, not caring what may be the consequence to your fame or quiet, will sell and disperse them in town and country. The better your reputation is, the more your name will cause them to be demanded, and consequently the more you will be injured. The injury is of such a nature

[1] All the circumstances in the succeeding statement which are not false or hypothetical, relate to the volumes of "Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence," which were published subsequently to the volume of P. T.

as the law, which does not punish for *intentions*, cannot prevent; and when done, may punish, but not redress. You are therefore reduced either to enter into a personal treaty with such a man (which, though the readiest, is the meanest of all methods), or to take such other measures to suppress them, as are contrary to your inclination, or to publish them, as are contrary to your modesty. Otherwise your fame and your property suffer alike; you are at once exposed and plundered. As an *author*, you are deprived of that power which, above all others, constitutes a good one, the power of rejecting, and the right of judging for yourself what pieces it may be most useful, entertaining, or reputable to publish, at the time and in the manner you think best. As a *man* you are deprived of the right even over your own sentiments, of the privilege of every human creature to divulge or conceal them; of the advantage of your second thoughts; and of all the benefit of your prudence, your candour, or your modesty. As a *member of society*, you are yet more injured; your private conduct, your domestic concerns, your family secrets, your passions, your tendernesses, your weaknesses, are exposed to the misconstruction or resentment of some, to the censure or impertinence of the whole world. The printing private letters in such a manner is the worst sort of *betraying conversation*, as it has evidently the most extensive and the most lasting ill consequences. It is the highest offence against *society*, as it renders the most dear and intimate intercourse of friend with friend, and the most necessary commerce of man with man unsafe, and to be dreaded. To open letters is esteemed the greatest breach of honour: even to look into them already opened or accidentally dropped is held an ungenerous, if not an immoral, act. What then can be thought of procuring them merely by fraud, and the printing them merely for lucre? We cannot but conclude every honest man will wish, that, if the laws have as yet provided no adequate remedy, one at least may be found, to prevent so great and growing an evil.[1]

[1] At the bottom of the preface is a second design by Kent, on which is engraved a couple of lines from Catullus :—

"Cum desiderio veteres renovamus amores
Atque olim missas flemus amicitias."

PREFACE TO THE FIRST OCTAVO EDITION OF 1737.

THE BOOKSELLERS TO THE READER.

Mr. Pope having been obliged to publish an authentic edition of his letters, in order to reject many which were not his, and to show his disapprobation of the publishing of others written in his youth, and printed without his knowledge, has seemed willing to deprive the public of what writings of this sort he could. Nevertheless the same persons who began the injury having since continued it toward him, not only publicly advertising they would pirate his edition, and replace all the letters he rejected, but such an impression being actually prepared for the press, and the first sheets of it published, we have taken the liberty to present them in a more correct and reputable manner. We have done the writer the justice to distinguish those which were printed without his consent from those of his own edition by an asterisk in the index [1] prefixed to the former. Those which have a double asterisk are in no impression except this, but were in such hands as to be in imminent danger of being printed. We have prefixed the author's preface, and to make it known to be such have put it into the first person (as it stood originally in his specimen) instead of the third, as he since altered it, lest future times

[1] After the word "index," the second, or Cooper edition of the octavo, adds, "and we can safely say there is not one but is genuine," and omits all which here follows "index," except the final sentence, "We have also given," etc.

should be led to mistake it for some other editor's.[1] We have also given a catalogue of the many surreptitious editions of his letters, in every one of which are several he disapproved, or were falsely imputed to him.

[1] The reason was absurd, for if there could have been the slightest doubt on the subject, the statement by Pope that the preface was his own would have answered the end. In the Cooper octavo he returned to the third person, and was no longer afraid that "future times would be led to mistake the preface for some other editor's." The truth was, that the preface in the octavo was printed off earlier than the preface in the quarto, and besides the first person, has several differences of language, none of which were retained in any future impression. Pope was anxious to conceal that while he was urging false pleas to compel his friends to subscribe for his expurgated quarto, he had printed a full edition of the letters which he kept ready to be thrown on the market at any convenient opening, and rather than be at the cost of reprinting the preface to the octavo, he invented a futile pretext to account for its departure from the later version in the quarto.

PREFACE TO THE QUARTO OF 1741.

THE BOOKSELLERS TO THE READER.

THERE having been formerly published in folio and quarto, one volume of the works in prose of Mr. Pope, being an authentic edition of his letters with those of his friends, we thought it would be agreeable to the purchasers of that edition to have likewise the letters between him and Dr. Swift. These we have copied from an impression sent from Dublin, and said to be printed by the Dean's direction. As it was begun without our author's knowledge, and not only continued without his consent, but after his absolute refusal, he would not be prevailed upon to revise those letters, but gave us a few more of the Dean's, a little to clear up the history of their publication, which the reader may see in one view, if he only observes the passages marked with commas in Letters 75, 77, 81, 84, 86, 87, 88,[1] of this book.

[1] The numbers refer to the original quarto, and are not applicable to the modern editions. Subjoined are the passages which Pope assures us presented in one view the true history of the publication of his correspondence with Swift.

Letter 75. Swift to Pope. Sept. 3, 1735. "You need not fear any consequence in the commerce that hath so long passed between us, although I never destroyed one of your letters. But my executors are men of honour and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me."

Letter 77. Swift to Pope. Oct. 21, 1735. "You need not apprehend any Curll's meddling with your letters to me. I will not destroy them, but have ordered my executors to do that office."

Letter 81. Swift to Pope. April 22, 1736. "As to what you say of your letters since you have many years more of life than I, my resolution is to direct my executors to send you all your letters, well sealed and packetted, along with some legacies mentioned in my will, and leave them entirely at your disposal. Those things are all tied up, indorsed, and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one servant who can properly be said

We have also obtained the Memoirs of Scriblerus, being the beginning of a considerable work undertaken so long ago as in 1713 by several great hands. As much of it as is here published, and all the Tracts in the same name, were written by

to write or read. No mortal shall copy them, but you shall surely have them when I am no more."

Letter 84. Pope to Swift. Dec. 30, 1736. No part of this letter is marked with inverted commas in the quarto, but the omission is supplied in the octavo edition. "I have much reason to fear those letters, which you have too partially kept in your hands, will get out in some very disagreeable shape in case of our mortality; and the more reason to fear it, since this last month Curll has obtained from Ireland two letters—one of Lord Bolingbroke, and one of mine to you, which we wrote in the year 1723—and he has printed them, to the best of my memory, rightly, except one passage concerning Dawley, which must have been since inserted, since my lord had not that place at that time. Your answer to that letter he has not got; it has never been out of my custody; for whatever is lent is lost, wit as well as money, to these needy poetical readers."

Letter 86. Swift to Pope. May 31, 1737. "All the letters I can find of yours I have fastened in a folio cover, and the rest in bundles indorsed, but by reading their dates I find a chasm of six years, of which I can find no copies, and yet I keep them with all possible care. But I have been forced on three or four occasions to send all my papers to some friends. Yet those papers were all sent sealed in bundles to some faithful friends. However, what I have are not much above sixty."

Letter 87. Swift to Pope. July 23, 1737. "When his lordship [Lord Orrery] goes over, which will be as he hopes in about ten days, he will take with him all the letters I preserved of yours, which are not above twenty-five. I find there is a great chasm of some years, but the dates are more early than my two last journeys to England, which makes me imagine that in one of those journeys I carried over another cargo."

Letter 88. Swift to Pope. Aug. 8, 1738. "I can faithfully assure you that every letter you have favoured me with these twenty years, and more, are sealed up in bundles, and delivered to Mrs. W[hiteway], a very worthy, rational, and judicious cousin of mine, and the only relation whose visits I can suffer. All these letters she is directed to send safely to you upon my decease." A postscript dated Aug. 24, contains a second passage marked by Pope. "I showed my cousin the above letter, and she assures me that a great collection of $\frac{\text{your}}{\text{my}}$ letters to $\frac{\text{me}}{\text{you}}$ are put up and sealed, and in some very safe hands."

Letter 89. Lord Orrery to Pope. Oct. 4, 1738. This is not one of the numbers specified in the advertisement of "the Booksellers to the Reader;" but it contains two passages marked with commas, upon the subject of the missing letters. "Mrs. W[hiteway] did assure me she had not one of them, and seemed to be under great uneasiness that you should imagine they were left with her. She likewise told me she had stopped the Dean's letter which gave you that information, but believed he would write such another, and therefore desired me to assure you from her that she was totally ignorant where they were."—"I am ready to

our author and Dr. Arbuthnot, except the "Essay on the Origin of Sciences," in which Dr. Parnell had some hand, as Mr. Gay in the "Memoirs of a Parish Clerk." The rest were Mr. Pope's. And the reader may be assured he has now a complete edition, not only of all this author has written singly, but of whatsoever he wrote in conjunction with any of his friends.

testify it, and I think it ought to be known that the Dean says they are delivered into a safe hand, and Mrs. W[hiteway] declares she has them not. The consequence of their being hereafter published may give uneasiness to some of your friends, and of course to you, so I would do all in my power to make you entirely easy in that point."

A CATALOGUE

OF THE

SURREPTITIOUS AND INCORRECT EDITIONS OF MR. POPE'S LETTERS.[1]

Familiar Letters to Henry Cromwell, Esq., by Mr. Pope, 12mo. Printed for Edmund Curll, 1727.

In this are verses, etc., ascribed to Mr. P., which were not his.

[The full title of the work is "Miscellanea, in two volumes. Never before published. Viz., 1. Familiar Letters written to Henry Cromwell, Esq., by Mr. Pope. 2. Occasional Poems by Mr. Pope, Mr. Cromwell, Dean Swift, etc. 3. Letters from Mr. Dryden to a Lady [Mrs. Thomas] in the year 1699. Vol. I. Printed in the year 1727." The contents of the second volume are, in like manner, enumerated on the title-page. The letters of Pope fill only 72 duodecimo pages. There is a dedication to Cromwell in the first volume, dated June 10, 1726, and to Pope in the second, dated the last day of Trinity Term, 1726, which would fall about the same period. The work was advertised in the "Daily Post" of August 12, 1726, as published this day, and Thomson wrote a favourable opinion of it to Hill on October 20, and Fenton a sarcastic criticism to Broome on September 7. The later year on the title-page was, therefore, a device of the bookseller to protract a little longer the semblance of novelty. Warton, who had the letters to Cromwell collated with the originals in the Bodleian library, says that "on a comparison it appears that Curll has omitted some, mutilated others, and blended two together."[2] The originals attest, on the contrary, that Curll printed them with remarkable fidelity. The cause of Warton's error was that he had not recourse to the primitive text of the "Miscellanea," but made his comparison with Pope's garbled reprint, and assumed that it was copied exactly from the first edition of Curll.]

Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence for Thirty Years, from 1704 to 1734. Being a collection of Letters which

[1] This Catalogue appeared in the octavo editions of 1737, and was retained in the official edition of Warburton. The remarks between brackets are by the present editor.

[2] Warton's Pope, Vol. VII. p. 2.

passed between him and several eminent persons. Printed for E. Curll. 8vo. 1735. Two editions.

The same in duodecimo, with cuts. The third edition.

These contain several letters not genuine.

[All these impressions are mere reproductions of the P. T. collection. Curll had, indeed, advertised on May 21, that he would publish an edition "with a supplement of the Initial Correspondence," and on the following day he informed the trade, in allusion to this supplement, that "his new edition would have considerable additions never before printed, with cuts of the most eminent persons." On May 23, however, P. T. and Smythe announced that they, on their part, would make public the letters they had received from Curll, and the bookseller, wishing to see their manifesto before he put forth his own, kept his "Initial Correspondence" for a second volume. The "cuts of the most eminent persons" are miserable productions struck off from plates which had been engraved at different times, and of different sizes, for previous publications of Curll.

The groups of letters do not follow in the same order as in the P. T. impression. The volume is in two parts, and the paging of each part is distinct. In the second part of the octavo edition, p. 128 is followed by p. 233, on which begin the Cromwell letters; and as the first part concludes with p. 232, the compositor may, by an error, have set up as a continuation of the first part what was intended to be a continuation of the second. On the last page is printed "The end of the first volume," meaning the end of the first volume of the series which Curll had projected.]

Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence. Vol. II. Printed for the same. 8vo. 1735.

In this volume are no letters of Mr. Pope's, but a few of those to Mr. Cromwell reprinted; nor any to him, but one said to be Bishop Atterbury's, and another in that bishop's name, certainly not his; one or two letters from St. Omer's, advertised of Mr. Pope, but which proved to be only concerning him; some scandalous reflections of one Le Neve on the legislature, courts of justice, and Church of England, pp. 116, 117; and the divinity of Christ expressly denied in pp. 123, 124. With some scandalous Anecdotes and a Narrative.

[The "Narrative" was the poet's anonymous account "of the method by which Mr. Pope's private letters were procured and published by Edmund Curll," with notes added by the bookseller. The "scandalous Anecdotes" were the "Initial Correspondence, or Anecdotes of the Life and Family of Mr. Pope." The "Initial Correspondence," which was not published till after Pope's "Narrative," was probably printed before it, and therefore contains no allusion to the rival representations. The reply to these is to be found in Curll's running commentary on the "Narrative." From this he omitted the two letters of P. T., dated Oct. 11, and Nov. 15, 1733, because they were already included in the accompanying "Initial Correspondence." His desire to avoid superfluous repetition, at the distance of a few pages, was the occasion of a bitter misunderstanding between Bowles and Roscoe. Bowles, in the appendix to his seventh volume of Pope, inserted the opening part of the "Narrative," and in the portion he quoted were the two letters

of P. T. Roscoe, who had only seen the "Narrative" in Curll's reprint, accused Bowles of extracting passages from the bookseller's rejoinder, and imposing them upon the public as documents adduced by the poet. He had done neither. He had not ascribed the "Narrative" to Pope, and both the documents had first appeared in it. The idea at once occurred to Bowles that Roscoe might have used a different edition, and in his answer he specified his own, which was one of the many editions of the P. T. volume that contained a literal reprint of the original "Narrative." He indignantly added that he had been guilty of no substitution, but had faithfully reproduced what he found. It is a fair example of the blind infatuation with which Roscoe conducted the controversy that, instead of consulting the edition to which Bowles had referred him, he boldly reiterated the offensive charge, and declared that his antagonist had not even "ventured to deny it."

"The Narrative" annotated by the bookseller, and the "Initial Correspondence" are both given in the Appendix to the present volume, together with the greater part of a prefatory epistle to the poet. Curll's boisterous exultation over him was further displayed by ribald attacks in verse. One of the number, which is entitled "Curll triumphant and Pope outwitted," contains these doggerel stanzas upon the result of the proceedings before the Lords :—

"He led them to pursue a wight
Egregious—Curll his name,
Who not surprised, and in no fright,
By this pursuit reaped fame.

"He undeceived the nobles all ;
More could he wish or hope ?
While Pope had thus contrived his fall,
He triumphed over Pope."

The "few reprinted letters to Cromwell" consisted of seven letters, and a portion of an eighth, which, though they had previously appeared in Curll's "Miscellanea," had been omitted from the P. T. impression, and were never inserted in any reproduction of it. Pope rejected them, together with some others of the group, from his own quarto, and when he put back the remaining Cromwell letters into the octavos of 1737, and into the copy of the correspondence which he delivered to Warburton, he restored none of those which had been excluded by P. T. This vindictive personage could have had no motive to omit any of them, and it would be extraordinary if the poet and his enemy had concurred in passing a sentence of proscription against the same seven letters.

The letter, designated by Pope as "one said to be Bishop Atterbury's," had been published in the English edition of Bayle's Dictionary. There are slight verbal differences in Curll's text which make it probable that he derived it from an independent source. When Pope inserted the letter in Cooper's edition of 1739, he sometimes followed the readings of the Dictionary and sometimes the readings of his old foe. In Curll's volume there are several extracts, which had previously appeared in the Dictionary, from a correspondence of Atterbury with a French gentleman, who is not named.

"The one or two letters" which are erroneously described in the catalogue as having been written *from* St. Omer's" are "three letters from the Abbé C——n to —— *at* St. Omer's," and the second of them only is "concerning" Pope. He is there depicted in the most flattering colours as a poet

and a man. As a poet he is pronounced "to have preserved in his translation of Homer the sublimity, strength, harmony, closeness, and every other excellence" of the original. As a man the description of him is equally glowing. "View him," says the writer, "in his public character, he is an honour to our nation. The good and wise rejoice that such and so notable a genius is manifested amongst us. He has the satisfaction of not having lived in vain, and has obliged the valuable part of mankind, and is beloved by all the learned, good, and wise. View him in private life, there is nothing more amiable and endearing. He is an example of the duty we owe our parents, and the love we ought to bear our friends." Curll had come to the conclusion that the letters were Pope's own production, and expressed his conviction in a note that the Abbé C——n lived at Twickenham. Whoever was the author of them, he did not know much of either Pope or Homer.

Peter Le Neve was Norroy King of Arms, and died in 1729. The infidelity, which Pope reprobated, was embodied in a short paper entitled "My Creed," and his "scandalous reflections" were in a Latin epitaph on himself. He was a crazy man, whose madness had taken the form of misanthropy, and his epitaph is a record of his universal dissatisfaction with persons and things. But foolish as is the composition, his reflections on the legislature were true at the time, and of the Church of England he merely states that he should not be thought to have deserved well of it, since he believed all religions to have originated in the permission of the Deity. Pope's object was to discredit Curll's paltry volumes, or instead of misrepresenting the ravings of Le Neve he would have considered them beneath his notice.]

The same in duodecimo.

[Curll began by reprinting the P. T. collection in octavo, its original form. His rivals, to undersell him, reprinted it in a cheap duodecimo. This obliged Curll to put out a similar edition, and to retain both sizes in the future volumes of "Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence." But his duodecimos are not an exact reproduction of his octavos. To save expense he sometimes eked out his volumes by incorporating with them the surplus copies of pamphlets which had been separately published, and the contents of "Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence" were regulated by the accident of whether these stray productions had previously appeared in octavo or duodecimo. The differences between the impressions are not worth detailing; but it may be proper to mention that the duodecimo edition of the second volume contains some prefatory matter which was not in the octavo, while, on the other hand, Pope's "Narrative" is omitted, and the "Initial Correspondence" abridged.]

Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence. Vol. III. Printed for E. Curll. 8vo. 1735.

In this is only one letter by Mr. Pope to the Duchess of Buckingham, which the publisher some way procured and printed against her order. It also contains four letters entitled Mr. Pope's to Miss Blount, which are literally taken from an old translation of Voiture's to Madame Rambouillet.

[In the 12mo edition of his second volume Curll printed a letter of his own to the Duchess of Buckingham, in which he told her that he would by no means disoblige her, but that as he had been charged by the poet with stealing

his correspondence and with forgery, he was resolved to resent the affront. This could be no justification to the Duchess, though it might have been a sufficient answer to Pope.

Curll opened his third volume with a defensive but scoffing dialogue, which is stated to have taken place on September 12, 1735, between himself, and a person whom he calls Squire Brocade, and who is declared to be one of the "Sifters" employed by Pope. Squire Brocade maintains that to call the successive volumes "Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence," when they were almost entirely composed of the writings of other people, was an imposition upon the town, and Curll had no excuse to offer for continuing the practice, except that he commenced the series with Pope materials. The title-pages are hardly less deceptive as regards the subsidiary contributions. This third volume, for example, is represented as consisting of "Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence, with letters *to* and *from* the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Lansdowne, the Bishop of St. Asaph, Sir Berkeley Lucy, Dean Swift, etc.' But there is no letter *to* the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Lansdowne, or the Bishop of St. Asaph, who was Dr. Tanner, and only a short note each *from* the Duke and the Bishop, both of which were addressed to Curll. There is no letter *from* Sir Berkeley Lucy, and only one letter *to* him, and not a single letter either *to* or *from* Swift.]

The same in duodecimo.

Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence. Vol. IV. Printed by the same. [8vo. 1736.]

Contains not one letter of this author.

[Even the refuse which Curll had swept together was nearly exhausted. He announced on his title-page that there were letters, among others, to and from Addison and Bishop Smallridge. The letters of Addison consisted of a scholastic discourse in Latin delivered before the University of Oxford in 1693, and the letters of Smallridge were a Latin oration which he spoke in Convocation in 1710.

In his opening address "To the Sifters" Curll stated his readiness to produce "every letter he had ever printed of Mr. Pope in his own handwriting, not copied either from Twickenham or Dover Street manuscripts," and he appealed to Mr. Minshul, the late librarian of Lord Oxford, in support of his assertion. Curll must have meant that he could produce every letter which he was the *first* to print, and must still have excluded the four letters of Voiture, which were professedly transcripts, unless he assumed that the hand of Pope was visible in the copy.

The object of the bookseller in these publications was not more to advance his trade than to gratify his enmity against the poet, and the volume abounds in the usual scurrilities. Pope, in 1731, prefixed to his "Essay on False Taste," a prose Epistle to Lord Burlington, in which he defended himself from the charge of having satirised the Duke of Chandos under the name of Timon. This epistle was subscribed "your faithful *affectionate* servant," and he told Lord Oxford, on January 22, 1732, that "he had been much blamed by the formalists of the town" for his familiar epithet. The public thought that Pope was parading his intimacy with a peer, and laughed at the foible. As little vanities are remembered when graver faults are forgotten, Curll, without ex-

plaining the allusion, which he assumed would be universally understood, jeeringly informed him that the Lucretia Lindo, with whom he corresponded, "would not by any means admit of the term *affectionate*, but that he might subscribe himself her *humble* servant." The poet's character of Curll, from the second book of the Dunciad, is introduced into the middle of the volume, accompanied by an abusive commentary. "Crying came our bard into the world," says the bookseller in one of these notes, "but lying it is greatly to be feared will he go out of it." Further on he mentions, that on January 1, 1736, he dispatched a special messenger to Twickenham with a French "Book of Hours," in which were the seven penitential psalms, as a new-year's gift to Pope. The reproof intended to be conveyed by the work was expressed in four lines, inserted by Curll, of which the two last run thus :—

> "So I these penitential psalms have sent,
> Hoping, like David, you'll at last repent."

This was poor revenge, suited to the vulgar ideas of the illiterate bookseller ; but he believed, and in the general opinion, justly believed, that the poet had engaged in an unprincipled plot against him, and his resentment found vent in such coarse and witless insults as were proper to his nature.]

The same in duodecimo.

Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence. Vol. V. Printed for the same. 8vo. 1736. [1737.]

Containing only one letter of Mr. P[ope] and another of the Lord B[olingbroke], with a scandalous preface of Curll's, how he could come at more of their letters.

[On a second title-page is "New Letters of Mr. Alexander Pope, and several of his friends," with the mottoes from the preface to the quarto. The description given in the Catalogue is erroneous. "Besides what is here presented to you," says Curll, in an address 'to his subscribers,' "I have several other very valuable originals in my custody, which, with these, were transmitted to me from Ireland, and this volume will be closed with whatever additional letters Mr. Pope shall think fit to insert in his works in prose, now printing in quarto, price a guinea." In accordance with this promise, the book was chiefly made up of those portions of the correspondence which appeared for the first time in the poet's authorised edition. The statement of Pope would have been correct if he had asserted that there was only one of his letters in the volume of Curll which had not been previously published. The new letter was addressed to Swift, and the letter of Bolingbroke was a continuation of it. Curll afterwards affirmed that this joint production had been given him by a gentleman of the county of Essex, which can only be reconciled with the passage in his address "to his subscribers" by the supposition that the Essex gentleman had paid a visit to Ireland. Pope represents Curll as boasting "how he could come at more of the letters." Curll himself declared that the "other very valuable originals" were already in his

"custody," which, if they had been, he would have printed them. He was probably beguiled into the exaggeration by the assurances he had received of further supplies, and the poet who, as probably, was at the bottom of the plot, seems to have been thinking less of the actual language of Curll than of the announcement which his instigator had authorised him to make.]

Letters of Mr. Pope and several eminent persons. Vol. I. From 1705 to 1711. Printed and sold by the booksellers of London and Westminster. 8vo. 1735.

——— The same. Vol. II. From 1711, &c. Printed and sold by the booksellers of London and Westminster 8vo. 1735.

[Roscoe says that this edition appears to have been subsequent to the first volume of Curll's series. The single circumstance from which it appeared was that Pope, reversing the order of publication, placed it in the catalogue after Curll's edition, and probably with the intention of deluding readers into the mistaken inference which was drawn by Roscoe. In reality it is the primitive P. T. impression, from which all the future impressions were derived. Though it is arranged in two thin volumes, which consist in conjunction of about 470 pages, they are invariably done up in one. The statement on the title-page, that the letters were "printed by the booksellers of London and Westminster," was a misrepresentation of the person who had printed them in secret. The trickeries and contrivances of Pope occasioned variations in different copies, and these changes have more than an ordinary bibliographical interest.

In the earliest complete copies, the letters in vol. i. extend from p. 1 to p. 208. In vol. ii. the pages succeed in regular order from p. 1 to p. 194. At this point the letters to Gay begin, when the numbers of the pages, instead of being carried on from 194, go back to 117. This fresh starting-point governs the rest of the numeration, and the volume concludes with p. 164. The opening sheets of vol. i. exhibit some peculiarities in consequence of the introduction of new matter into the sheets transferred from the publication of 1729. An interpolated half-sheet, signed *B, commences the work, and is numbered from 1 to 4. The first leaf of sheet B, which follows, and which should properly be numbered 5 and 6, has a repetition of the 3 and 4 of the previous half-sheet. Another half-sheet signed *C is interpolated between B and C, and the figures, 11 to 14, are repeated over again upon C.

The next state of the edition is exhibited in the copies seized by the order of the House of Lords. There are no alterations in vol. i., nor in vol. ii., until we arrive at p. 115, where, in the complete copies, the letter to Jervas, of which Lord Hay complained, commences, and extends to p. 117. This letter is left out, and in place of it a note on Trumbull at p. 114 is continued at the top of p. 115, and Pope's epitaph on him, which is in no other form of the edition, is subjoined to fill up some of the unoccupied space. There is a *Finis* below the epitaph, and p. 116 is left blank. It seems to have been subsequently determined to retain the letters to Gay, and as the intervening omitted letters to Jervas, Digby, Blount and others, ran on to p. 194, the numbers of the pages in the Gay letters were altered to fit the new position of the group. The neglect to change back the figures, after sufficient copies were

struck off, is the reason that p. 117, in the earliest complete books, follows p. 194. Curll stated that the letter of Arbuthnot was wanting in the sheets seized, as well as the letters to Jervas, Digby, and Blount. The work accordingly stops at p. 154, and is deficient in the final ten pages, in which were a letter to Gay, a letter to Lord Burlington, and a letter from Arbuthnot. A hope is expressed, in a note to the letter to Lord Burlington, that a letter of the Duke of Chandos will be procured for the next volume. Curll, when summoned before the House of Lords, was questioned with regard to this avowed intention to print the letter of a peer, and the note was probably kept back to remove every possible ground for the confiscation of the sheets. The letter to Lord Burlington began on the reverse of the leaf on which the last letter to Gay ended, and finished on the page on which the letter of Arbuthnot commenced. The suppression of the middle letter therefore involved the omission of its neighbour on each side, unless there had been some further adaptation of the type. There were 190 copies prepared for the Lords. They are now extremely rare, because being imperfect few persons would have cared to possess them in that condition. A single specimen only had been seen by the critic who described in "Notes and Queries"[1] the various changes in the P. T. impression, and this volume has on the title-page the name of Roberts as publisher. He often shared in the ventures of Curll, to whom these 190 copies belonged.

This second issue was followed by a reprint of the entire work. The mistakes specified in a list of errata attached to the previous edition are corrected; the marks of interpolation disappear from the Wycherley letters, and the pages are ranged throughout in orderly succession, except that by a typographical error the final six pages of vol. i. are numbered from 281 to 286, instead of from 209 to 214. The signatures of the sheets are altered as well as the pages. The larger part of the original impression was upon half sheets, which were sometimes adopted for the sake of the greater convenience in striking off the copies from a smaller surface. In these cases a signature was attached to every half sheet. The new edition, unlike its predecessor, was composed of complete sheets, and this involved, in each volume, a change in all the signatures after the first. In vol. ii., however, there is a leap from C, which ends on p. 48, to G, which begins on p. 49, and D, E, and F are not employed. G was the correct signature when the work was in half sheets, and the compositor doubtless copied it from inadvertence.

Another state of the P. T. volume was formed from a combination of the first edition and the second. Pope seems at the outset to have determined the number of his edition by the number of copies he possessed of the old Wycherley. When the entire impression had gone off he had still on hand the 190 sets of the sheets which he kept back from Curll. In putting the letters again to press, he therefore appears to have printed just so many copies less of this portion of the work, and employed instead the odd sheets which would have been otherwise useless. A glance at one of these made-up volumes shows by the change in the numbers of the pages, and the signatures of the sheets, that the work formed part of the new edition as far as p. 113 of vol. ii. Here, in the complete reprint, sheet L commences; but in the compounded copies, the letters L, M, N, and O are passed over, and we have at p. 113 a single leaf signed *P, which is succeeded at p. 115 by P,—the proper signature

[1] No. 260, pp. 485—487.

of p. 113 when the work was in half sheets. In a word, the sheets which appeared in the second impression are superseded by the identical sheets which appear in the first. These imported sheets, which are occupied by the Jervas, Blount, and Digby letters withheld from Curll, extend to p. 194, and the peculiar blunders preserved in them, which were corrected, with a single exception, in the reprint, prove, like the signatures, that they belong to the primitive impression. In the mixed issue, as in the earliest, we have at p. 127 "hapdiness" for "happiness;" at p. 135, "therefor" for "therefore;" at p. 165, "interessing" for interesting;" and at p. 176 we have, in the same line, "tha" for "that" and "unh appiness" with an interval between the *h* and the *a*. After p. 194 the volume is continued with sheets from the second edition, containing the letters to Gay, of which, as they were in Curll's batch, no surplus copies remained. The Blount letters of the first edition finished on signature T; the succeeding Gay letters of the second edition commence on signature R. The result of blending the two is that signatures R, S, and T are repeated. Neither do the numbers of the pages fit precisely, since there is a leaf more in the second edition than the first, and the numeration of the Gay letters is reckoned from p. 196, and not from p. 194. At p. 236 the sheets of the second impression again stop, and we have a fresh instance of the paper-sparing propensities of Pope. In the original edition, when the Gay correspondence began at p. 117, this p. 236 was p. 154. Accordingly, in the compounded copies, p. 236 is succeeded by p. 155, instead of by p. 237; for the sheets prepared for the House of Lords having ended at p. 154, Pope retained the 190 sets of the final ten pages, and he tacked them, in spite of their discordant numeration, to the reprinted part of the work. In the true second edition the paging is correct to the end. The P. T. impression was quickly superseded by cheaper editions, and probably underwent no further changes. In "Notes and Queries" a fifth copy is described, which is chiefly made up of the old impression, but has one or two sheets from the new. Care would have been taken to have the reprint ready before the former stock was quite exhausted, and the admixture may easily have occurred in the process of folding the sheets into volumes.

The address "To the reader" had its history as well as the body of the work. It was not in the first fifty copies sent to Curll, but was attached to the copies seized by order of the House of Lords. When Curll reprinted it he left out the paragraph which assigns the motive for the original publication of the Wycherley letters. His object in this omission may have been to avoid the promulgation of the groundless assertion that Theobald's edition of the posthumous works of Wycherley was a surreptitious production. The similar allegation of Pope with respect to the P. T. volume, would naturally have made the bookseller sensitive on the subject. The address "to the reader" was not given in the quarto of 1737; but it re-appears in Cooper's octavos of that year, when the paragraph on the Wycherley letters is again omitted, probably because the preface to the quarto, which is printed in conjunction with it, contained the same explanation.]

The same in 12mo. with a Narrative.

[This "Narrative of the method by which Mr. Pope's letters were procured," is done up with every duodecimo edition of the P. T. volume, except that of Curll.

Letters of Mr. Pope and several eminent persons, from 1705 to 1735. Printed and sold by the booksellers of London and Westminster. 12mo. 1735.

This edition is said in the title to contain more letters than any other, but contains only two, said to be the Bishop of Rochester's, and printed before by Curll.

[The exact description on the title-page is "N. B. This edition contains more letters, and more correctly printed, than any other extant." Of the two letters, the one which Pope afterwards admitted to be genuine, is alone assigned to Atterbury. The second, which Curll had attributed to him, is headed "To * * * *."]

Letters of Mr. Pope and several eminent persons from the year 1705 to 1735. Vol. I. and Vol. II. Printed for T. Cooper at the Globe, in Paternoster Row, 1735. 12mo.

In this was inserted the forged letter from the Bishop of Rochester, and some other things, unknown to Mr. Pope.

[Though this edition has vol. i. on the title-page, there cannot properly be said to be any vol. ii. ; for the paging is continuous throughout, and instead of a second title-page there is only the bastard title, "Letters of Sir William Trumbull, Mr. Steele, Mr. Addison, and Mr. Pope. From 1711 to 1715."

When Pope, in his comment on the previous edition, mentioned both the reputed letters of Atterbury, he did not venture to pronounce that they were forged. He here limits his assertion to one, and leaves us uncertain which of the two was meant. His motive for the ambiguity probably was, that he desired, without telling a direct falsehood, to discredit the letter which was undoubtedly authentic, since it showed that he had continued his correspondence with the exiled Bishop after the Act of Parliament had rendered it felony.]

LETTERS

OF

MR. POPE.

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

Quo Desiderio veteres revocamus Amores,
Atque olim amissas flemus Amicitias!—CATULL.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE, SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL, AND THE REV. RALPH BRIDGES.

FROM 1705 TO 1716.

The Trumbull correspondence was first given to the world in the edition of 1735, with the exception of three letters, of which one appeared in the quarto of 1737, a second in Cooper's edition of the same year, and a third has been preserved among the Homer MSS. in the British Museum. The last is the only letter of the series which rests upon any better authority than Pope's own published version. The two Bridges letters were printed from the originals after the death of the poet.

1.[1] TRUMBULL[2] TO POPE.

October 19, 1705.

Sir,—I return you the book you were pleased to send me, and with it your obliging letter, which deserves my particular

[1] This letter first appeared in the quarto, 1737.

[2] Sir William Trumbull was born at Easthamstead, in Berkshire. He was Fellow of All Souls' College, in Oxford; followed the study of the Civil Law, and was sent by King Charles II. Judge Advocate to Tangier; thence Envoy to Florence, Turin, &c.; and in his way back, Envoy Extraordinary to France; from thence sent by King James II. Ambassador to the Ottoman Porte. Afterwards he was made Lord of the Treasury; then Secretary of State with the Duke of Shrewsbury, which office he resigned in 1697. He retired to and died in the place of his nativity in Dec. 1716, aged 77 years. Our author celebrated that retirement in his poem on the Forest, and addrest to him his first Pastoral at 16 years of age.—Pope, 1735.

acknowledgment: for, next to the pleasure of enjoying the company of so good a friend, the welcomest thing to me is to hear from him. I expected to find, what I have met with, an admirable genius in those poems, not only because they were Milton's,[1] or were approved by Sir Henry Wotton, but because you had commended them; and give me leave to tell you, that I know nobody so like to equal him, even at the age he wrote most of them, as yourself. Only do not afford more cause of complaints against you, that you suffer nothing of yours to come abroad, which in this age, wherein wit and true sense is more scarce than money, is a piece of such cruelty as your best friends can hardly pardon. I hope you will repent and amend. I could offer many reasons to this purpose, and such as you cannot answer with any sincerity, but that I dare not enlarge, for fear of engaging in a style of compliment, which has been so abused by fools and knaves, that it is become almost scandalous. I conclude, therefore, with an assurance which shall never vary, of my being ever, &c.

2.[2] TRUMBULL TO POPE.

June 15, 1706.

SIR,—It is always to my advantage to correspond with you; for I either have the use of some of your books, or, which I value much more, your conversation. I am sure it will be my fault if I do not improve by both. I wish also I could learn some more skill in gardening from your father (to whom with your good mother all our services are presented, with thanks for the artichokes), who has sent us a pattern that I am afraid we shall copy but in miniature; for so our artichokes are in respect of his. In all things I am ready to yield, except in the assurances that nobody can be more than I am, sir, your most humble and obedient servant.

Poor Jenny is still afflicted with her ague.

[1] L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Lycidas, and the Masque of Comus.—POPE, 1737.

[2] This letter is among the Homer MSS.

3. TRUMBULL TO POPE.

April 9, 1708.

I HAVE this moment received the favour of yours of the 8th instant;[1] and will make you a true excuse, though perhaps no very good one, that I deferred the troubling you with a letter, when I sent back your papers, in hopes of seeing you at Binfield before this time. If I had met with any fault in your performance, I should freely now, as I have done too presumptuously in conversation with you, tell you my opinion, which I have frequently ventured to give you, rather in compliance with your desires than that I could think it reasonable; for I am not yet satisfied upon what grounds I can pretend to judge of poetry, who never have been practised in the art. There may possibly be some happy geniuses, who may judge of some of the natural beauties of a poem, as a man may of the proportions of a building, without having read Vitruvius, or knowing anything of the rules of architecture; but this, though it may sometimes be in the right, must be subject to many mistakes, and is certainly but a superficial knowledge without entering into the art, the methods, and the particular excellences of the whole composure, in all the parts of it.

Besides my want of skill, I have another reason why I ought to suspect myself, by reason of the great affection I have for you, which might give too much bias to be kind to everything that comes from you. But, after all, I must say, and I do it with an old-fashioned sincerity, that I entirely approve of your translation of those pieces of Homer, both as to the versification and the true sense that shines through the whole:[2] nay, I am confirmed in my former application to you, and give me leave to renew it upon this occasion, that you would proceed in translating that incomparable poet, to make him speak good English, to dress his admirable characters in your proper, significant, and expressive conceptions, and to make his works as useful and instructive to this degenerate age, as he was to our friend Horace, when he read him a

[1] Not published.

[2] Pope had sent Trumbull in MS. the translation of the Episode of Sarpedon, which appeared in 1709 in Tonson's Miscellanies.

Præneste:[1] *Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,* &c. I break off with that *quid non,* with which I confess I am charmed.

Upon the whole matter, I entreat you to send this presently to be added to the Miscellanies, and I hope it will come time enough for that purpose.[2]

I have nothing to say of my Nephew B's observations,[3] for he sent them to me so late, that I had not time to consider them; I dare say he endeavoured very faithfully (though, he told me, very hastily) to execute your commands.

All I can add is, that, if your excess of modesty should hinder you from publishing this essay,[4] I shall only be sorry that I have no more credit with you to persuade you to oblige the public, and very particularly, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant.

4. TRUMBULL TO POPE.

March 6, 1713.

I THINK a hasty scribble shows more what flows from the heart, than a letter after Balzac's manner in studied phrases;

[1] Hence it appears that Sir W. Trumbull was the very first person that urged him to undertake a translation of the Iliad of Homer.—WARTON.

[2] Though Tonson's Miscellanies were not published till 1709, it was originally intended that the volume should come out in the summer or autumn of 1708, and on the 1st of November of that year Pope wrote to Cromwell professing to rejoice at his reprieve.

[3] The Rev. Ralph Bridges, a nephew of Sir William Trumbull, and one of his executors. He was of Trinity College, Oxford, and subsequently Domestic Chaplain to Compton, Bishop of London, who in 1713 presented him to the Rectory of South Weald in Essex, which he held until his death, on November 23, 1758. "My nephew B's observations," which Trumbull forwarded, were on the translation of the Episode of Sarpedon. They are among the Homer MSS., and were published in the European Magazine in June, 1787, together with the following fragment of a letter respecting them by Pope: "Sir, I observe you have made very few remarks on the second part of the Episode of Sarpedon, and fear it was want of time, not want of seeing the faults, that caused it to pass with fewer blots than the other."

[4] By "this essay" Trumbull means the translation from Homer—the word essay in his day being commonly used to denote an attempt or experiment. Pope applies it in the same sense in a letter to Wycherley where he speaks of his Pastorals as his "green essays." The term is employed by Dryden to signify a preliminary specimen. "I intended," he says, "my translation of the first Iliad as an essay to the whole work."

therefore I will tell you as fast as I can, that I have received your favour of the 26th past,[1] with your kind present of the Rape of the Lock. You have given me the truest satisfaction imaginable, not only making good the just opinion I have ever had of your reach of thought, and my idea of your comprehensive genius, but likewise in that pleasure I take as an Englishman to see the French, even Boileau himself in his Lutrin, outdone in your poem; for you descend, *leviore plectro*, to all the nicer touches that your own observation and wit furnish on such a subject as requires the finest strokes and the liveliest imagination. But I must say no more, though I could a great deal, on what pleases me so much; and henceforth, I hope you will never condemn me of partiality, since I only swim with the stream, and approve of what all men of good taste, notwithstanding the jarring of parties, must and do universally applaud. I now come to what is of vast moment, I mean the preservation of your health, and beg of you earnestly to get out of all tavern company, and fly away *tanquam ex incendio*. What a misery is it for you to be destroyed by the foolish kindness (it is all one whether real or pretended) of those who are able to bear the poison of bad wine, and to engage you in so unequal a combat? As to Homer, by all I can learn, your business is done: therefore come away and take a little time to breathe in the country. I beg now for my own sake, and much more for yours. Methinks Mr. ---— has said to you more than once,

Heu fuge, nate deâ, teque his, ait, eripe flammis!

I am your, &c.

5. POPE TO TRUMBULL.

March 12, 1713.

THOUGH any thing you write is sure to be a pleasure to me, yet I must own your last letter made me uneasy: you really

[1] Not published.

use a style of compliment, which I expect as little as I deserve it. I know it is a common opinion that a young scribbler is as ill pleased to hear truth as a young lady. From the moment one sets up for an author, one must be treated as ceremoniously, that is, as unfaithfully,

As a king's favourite, or as a king.

This proceeding, joined to that natural vanity which first makes a man an author, is certainly enough to render him a coxcomb for life. But I must grant it is but a just judgment upon poets, that they whose chief pretence is wit, should be treated as they themselves treat fools, that is, be cajoled with praises. And I believe poets are the only poor fellows in the world whom anybody will flatter.

I would not be thought to say this as if the obliging letter you sent me deserved this imputation, only it put me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to one's friend what Cæsar said of his wife: "It was not sufficient that he knew her to be chaste himself, but she should not be so much as suspected by others."

As to the wonderful discoveries, and all the good news you are pleased to tell me of myself, I treat it, as you who are in the secret, treat common news, as groundless reports of things at a distance, which I, who look into the true springs of the affair at home in my own breast, know to have no foundation at all. For fame, though it be, as Milton finely calls it, *the last infirmity of noble minds*, is scarce so strong a temptation as to warrant our loss of time here: it can never make us lie down contentedly on a death-bed, as some of the ancients are said to have done with that thought. You, sir, have yourself taught me, that an easy situation at that hour can proceed from no ambition less noble than that of an eternal felicity, which is unattainable by the strongest endeavours of the wit, but may be gained by the sincere intentions of the heart only. As in the next world, so in this, the only solid blessings are owing to the goodness of the mind, not the extent of the capacity: friendship here is an emanation from the same source as beatitude is there: the same benevolence and grateful disposition that qualifies us for the one, if extended

farther, makes us partakers of the other. The utmost point of my desires in my present state terminates in the society and good-will of worthy men, which I look upon as no ill earnest and foretaste of the society and alliance of happy souls hereafter.

The continuance of your favours to me is what not only makes me happy, but causes me to set some value upon myself as a part of your care. The instances I daily meet with of these agreeable awakenings of friendship are of too pleasing a nature not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am your, &c.

6.[1] POPE TO TRUMBULL.

April 30, 1713.

I HAVE been almost every day employed in following your advice, and amusing myself in painting; in which I am most particularly obliged to Mr. Jervas, who gives me daily instructions and examples. As to poetical affairs, I am content at present to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer, which is, as the world goes, not very usual. Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party-play, yet what the author once said of another may the most properly in the world be applied to him on this occasion:

> Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
> And factions strive who shall applaud him most.[2]

The numerous and violent claps of the whig-party on the one side of the theatre were echoed back by the tories on the other; while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case, too, of the prologue writer,[3] who was clapped into a stanch whig, at almost every two lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the applauses

[1] This letter is taken from one to Caryll of the same date.

[2] The Campaign.

[3] Pope himself.

of the opposite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who played Cato, into the box, between one of the acts, and presented him with fifty guineas, in acknowledgment, as he expressed it, for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator.[1] The whigs are unwilling to be distanced this way, as it is said, and therefore design a present to the same Cato very speedily. In the meantime they are getting ready as good a sentence as the former on their side: so betwixt them, it is probable that Cato, as Dr. Garth expressed it, may have something to live upon after he dies. I am your, &c.

7.[2] TRUMBULL TO POPE.

EASTHAMSTEAD, *Feb.* 22, 1714-15.

I AM sensibly obliged, dear sir, by your kind present of the Temple of Fame,[3] into which you are already entered, and I dare prophesy for once, though I am not much given to it, that you will continue there, with those,

> Who ever new, not subject to decays,
> Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.

There was nothing wanting to complete your obliging remembrance of me, but your accompanying it with your poem—your long absence being much the severest part of the winter. I am truly sorry that your time, which you can employ so much better, should be spent in the drudgery of correcting the printers; for as to what you have done yourself, there will nothing of that nature be necessary. I wish you could find a few minutes' leisure to let me hear from you sometimes, and to acquaint me how your Homer draws on towards a publication, and all things relating thereunto.

I entreat you to return my humble service to Mr. Jervas. I still flatter myself that he will take an opportunity, in a

[1] The allusion was to the attempt which had been made by the Duke of Marlborough to get himself appointed Captain-General for life.

[2] This letter was first published in Cooper's edition of 1737.

[3] On February 1, 1715, Lintot entered at Stationers' Hall, "The Temple of Fame, a Vision, by Mr. Pope."

proper season, to see us, and review his picture, and then to alter some things so as to please himself, which I know will not be till everything in it is perfect; no more than I can be [pleased], till you believe me to be, with that sincerity and esteem that I am, and will ever continue, your most faithful friend.

8. POPE TO TRUMBULL.

December 16, 1715.

IT was one of the enigmas of Pythagoras, "When the winds rise, worship the echo." A modern writer explains this to signify, "When popular tumults begin, retire to solitudes, or such places where echos are commonly found—rocks, woods, &c." I am rather of opinion it should be interpreted, "When rumours increase, and when there is abundance of noise and clamour, believe the second report." This I think agrees more exactly with the echo, and is the more natural application of the symbol. However it be, either of these precepts is extremely proper to be followed at this season; and I cannot but applaud your resolution of continuing in what you call your cave in the forest, this winter; and preferring the noise of breaking ice to that of breaking statesmen, the rage of storms to that of parties, the fury and ravage of floods and tempests, to the precipitancy of some and the ruin of others, which, I fear, will be our daily prospect in London.[1]

I sincerely wish myself with you, to contemplate the wonders of God in the firmament, rather than the madness of man on the earth. But I never had so much cause as now to complain of my poetical star, that fixes me, at this tumultuous time, to attend the jingling of rhymes and the measuring of syllables; to be almost the only trifler in the nation; and as ridiculous as the poet in Petronius, who, while all the rest in the ship were either labouring or praying for life, was scratching his head in a little room, to write a fine description of the tempest.

You tell me, you like the sound of no arms but those of Achilles: for my part I like them as little as any other

[1] The rebellion of 1715 was going on at this time.

arms. I listed myself in the battles of Homer, and I am no sooner in war, but, like most other folks, I wish myself out again.

I heartily join with you in wishing quiet to our native country; quiet in the state, which, like charity in religion, is too much the perfection and happiness of either, to be broken or violated, on any pretence or prospect whatsoever. Fire and sword, and fire and faggot, are equally my aversion. I can pray for opposite parties, and for opposite religions, with great sincerity. I think to be a lover of one's country is a glorious eulogy, but I do not think it is so great an one as to be a lover of mankind.

Mr. J[ervas] and I sometimes celebrate you under these denominations, and join your health with that of the whole world; a truly catholic health, which far excels the poor, narrow-spirited, ridiculous healths now in fashion, to this church or that church. Whatever our teachers may say, they must give us leave at least to *wish* generously. These, dear sir, are my general dispositions; but whenever I pray or wish for particulars, you are one of the first in the thoughts and affections of your, &c.

9. TRUMBULL TO POPE.

January 19, 1715-16.

I SHOULD be ashamed of my long idleness, in not acknowledging your kind advice about echo, and your most ingenious explanation of it relating to popular tumults, which I own to be very useful; and yet give me leave to tell you, that I keep myself to a shorter receipt of the same Pythagoras, which is silence; and this I shall observe, if not the whole time of his discipline, yet at least till your return into this country. I am obliged further to this method, by the most severe weather I ever felt;[1] when, though I keep as near by the fireside as may be, yet *gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis;* and often I apprehend the circulation of the blood begins to

[1] This was the terrible winter in which the Thames was frozen over. Coaches were driven upon the ice, streets of booths were erected upon it, and a kind of fair was kept up day after day.

be stopped. I have further great losses to a poor farmer of my poor oxen. *Intereunt pecudes, stant circumfusa pruinis Corpora magna boûm*, &c.

Pray comfort me if you can, by telling me that your second volume of Homer is not frozen; for it must be expressed very poetically, to say now, that the presses sweat.

I cannot forbear to add a piece of artifice I have been guilty of on occasion of my being obliged to congratulate the birth-day of a friend of mine; when finding I had no materials of my own, I very frankly sent him your imitation of Martial's epigram on *Antonius Primus*.[1] This has been applauded so much, that I am in danger of commencing poet, perhaps laureat (pray desire my good friend Mr. Rowe to enter a caveat), provided you will further increase my stock in this bank. In which proceeding I have laid the foundation of my estate, and as honestly as many others have begun theirs. But now being a little tender, as young beginners often are, I offer to you (for I have concealed the true author) whether you will give me orders to declare who is the father of this fine child or not. Whatever you determine, my fingers, pen, and ink are so frozen, that I cannot thank you more at large. You will forgive this and all other faults of, dear sir, your, &c.

10.[2] POPE TO BRIDGES.

[1708.]

SIR,—The favour of your letter, with your remarks,[3] can never be enough acknowledged; and the speed with

[1] *Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo, &c.*—POPE, 1735.

At length my friend (while time with still career
Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth year)
Sees his past days safe out of fortune's pow'r,
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;
Reviews his life, and in the strict survey
Finds not one moment he could wish away,
Pleased with the series of each happy day.
Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
And from the goal again renews the race:
For he lives twice who can at once employ
The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy.
POPE, 1737.

[2] This letter to Bridges, which follows the Trumbull Letters, because connected with them by circumstances and date, was first published in Johnson's Life of Pope, and was then in the possession of Lord Hardwicke.

[3] These were no doubt the same "Observations" which Trumbull sent to Pope in April, 1708.

which you discharged so troublesome a task doubles the obligation.

I must own you have pleased me very much by the commendations so ill-bestowed upon me; but, I assure you, much more by the frankness of your censure, which I ought to take the more kindly of the two, as it is more advantageous to a scribbler to be improved in his judgment than to be soothed in his vanity. The greater part of those deviations from the Greek, which you have observed, I was led into by Chapman and Hobbes, who are, it seems, as much celebrated for their knowledge of the original, as they are decried for the badness of their translations. Chapman pretends to have restored the genuine sense of the author, from the mistakes of all former explainers, in several hundred places; and the Cambridge editors of the large Homer, in Greek and Latin, attributed so much to Hobbes, that they confess they have corrected the old Latin interpretation very often by his version. For my part, I generally took the author's meaning to be as you have explained it; yet their authority, joined to the knowledge of my own imperfectness in the language, overruled me. However, sir, you may be confident I think you in the right, because you happen to be of my opinion; for men—let them say what they will—never approve any other's sense but as it squares with their own. But you have made me much more proud of and positive in my judgment, since it is strengthened by yours. I think your criticisms, which regard the expression, very just, and shall make my profit of them. To give you some proof that I am in earnest, I will alter three verses on your bare objection, though I have Mr. Dryden's example for each of them. And this, I hope, you will account no small piece of obedience, from one who values the authority of one true poet above that of twenty critics or commentators. But though I speak thus of commentators, I will continue to read carefully all I can procure, to make up, that way, for my own want of critical understanding in the original beauties of Homer, though the greatest of them are certainly those of invention and design, which are not at all confined to the language: for the distinguishing excellences of Homer are, by the consent of the best critics of all nations, first in the manners (which

include all the speeches, as being no other than the representations of each person's manners by his words), and then in that rapture and fire which carries you away with him with that wonderful force that no man who has a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. Homer makes you interested and concerned before you are aware, all at once, whereas Virgil does it by soft degrees. This, I believe, is what a translator of Homer ought principally to imitate; and it is very hard for any translator to come up to it, because the chief reason why all translations fall short of their originals is, that the very constraint they are obliged to renders them heavy and dispirited.

The great beauty of Homer's language, as I take it, consists in that noble simplicity which runs through all his works, and yet his diction, contrary to what one would imagine consistent with simplicity, is at the same time very copious. I do not know how I have run into this pedantry in a letter, but I find I have said too much, as well as spoken too inconsiderately. What farther thoughts I have upon this subject I shall be glad to communicate to you for my own improvement when we meet, which is a happiness I very earnestly desire, as I do likewise some opportunity of proving how much I think myself obliged to your friendship, and how truly I am, sir, your most faithful humble servant.

11.[1] BRIDGES TO POPE.

Easthampstead, *July* 2, 1715.

Dear Sir,—The ill weather having long denied me the pleasure of seeing you makes me communicate to you a proposal I lately received. It is to meet a gentleman, an acquaintance of yours, at dinner, at Sunning Hill on Monday next. If you have no engagements, and can spare a few moments from Homer, I will answer that your company will be reckoned a favour by the gentleman.

I cannot omit repeating my thanks for the kind present of your Homer, which at once charms me and surprises me that

[1] From the Homer MSS.

you have been able to make so renowned an author appear so well, that is, so like himself in the English language. I beg leave to congratulate you upon it, and to assure you that I am, with all imaginable sincerity and esteem, sir, your most obedient humble servant.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

MR. WYCHERLEY.

FROM 1704 TO 1710.

All the Wycherley Letters were included in the edition of 1735, with the exception of one which was first printed in Cooper's edition of 1737.

1. POPE TO WYCHERLEY.

Binfield, in Windsor Forest, *Dec.* 26, 1704.[1]

It was certainly a great satisfaction to me to see and converse with a man, whom in his writings I had so long known with pleasure; but it was a high addition to it, to hear you, at our very first meeting, doing justice to your dead friend Mr. Dryden. I was not so happy as to know him: *Virgilium tantum vidi.*[2] Had I been born early enough, I must have known and loved him; for I have been assured, not only by yourself, but by Mr. Congreve and Sir William Trumbull, that his personal qualities were as amiable as his poetical, notwithstanding the many libellous misrepresentations of them, against which the former of these gentlemen has told me he

[1] The author's age then sixteen.—Pope, 1735. Pope's evident object in affixing his age was to call attention to the precocity of his talents. But we now know that a letter to Wycherley, which the poet has dated as if he was only seventeen, was compounded from letters written when he was past twenty-two, and there is no proof that we have any of his genuine correspondence till we come to that with Cromwell, of which the published part commenced when he was close upon twenty.

[2] When a very young boy he prevailed with a friend to carry him to a coffee-house which Dryden frequented, where he had the satisfaction he here speaks of.—Warburton.

will one day vindicate him.[1] I suppose those injuries were begun by the violence of party, but it is no doubt they were continued by envy at his success and fame, and those scribblers who attacked him in his latter times were only like gnats in a summer evening, which are never very troublesome but in the finest and most glorious season; for his fire, like the sun's, shined clearest towards its setting.

You must not therefore imagine, that, when you told me my own performances were above those critics, I was so vain as to believe it; and yet I may not be so humble as to think myself quite below their notice. For critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever a natural inclination to carrion: and though such poor writers as I are but beggars, no beggar is so poor but he can keep a cur, and no author is so beggarly but he can keep a critic. So I am far from thinking the attacks of such people either an honour or dishonour even to me, much less to Mr. Dryden. I agree with you, that whatever lesser wits have risen since his death, are but like stars appearing when the sun is set, that twinkle only in his absence, and with the rays they have borrowed from him. Our wit, as you call it, is but reflection or imitation, therefore scarce to be called ours. True wit, I believe, may be defined a justness of thought, and a facility of expression; or, in the midwives' phrase, a perfect conception, with an easy delivery. However, this is far from a complete definition; pray help me to a better, as I doubt not that you can. I am, &c.

2. WYCHERLEY TO POPE.

Jan. 25, 1704-5.

I HAVE been so busy of late in correcting and transcribing some of my Madrigals for a great man or two who desired to see them, that I have (with your pardon) omitted to return you an answer to your most ingenious letter: so scribblers to the public, like bankers to the public, are profuse in their voluntary loans to it, whilst they forget to pay their more private and particular, as more just debts, to the best and

[1] He since did so, in his dedication to the Duke of Newcastle, prefixed to Tonson's duodecimo edition of Dryden's plays, 1717.—POPE, 1735.

nearest friends. However, I hope you, who have as much good-nature as good sense, since they generally are companions, will have patience with a debtor who you think has an inclination to pay you his obligations, if he had wherewithal ready about him; and in the meantime should consider, when you have obliged me beyond my present power of returning the favour, that a debtor may be an honest man, if he but intends to be just when he is able, though late. But I should be less just to you, the more I thought I could make a return to so much profuseness of wit and humanity together; which, though they seldom accompany each other in other men, are in you so equally met, I know not in which you most abound. But so much for my opinion of you, which is, that your wit and ingenuity is equalled by nothing but your judgment or modesty, which, though it be to please myself, I must no more offend than I can do either right.

Therefore I will say no more now of them, than that your good wit never forfeited your good judgment, but in your partiality to me and mine; so that, if it were possible for a hardened scribbler to be vainer than he is, what you write of me would make me more conceited than what I scribble myself. Yet, I must confess, I ought to be more humbled by your praise than exalted, which commends my little sense with so much more of yours, that I am disparaged and disheartened by your commendations, who give me an example of your wit in the first part of your letter, and a definition of it in the last, to make writing well (that is, like you) more difficult to me than ever it was before. Thus the more great and just your example and definition of wit are, the less I am capable to follow them. Then the best way of showing my judgment, after having seen how you write, is to leave off writing; and the best way to show my friendship to you, is to put an end to your trouble, and to conclude. Yours, &c.

3. POPE TO WYCHERLEY.

March 25, 1705.

WHEN I write to you, I foresee a long letter, and ought to beg your patience beforehand; for if it proves the longest, it

will be of course the worst I have troubled you with. Yet to express my gratitude at large for your obliging letter, is not more my duty than my interest; as some people will abundantly thank you for one piece of kindness, to put you in mind of bestowing another. The more favourable you are to me, the more distinctly I see my faults: spots and blemishes, you know, are never so plainly discovered as in the brightest sunshine. Thus I am mortified by those commendations which were designed to encourage me: for praise to a young wit is like rain to a tender flower; if it be moderately bestowed, it cheers and revives, but if too lavishly, overcharges and depresses him.[1] Most men in years, as they are generally discouragers of youth, are like old trees, that, being past bearing themselves, will suffer no young plants to flourish beneath them: but, as if it were not enough to have outdone all your coëvals in wit, you will excel them in good-nature too. As for my green essays,[2] if you find any pleasure in them, it must be such as a man naturally takes in observing the first shoots and buddings of a tree which he has raised himself; and it is impossible they should be esteemed any otherwise than as we value fruits for being early, which nevertheless are the most insipid, and the worst of the year. In a word, I must blame you for treating me with so much compliment, which is at best but the smoke of friendship.[3] I neither write nor converse with you to gain your praise, but your affection. Be so much

[1] The same comparison occurs in Pope's Letter to Caryll of July 31, 1710.

[2] His Pastorals, written at *sixteen* years of age.—Pope, 1735.

[3] The sentiment appears again in Pope's Letter to Caryll of July 31, 1710: "I should confidently believe myself happy in your opinion, but for your having treated me so often in a style of compliment, which has been too much honoured in being called the smoke of friendship." Such coincidences would not be worth noticing, but for the fact that the poet concocted letters out of his correspondence with Caryll, and published them as if they had been addressed to more noted men. It is probable that he may have repeated occasional sentiments to different persons, and the comment of Wycherley upon the phrase that "compliment is the smoke of friendship," would seem to show that the words had been really written to him, since the comment is hardly of a kind which Pope could have had any motive to fabricate. He has drawn, however, so largely in a subsequent letter to Wycherley upon the Caryll letter of July 31, that it is impossible not to suspect that the parallel passages in the present instance are derived from the same source.

my friend as to appear my enemy, and tell me my faults, if not as a young man, at least as an unexperienced writer. I am, &c.

4. WYCHERLEY TO POPE.

March 29, 1705.

YOUR letter of the twenty-fifth of March I have received, which was more welcome to me than anything could be out of the country, though it were one's rent due that day; and I can find no fault with it, but that it charges me with want of sincerity, or justice, for giving you your due, who should not let your modesty be so unjust to your merit, as to reject what is due to it, and call that compliment, which is so short of your desert, that it is rather degrading than exalting you. But if compliment be the smoke only of friendship, as you say, however, you must allow there is no smoke but there is some fire; and as the sacrifice of incense offered to the gods would not have been half so sweet to others, if it had not been for its smoke, so friendship, like love, cannot be without some incense, to perfume the name it would praise and immortalise. But since you say you do not write to me to gain my praise, but my affection, pray how is it possible to have the one without the other? We must admire before we love. You affirm, you would have me so much your friend as to appear your enemy, and find out your faults rather than your perfections; but, my friend, that would be so hard to do, that I, who love no difficulties, cannot be persuaded to it. Besides, the vanity of a scribbler is such, that he will never part with his own judgment to gratify another's, especially when he must take pains to do it: and though I am proud to be of your opinion, when you talk of any thing or man but yourself, I cannot suffer you to murder your fame with your own hand, without opposing you; especially when you say your last letter is the worst, since the longest, you have favoured me with, which I therefore think the best, as the longest life, if a good one, is the best, as it yields the more variety, and is the more exemplary; as a cheerful summer's day, though longer than a dull one in the winter, is less tedious and more entertaining. Therefore, let but your friendship be like your letter, as lasting as it is

agreeable, and it can never be tedious, but more acceptable and obliging to your, &c.

5. WYCHERLEY TO POPE.

April 7, 1705.

I HAVE received yours of the fifth,[1] wherein your modesty refuses the just praises I give you, by which you lay claim to more, as a bishop gains his bishopric by saying he will not episcopate; but I must confess, whilst I displease you by commending you, I please myself, just as incense is sweeter to the offerer than the deity to whom it is offered, by his being so much above it: for indeed every man partakes of the praise he gives, when it is so justly given.

As to my inquiry after your intrigues with the Muses, you may allow me to make it, since no old man can give so young, so great, and able a favourite of theirs, jealousy. I am, in my inquiry, like old Sir Bernard Gascoign, who used to say, that when he was grown too old to have his visits admitted alone by the ladies, he always took along with him a young man to ensure his welcome to them: for had he come alone he had been rejected, only because his visits were not scandalous to them. So I am (like an old rook, who is ruined by gaming) forced to live on the good fortune of the pushing young men, whose fancies are so vigorous that they ensure their success in their adventures with the Muses, by their strength of imagination.

Your papers are safe in my custody (you may be sure) from any one's theft but my own; for it is as dangerous to trust a scribbler with your wit, as a gamester with the custody of your money. If you happen to come to town, you will make it more difficult for me to leave it, who am, dear Mr. Pope, your, &c.

6. POPE TO WYCHERLEY.

April 30, 1705.

I CANNOT contend with you: you must give me leave at once to waive all your compliments, and to collect only this in general from them, that your design is to encourage me. But

[1] Not published.

I separate from all the rest that paragraph or two, in which you make me so warm an offer of your friendship. Were I possessed of that, it would put an end to all those speeches with which you now make me blush, and change them to wholesome advices, and free sentiments, which might make me wiser and happier. I know it is the general opinion that friendship is best contracted betwixt persons of equal age; but I have so much interest to be of another mind, that you must pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few notions of mine in opposition to that opinion.

In the first place, it is observable, that the love we bear to our friends is generally caused by our finding the same dispositions in them which we feel in ourselves. This is but self-love at the bottom: whereas the affection betwixt people of different ages cannot well be so, the inclinations of such being commonly various. The friendship of two young men is often occasioned by love of pleasure or voluptuousness, each being desirous, for his own sake, of one to assist or encourage him in the courses he pursues; as that of two old men is frequently on the score of some profit, lucre, or design upon others. Now, as a young man, who is less acquainted with the ways of the world, has in all probability less of interest, and an old man, who may be weary of himself, has, or should have, less of self-love; so the friendship between them is the more likely to be true, and unmixed with too much self-regard. One may add to this, that such a friendship is of greater use and advantage to both; for the old man will grow more gay and agreeable to please the young one, and the young man more discreet and prudent by the help of the old one; so it may prove a cure of those epidemical diseases of age and youth, sourness and madness. I hope you will not need many arguments to convince you of the possibility of this; one alone abundantly satisfies me, and convinces to the very heart, which is, that young as I am, and old as you are,[1] I am your entirely affectionate, &c.

[1] Mr. Wycherley was at this time about seventy years old, Mr. Pope under seventeen.—POPE, 1735.

7.[1] POPE TO WYCHERLEY.

June 23, 1705.

I SHOULD believe myself happy in your good opinion, but that you treat me so much in a style of compliment. It has been observed of women, that they are more subject in their youth to be touched with vanity than men, on account of their being generally treated this way;[2] but the weakest women are not more weak than that class of men who are thought to pique themselves upon their wit. The world is never wanting, when a coxcomb is accomplishing himself, to help to give him the finishing stroke.

Every man is apt to think his neighbour overstocked with vanity; yet I cannot but fancy there are certain times when most people are in a disposition of being informed; and it is incredible what a vast good a little truth might do, spoken in such seasons. A very small alms will do a great kindness to people in extreme necessity. I could name an acquaintance of yours, who would at this time think himself more obliged to you for the information of his faults, than the confirmation of his follies. If you would make those the subject of a letter, it might be as long as I could wish your letters always were. I do not wonder you have hitherto found some difficulty, as you are pleased to say in writing to me, since you have always chosen the task of commending me: take but the other way, and, I dare engage, you will find none at all.

As for my verses, which you praise so much, I may truly say they have never been the cause of any vanity in me, except what they gave me when they first occasioned my acquaintance with you. But I have several times since been in danger of this vice; as often, I mean, as I received any letters from you. It is certain, the greatest magnifying glasses in the world are a man's own eyes, when they look upon his own person; yet even in those, I cannot fancy myself so extremely like Alexander the Great, as you would

[1] This letter, with occasional variations of phrase, is made up of passages from the letters to Caryll of July 31, 1710, and Jan. 25, 1711.

[2] It appears, from the letter to Caryll of July, 1710, that this observation is from the Tatler, which did not commence till nearly four years after the date of the letter to Wycherley.

persuade me. If I must be like him, it is you will make me so, by complimenting me into a better opinion of myself than I deserve. They made him think he was the son of Jupiter, and you assure me I am a man of parts. But is this all you can say to my honour? You said ten times as much before, when you called me your friend. After having made me believe I possessed a share in your affection, to treat me with compliments and sweet sayings is like the proceeding with poor Sancho Panza: they persuaded him that he enjoyed a great dominion, and then gave him nothing to subsist upon but wafers and marmalade. In our days the greatest obligation you can lay upon a wit is to make a fool of him. For as, when madmen are found incurable, wise men give them their way, and please them as well as they can, so when those incorrigible things, poets, are once irrecoverably bemused, the best way both to quiet them, and secure yourself from the effects of their frenzy, is to feed their vanity; which, indeed, for the most part, is all that is fed in a poet.

You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you say were as true, applied to me, as it would be to yourself, for several weighty reasons; but for none so much as that I might be to you what you deserve; whereas I can now be no more than is consistent with the small though utmost capacity of, dear sir, your ever affectionate servant.

8. POPE TO WYCHERLEY.

Oct. 26, 1705.

I have now changed the scene from the town to the country; from Will's coffee-house to Windsor Forest. I find no other difference than this, betwixt the common town-wits, and the downright country-fools,—that the first are partly in the wrong, with a little more flourish and gaiety, and the last neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirmed in a stupid settled medium betwixt both. However, methinks these are most in the right, who quietly and easily resign themselves over to the gentle reign of dulness, which the wits must do at last, though after a great deal of noise, pother, and resistance. Ours are a sort of modest inoffensive people, who neither have sense nor

pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial sort of dulness. They are commonly known in the world by the name of honest civil gentlemen. They live much as they ride, at random—a kind of hunting life, pursuing with earnestness and hazard something not worth the catching; never in the way nor out of it. I cannot but prefer solitude to the company of all these; for though a man's self may possibly be the worst fellow to converse with in the world, yet one would think the company of a person whom we have the greatest regard to, and affection for, could not be very unpleasant. As a man in love with a mistress desires no conversation but hers, so a man in love with himself, as most men are, may be best pleased with his own. Besides, if the truest and most useful knowledge be the knowledge of ourselves, solitude, conducing most to make us look into ourselves, should be the most instructive state of life. We see nothing more commonly than men, who, for the sake of the circumstantial part and mere outside of life, have been half their days rambling out of their nature, and ought to be sent into solitude to study themselves over again. People are usually spoiled, instead of being taught, at their coming into the world: whereas, by being more conversant with obscurity, without any pains, they would naturally follow what they were meant for. In a word, if a man be a coxcomb, solitude is his best school; and if he be a fool, it is his best sanctuary.

These are good reasons for my own stay here; but I wish I could give you any for your coming hither, except that I earnestly invite you. And yet I cannot help saying I have suffered a great deal of discontent that you do not come, though I so little merit that you should.

I must complain of the shortness of your last. Those who have most wit, like those who have most money, are generally most sparing of either.

9. WYCHERLEY TO POPE.

Nov. 5, 1705.

YOURS of the 26th of October I have received, as I have always done yours, with no little satisfaction, and am proud to

discover by it, that you find fault with the shortness of mine, which I think the best excuse for it. And though they, as you say, who have most wit or money are most sparing of either, there are some who appear poor to be thought rich, and are poor, which is my case. I cannot but rejoice that you have undergone so much discontent for want of my company; but if you have a mind to punish me for my fault, which I could not help, defer your coming to town, and you will do it effectually. But I know your charity always exceeds your revenge, so that I will not despair of seeing you, and, in return to your inviting me to your forest, invite you to my forest, the town, where the beasts that inhabit, tame or wild, of long ears or horns, pursue one another either out of love or hatred. You may have the pleasure to see one pack of blood-hounds pursue another herd of brutes, to bring each other to their fall, which is their whole sport. Or if you affect a less bloody chase, you may see a pack of spaniels, called lovers, in hot pursuit of a two-legged vixen, who only flies the whole loud pack, to be singled out by one dog, who runs mute to catch her up the sooner from the rest, as they are making a noise to the loss of their game. In fine, this is the time for all sorts of sport in the town, when those of the country cease; therefore leave your forest of beasts for ours of brutes called men, who now in full cry, packed by the court or country, run down in the house of commons a deserted horned beast of the court to the satisfaction of the spectators.[1] Besides (more for your diversion), you may see not only the two great play-houses of the nation, those of the lords and commons, in dispute with one another, but the two other play-houses in high contest, because the members of one house are removed up to the other, as it is often done by the court for reasons of state.[2] Insomuch that the lower houses, I mean the play-houses, are going to

[1] Bowles conjectures that Wycherley may refer to Lord Keeper Wright, who was dismissed from his office a little before parliament met, and "who had fallen," says Burnet, "under a high contempt with all sides, even the tories, though he was wholly theirs, despising him."

[2] The actors of Drury Lane had gone over to the newly-built theatre in the Haymarket, and the respective managers, who had at first agreed to a partnership, were at open war upon the subject.

act tragedies on one another without doors, and the sovereign is put to it, as it often happens in the other two houses, to silence one or both, to keep peace between them. Now I have told you all the news of the town. I am, &c.

10. WYCHERLEY TO POPE.

Feb. 5, 1705-6.

I HAVE received your kind letter, with my paper to Mr. Dryden corrected.[1] I own you have made more of it by making it less, as the Dutch are said to burn half the spices they bring home, to enhance the price of the remainder, so to be greater gainers by their loss, which is indeed my case now. Well, you have pruned my fading laurels of some superfluous, sapless, and dead branches, to make the remainder live the longer. Thus, like your master Apollo, you are at once a poet and a physician.

Now, sir, as to my impudent invitation of you to the town, your good-nature was the first cause of my confident request; but excuse me; I must, I see, say no more upon this subject, since I find you a little too nice to be dealt freely with, though you have given me some encouragement to hope our friendship, though young, might be without shyness or criminal modesty; for a friend, like a mistress, though he is not to be mercenary to be true, yet ought not to refuse a friend's kindness because it is small or trivial. I have told you, I think, what a Spanish lady said to her poor poetical gallant, that a Queen, if she lay with a groom, would expect a mark of his kindness from him, though it were but his currycomb. But you and I will dispute this matter when I am so happy as to see you here;

[1] The same which was printed in the year 1717, in a Miscellany of Bernard Lintot's, and in the present edition of the Posthumous Works of Mr. Wycherley.—POPE, 1735. The inappropriateness of this reference arose from the sheets of Pope's suppressed volume of the Posthumous Works of Wycherley, 1729, having been incorporated into the volume of letters of 1735. The phrase "present edition" was ridiculous in the publication of 1735, which had nothing to do with Wycherley's Posthumous Works, and the words were accordingly omitted in the quarto of 1737, where the reference is to the "Posthumous Works of Mr. Wycherley, 1728."

and perhaps it is the only dispute in which I might hope to have the better of you.

Now, sir, to make you another excuse for my boldness in inviting you to town, I designed to leave with you some more of my papers, since these return so much better out of your hands than they went from mine; for I intended, as I told you formerly, to spend a month or six weeks this summer near you in the country. You may be assured there is nothing I desire so much as an improvement of your friendship.

11. WYCHERLEY TO POPE.

March 22, 1705-6.

I must lay a penance upon you, which is to desire you to look over that d——d Miscellany of Madrigals of mine, to pick out, if possible, some that may be so altered that they may yet appear in print again; I hope with better success than they hitherto have done. I will give you my reason for this request of mine, when I see you; which I am resolved shall be when I have done here, and at the Bath, where I design to go, and afterwards to spend two months, God willing, with you, at Binfield, or near it.

12. POPE TO WYCHERLEY.

April 10, 1706.

By yours of the last month, you desire me to select, if possible, some things from the first volume of your Miscellanies,[1] which may be altered so as to appear again. I doubted your meaning in this; whether it was to pick out the best of those verses (as those on the Idleness of Business, on Ignorance, on Laziness, &c.) to make the method and numbers exact, and avoid repetitions; for though, upon reading them upon this occasion, I believe they might receive such an alteration with advantage, yet they would not be changed so much, but any one would know them for the same at first sight. Or if you mean to improve the worst pieces, which are such, as, to

[1] Printed in folio, in the year 1704.—Pope, 1735.

render them very good, would require a great addition, and almost the entire new writing of them. Or, lastly, if you mean the middle sort, as the Songs and Love-verses; for these will need only to be shortened to omit repetition, the words remaining very little different from what they were before. Pray let me know your mind in this, for I am utterly at a loss. Yet I have tried what I could do to some of the songs,[1] and the poems on Laziness and Ignorance, but cannot, even in my own partial judgment, think my alterations much to the purpose. So that I must needs desire you would apply your care wholly at present to those which are yet unpublished, of which there are more than enough to make a considerable volume of full as good ones, nay, I believe, of better than any in vol. i., which I could wish you would defer, at least till you have finished these that are yet unprinted.

I send you a sample of some few of these—namely, the verses to Mr. Waller in his old age; your new ones on the Duke of Marlborough, and two others. I have done all that I thought could be of advantage to them. Some I have contracted as we do sunbeams, to improve their energy and force; some I have taken quite away, as we take branches from a tree, to add to the fruit; others I have entirely new expressed, and turned more into poetry. Donne, like one of his successors,[2] had infinitely more wit than he wanted versification; for the great dealers in wit, like those in trade, take least pains to set off their goods, while the haberdashers of small wit spare for no decorations or ornaments. You have commissioned me to paint your shop, and I have done my best to brush you up like your neighbours.[3] But I can no more pretend to the merit of the production, than a midwife to the virtues and good qualities of the child she helps into the light.

The few things I have entirely added, you will excuse. You may take them lawfully for your own, because they are no more than sparks lighted up by your fire; and you may

[1] Letter of Nov. 20, 1707.—POPE, 1735.

[2] Wycherley himself.

[3] Several of Mr. Pope's lines, very easy to be distinguished, may be found in the Posthumous Editions of Wycherley's Poems; particularly in those on Solitude, on the Public, and on the Mixed Life.—WARBURTON.

omit them at last, if you think them but squibs in your triumphs. I am, &c.

13. WYCHERLEY TO POPE.

February 19, 1706-7.

I HAVE received yours of the 26th,[1] as kind as it is ingenious, for which therefore I most heartily thank you. It would have been much more welcome to me, had it not informed me of your want of health; but you who have a mind so vigorous, may well be contented with its crazy habitation, since, you know, the old similitude says, the keenness of the mind soonest wears out the body, as the sharpest sword soonest destroys the scabbard. So that, as I say, you must be satisfied with your apprehension of an uneasy life, though I hope not a short one, notwithstanding that generally you sound wits, though weak bodies, are immortal hereafter, by that genius, which shortens your present life, to prolong that of the future. But I yet hope, your great, vigorous, and active mind will not be able to destroy your little, tender, and crazy carcass.

Now to say something to what you write concerning the present epidemic distemper of the mind and age—calumny. I know it is no more to be avoided, at one time or another of our lives, than a fever or an ague; and, as often those distempers attend or threaten the best constitutions from the worst air, so does that malignant air of calumny soonest attack the sound and elevated in mind, as storms of wind the tallest and most fruitful trees; whilst the low and weak, for bowing and moving to and fro, are by their weakness secure from the danger and violence of the tempest. But so much for stinking rumour, which weakest minds are most afraid of.

14. WYCHERLEY TO POPE.

Nov. 11, 1707.

I RECEIVED yours of the 9th[2] yesterday, which has, like the rest of your letters, at once pleased and instructed me; so that

[1] Not published. [2] Not published.

I assure you, you can no more write too much to your absent friends, than speak too much to your present. This is a truth that all men own who have either seen your writings, or heard your discourse; enough to make others show their judgment, in ceasing to write or talk, especially to you, or in your company. However, I speak or write to you not to please you but myself, since I provoke your answers, which, whilst they humble me, give me vanity; though I am lessened by you, even when you commend me, since you commend my little sense with so much more of yours, that you put me out of countenance, whilst you would keep me in it. So that you have found a way, against the custom of great wits, to show even a great deal of good-nature with a great deal of good sense.

I thank you for the book you promised me, by which I find you would not only correct my lines, but my life.

As to the d——d verses I entrusted you with, I hope you will let them undergo your purgatory, to save them from other people's damning them: since the critics, who are generally the first damned in this life, like the damned below, never leave to bring those above them under their own circumstances. I beg you to peruse my papers, and select what you think best or most tolerable, and look over them again; for I resolve suddenly to print some of them, as a hardened old gamester will, in spite of all former ill usage by fortune, push on an ill hand in expectation of recovering himself; especially since I have such a *croupier* or second to stand by me as Mr. Pope.

15. POPE TO WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 20, 1707.

MR. ENGLEFIELD[1] being upon his journey to London, tells me I must write to you by him, which I do, not more to

[1] Mr. Englefield, of Whiteknights, near Reading. The daughter of Anthony Englefield married Lister Blount, of Mapledurham, and was the mother of Teresa and Martha Blount. "My grandfather, Engle-

comply with his desire, than to gratify my own; though I did it so lately by the messenger you sent hither. I take it, too, as an opportunity of sending you the fair copy of the poem on Dulness,[1] which was not then finished, and which I should not care to hazard by the common post. Mr. Englefield is ignorant of the contents, and I hope your prudence will let him remain so, for my sake no less than your own, since if you should reveal anything of this nature, it would be no wonder reports should be raised, and there are those, I fear, who would be ready to improve them to my disadvantage. I am sorry you told the great man, whom you met in the Court of Requests, that your papers were in my hands. No man alive shall ever know any such thing from me; and I give you this warning besides, that though yourself should say I had any way assisted you, I am notwithstanding resolved to deny it.

The method of the copy I send you is very different from what it was, and much more regular. For the better help of your memory, I desire you to compare it by the figures in the margin, answering to the same in this letter. The poem is now divided into four parts, marked with the literal figures, 1, 2, 3, 4. The first contains the praise of Dulness, and shows how upon several suppositions it passes for, 1. religion; 2. philosophy; 3. example; 4. wit; and 5. the cause of wit, and the end of it. The second part contains the advantages of Dulness; 1st, in business; and 2dly, at court, where the similitudes of the bias of a bowl, and the weights of a clock, are directly tending to illustrate the advantages of Dulness, though introduced before in a place where there was no mention made

field," Martha Blount told Spence, "was a great lover of poetry and poets. He was acquainted with Mr. Pope, and admired him highly. It was at his house that I first used to see Mr. Pope." This, she said, was after the Essay on Criticism was published, and the meeting must, therefore, have been between May, 1711, when the Essay appeared, and January, 1712, when her grandfather died. Both Wycherley and Cromwell were known to the Englefields, and probably visited at Whiteknights.

[1] The original of it, in blots, and with figures of the references from copy to copy, in Mr. Pope's hand, is in the Harley library, amongst other such *brouillons* of Mr. Wycherley's Poems, corrected by him. Vide Letter, Ap. 10, 1705-6.—Pope, 1735.

of them, which was your only objection to my adding them. The third contains the happiness of Dulness in all stations, and shows in a great many particulars that it is so fortunate as to be esteemed some good quality or other in all sorts of people; that it is thought quiet, sense, caution, policy, prudence, majesty, valour, circumspection, honesty, &c. The fourth part I have wholly added, as a climax which sums up all the praise, advantage, and happiness of Dulness in a few words, and strengthens them by the opposition of the disgrace, disadvantage, and unhappiness of wit, with which it concludes.[1]

Though the whole be as short again as at first, there is not one thought omitted, but what is a repetition of something in your first volume, or in this very paper. Some thoughts are contracted, where they seem encompassed with too many words, and some new expressed or added, where I thought they wanted heightening (as you will see particularly in the simile of the clock-weights[2]), and the versification throughout is, I believe, such as nobody can be shocked at. The repeated permissions you give me of dealing freely with you will, I hope, excuse what I have done: for if I have not spared you when I thought severity would do you a kindness, I have not mangled

[1] This is totally omitted in the present edition. Some of the lines in the H [arley] M [SS] are these;

"Thus Dulness, the safe opiate of the mind,
The last kind refuge weary wit can find;
Fit for all stations, and in each content,
Is satisfied, secure, and innocent;
No pains it takes, and no offence it gives,
Unfeared, unhated, undisturbed it lives.
And if each writing author's best pretence
Be but to teach the ignorant more sense,
Then Dulness was the cause they wrote before,
As 'tis at last the cause they write no more;
So wit, which most to scorn it does pretend,
With Dulness first began, in Dulness last must end."—POPE, 1735.

The last six lines of this quotation are not in the original volume of 1735, but were added in the reprint. The words "present edition" in Pope's note can only allude to the edition of Wycherley's Posthumous Works; for the poem on Dulness had no connection with the collection of Letters published in 1735. Pope's importation into the latter of the cancelled sheets of his Wycherley accounts for the absurdity of the reference, which, however, was retained when the Letters were reprinted.

[2] It was originally thus expressed:

"As clocks run fastest when most lead is on."

We find it so in a letter of Mr. Pope's to Mr. Wycherley, dated April 3, 1705, and in a paper of verses of his, To the Author of a Poem called Successio, which got out in a Miscellany in 1712, three years before Mr. Wycherley died, and two after he had laid aside the whole design of publishing any poems.—POPE, 1735. Pope never published the letter of April 3, 1705, notwithstanding that he appeals to it in evidence.

you where I thought there was no absolute need of amputation. As to particulars, I can satisfy you better when we meet; in the meantime pray write to me when you can: you cannot too often.

16. WYCHERLEY TO POPE.

Nov. 22, 1707.

You may see by my style, I had the happiness and satisfaction to receive yesterday, by the hands of that wag Mr. Englefield, your extreme kind and obliging letter of the 20th of this month, which, like all the rest of yours, did at once mortify me and make me vain, since it tells me, with so much more wit, sense, and kindness than mine can express, that my letters are always welcome to you. So that, even whilst your kindness invites me to write to you, your wit and judgment forbid me, since I may return you a letter, but never an answer.

Now, as for my owning your assistance to me, in overlooking my unmusical numbers, and harsher sense, and correcting them both with your genius, or judgment, I must tell you, I always own it, in spite of your unpoetic modesty, who would do with your friendship as your charity—conceal your bounty to magnify the obligation, and even while you lay on your friend the favour, acquit him of the debt. But that shall not serve your turn. I will always own, it is my infallible Pope has, or would redeem me from a poetical damning the second time, and save my rhymes from being condemned to the critics' flames to all eternity. But, by the faith you profess, you know your works of supererogation, transferred upon an humble acknowledging sinner, may save even him, having good works enough of your own besides, to ensure yours and their immortality.

And now for the pains you have taken to recommend my Dulness, by making it more methodical, I give you a thousand thanks, since true and natural dulness is shown more by its pretence to form and method, as the sprightliness of wit by its despising both. I thank you a thousand times for your repeated invitations to come to Binfield. You will find it will be as hard for you to get quit of my mercenary kindness to

you, as it would be for me to deserve or return yours: however, it shall be the endeavour of my future life, as it will be to demonstrate myself, your, &c.

17. POPE TO WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 29, 1707.

THE compliments you make me, in regard of any inconsiderable service I could do you, are very unkind, and do but tell me in other words, that my friend has so mean an opinion of me, as to think I expect acknowledgments for trifles, which, upon my faith, I shall equally take amiss, whether made to myself or to any other. For God's sake, my dear friend Wycherley, think better of me, and believe I desire no sort of favour so much as that of serving you more considerably than I have been yet able to do.

I shall proceed in this manner with some others of your pieces; but since you desire I would not deface your copy for the future, and only mark the repetitions, I must, as soon as I have marked these, transcribe what is left on another paper, and in that blot, alter, and add all I can devise, for their improvement. For you are sensible, the omission of repetitions is but one, and the easiest part, of yours and my design—there remaining besides to rectify the method, to connect the matter, and to mend the expression and versification. I will go next upon the poems[1] on Solitude, on the Public, and on the Mixed Life; the Bill of Fare, the Praises of Avarice, and some others.

I must take some notice of what you say of "my pains to make your Dulness methodical;" and of your hint, "that the sprightliness of wit despises method." This is true enough, if by wit you mean no more than fancy or conceit; but in the better notion of wit, considered as propriety, surely method is not only necessary for perspicuity and harmony of parts, but gives beauty even to the minute and particular thoughts, which receive an additional advantage from those which precede or

[1] Some *brouillons* of these, transcribed and very much blotted by Mr. Pope, are extant in the Harley Library.—POPE, 1735.

follow in their due place, according to a simile Mr. Dryden used in conversation, of feathers in the crowns of the wild Indians, which they not only choose for the beauty of their colours, but place them in such a manner as to reflect a lustre on each other. I will not disguise any of my sentiments from you. To methodise in your case, is full as necessary as to strike out; otherwise you had better destroy the whole frame, and reduce them into single thoughts in prose, like Rochefoucault, as I have more than once hinted to you.

18. WYCHERLEY TO POPE.

Feb. 28, 1707-8.

I HAVE had yours of the 23rd of this instant, for which I give you many thanks, since I find by it, that even absence, the usual bane of love or friendship, cannot lessen yours, no more than mine. As to your hearing of my being ill,[1] I am glad, and sorry for the report: in the first place, glad that it was not true, and in the next, sorry that it should give you any disturbance or concern more than ordinary for me; for which, as well as your concern for my future well-being or life, I think myself most eternally obliged to you, assuring you, your concern for either will make me more careful of both. Yet for your sake I love this life so well, that I shall the less think of the other; but it is in your power to ensure my happiness in one and the other, both by your society and good example. So not only contribute to my felicity here, but hereafter.

Now, as to your excuse for the plainness of your style, or letter, I must needs tell you, that friendship is much more acceptable to a true friend than wit, which is generally false reasoning; and a friend's reprimand often shows more friendship than his compliment. Nay love, which is more than friendship, is often seen by our friend's correction of our follies or crimes. Upon this test of your friendship I intend to put you when I return

[1] Mr. Pope had this from Mr. Cromwell, after his inquiry, in these words; "I returned to town last Saturday, and inquiring as you desired about Mr. Wycherley, was told in two several places, that he had been very ill, and that he was even gone off our stage; but I could not imagine this report to be true, or that so great a man could leave this world without its being instructed to lament so considerable a loss."—POPE, 1735.

to London, and thence to you at Binfield, which, I hope, will be within a month.

Next to the news of your good health, I am pleased with the good news of your going to print some of your poems, and proud to be known by them to the public for your friend;[1] who intend, perhaps the same way, to be revenged of you for your kindness by taking your name in vain in some of my future Madrigals: yet so as to let the world know my love or esteem for you are no more poetic than my talent in scribbling. But of all the arts of fiction, I desire you to believe I want that of feigning friendship, and that I am sincerely your, &c.

19. WYCHERLEY TO POPE.

May 13, 1708.

I HAVE received yours of the first of May.[2] Your pastoral Muse outshines in her modest and natural dress all Apollo's court-ladies, in their more artful, laboured, and costly finery. Therefore I am glad to find by your letter you design your country-beauty of a Muse shall appear at court and in public to outshine all the farded, lewd, confident, affected town-dowdies, who aim at being honoured only to their shame: but her artful innocence, on the contrary, will gain more honour as she becomes public, and, in spite of custom, will bring modesty again into fashion, or at least make her sister-rivals of this age blush for spite, if not for shame. As for my stale, antiquated, poetical puss, whom you would keep in countenance by saying she has once been tolerable, and would yet pass muster by a little licking over, it is true, that, like most vain antiquated jades which have once been passable, she yet affects youthfulness in her age, and would still gain a few admirers, who the more she seeks or labours for their liking, are but more her contemners. Nevertheless, she is resolved henceforth to be so cautious as to appear very little more in

[1] The third Pastoral was addressed to Wycherley, who fulfilled his promise of retaliating, and the same volume of Tonson's Miscellany which contained Pope's pieces had a copy of verses by Wycherley "To my friend Mr. Pope, on his Pastorals."

[2] Not published.

the world, except it be as an attendant on your Muse, or as a foil, not a rival to her wit, or fame: so that let your country-gentlewoman appear when she will in the world, my old worn-out jade of a lost reputation shall be her attendant into it, to procure her admirers;[1] as an old whore, who can get no more friends of her own, bawds for others, to make sport or pleasure yet, one way or other, for mankind. I approve of your making Tonson your Muse's introductor into the world, or master of the ceremonies, who has been so long a pimp or gentleman-usher to the Muses.

I wish you good fortune; since a man with store of wit, as store of money, without the help of good fortune, will never be popular; but I wish you a great many admirers, which will be some credit to my judgment as well as your wit, who always thought you had a great deal, and am your, &c.

20. EXTRACT FROM TWO LETTERS OF WYCHERLEY TO POPE.

May 18 and *July* 28, 1708.

I HAVE made a d——d Compliment in Verse, upon the printing your Pastorals, which you shall see when you see me. ——If you suffer my old dowdy of a Muse to wait upon your sprightly lass of the plains, into the company of the town, it will be but like an old city-bawd's attending a young country-beauty to town, to gain her admirers, when past the hopes of pleasing the world herself.

21. WYCHERLEY TO POPE.

May 17, 1709.

I MUST thank you for a book of your Miscellanies, which Tonson sent me, I suppose, by your order; and all I can tell

[1] This and the following extract are a full confutation of the lying spirit of John Dennis and others, who impudently asserted that Mr. Pope wrote these verses on himself, though published by Mr. Wycherley six years before his death. We find here it was a voluntary act of his, promised beforehand, and written while Mr. Pope was absent. The first *brouillon* of those verses, and the second copy with corrections, are both yet extant, viz., in the Harley Library, in Mr. Wycherley's own hand; from which it will appear that if they received any alteration from Mr. Pope, it was in the omission of some of his own praises.—POPE, 1735.

you of it is, that nothing has lately been better received by the public than your part of it. You have only displeased the critics by pleasing them too well, having not left them a word to say for themselves, against you and your performances; so that, now your hand is in, you must persevere, till my prophecies of you are fulfilled. In earnest, all the best judges of good sense or poetry are admirers of yours, and like your part of the book so well, that the rest is liked the worse. This is true upon my word, without compliment: so that your first success will make you for all your life a poet, in spite of your wit; for a poet's success at first, like a gamester's fortune at first, is like to make him a loser at last, and to be undone by his good fortune and merit.

But hitherto your Miscellanies have safely run the gauntlet through all the coffee-houses, which are now entertained with a whimsical new newspaper, called the Tatler, which I suppose you have seen.[1] This is the newest thing I can tell you of, except it be of the peace, which now, most people say, is drawing to such a conclusion, as all Europe is, or must be satisfied with; so poverty, you see, which makes peace in Westminster-Hall, makes it likewise in the camp or field, throughout the world. Peace then be to you, and to me, who am now grown peaceful, and will have no contest with any man, but him who says he is more your friend or humble servant than your, &c.

22. POPE TO WYCHERLEY.

May 20, 1709.

I AM glad you received the Miscellany,[2] if it were only to show you that there are as bad poets in this nation as your servant. This modern custom of appearing in Miscellanies is very useful to the poets, who, like other thieves, escape by getting into a crowd, and herd together like banditti, safe only in their multitude. Methinks Strada has given a

[1] The first No. is dated Tuesday, April 12, 1709.

[2] Jacob Tonson's sixth volume of Miscellany Poems.—POPE, 1735. It was published the 2nd of May, 1709.

good description of these kind of collections: *Nullus hodie mortalium aut nascitur, aut moritur, aut præliatur, aut rusticatur, aut abit peregrè, aut redit, aut nubit, aut est, aut non est, (nam etiam mortuis isti canunt,) cui non illi extemplò cudant Epicedia, Genethliaca, Protreptica, Panegyrica, Epithalamia, Vaticinia, Propemptica, Soterica, Parænetica, Nænias, Nugas.* As to the success which, you say, my part has met with, it is to be attributed to what you was pleased to say of me to the world, which you do well to call your prophecy, since whatever is said in my favour must be a prediction of things that are not yet. You, like a true godfather, engage on my part for much more than ever I can perform. My pastoral Muse, like other country girls, is but put out of countenance, by what you courtiers say to her. Yet I hope you would not deceive me too far, as knowing that a young scribbler's vanity needs no recruits from abroad: for nature, like an indulgent mother, kindly takes care to supply her sons with as much of their own, as is necessary for their satisfaction. If my verses should meet with a few flying commendations, Virgil has taught me that a young author has not too much reason to be pleased with them, when he considers that the natural consequence of praise is envy and calumny:

> Si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem
> Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

When once a man has appeared as a poet, he may give up his pretensions to all the rich and thriving arts. Those who have once made their court to those mistresses without portions, the Muses, are never likely to set up for fortunes. But for my part, I shall be satisfied if I can lose my time agreeably this way, without losing my reputation. As for gaining any, I am as indifferent in the matter as Falstaff was, and may say of fame as he did of honour: "If it comes, it comes unlooked for; and there's an end on't." I can be content with a bare saving game, without being thought "an eminent hand," with which title Jacob has graciously dignified his adventurers and volunteers in poetry. Jacob creates poets, as kings sometimes do knights, not for their honour, but for their

money. Certainly he ought to be esteemed a worker of miracles, who is grown rich by poetry.

> What authors lose, their booksellers have won ;
> So pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.

I am your, &c.

23. WYCHERLEY TO POPE.

May 26, 1709.

THE last I received from you was dated the 22nd of May. I take your charitable hint to me very kindly wherein you do like a true friend and a true christian, and I shall endeavour to follow your advice, as well as your example. As for your wishing to see your friend a hermit with you, I cannot be said to leave the world, since I shall enjoy in your conversation all that I can desire of it; nay, can learn more from you alone, than from my long experience of the great or little vulgar in it.

As to the success of your poems in the late Miscellany, which I told you of in my last, upon my word I made you no compliment, for you may be assured that all sort of readers like them, except they are writers too; but for them, I must needs say, the more they like them, they ought to be the less pleased with them. So that you do not come off with a bare saving game, as you call it, but have gained so much credit at first, that you must needs support it to the last, since you set up with so great a stock of good sense, judgment, and wit, that your judgment ensures all that your wit ventures at. The salt of your wit has been enough to give a relish to the whole insipid hotch-potch it is mingled with; and you will make Jacob's ladder[1] raise you to immortality, by which others are turned off shamefully to their damnation, for poetic thieves as they are, who think to be saved by others' good works, how faulty soever their own are: but the coffee-house wits, or rather anti-wits, the critics, prove their judgments by approving your wit; and even the news-

[1] Jacob Tonson's Miscellanies.

mongers and poets will own you have more invention than they. Nay, the detractors or the envious, who never speak well of anybody (not even of those they think well of) in their absence, yet will give you even in your absence their good word; and the critics only hate you, for being forced to speak well of you whether they will or no. All this is true upon the word of your, &c.

24. WYCHERLEY TO POPE.

Aug. 11, 1709.

My letters, so much inferior to yours, can only make up their scarcity of sense by their number of lines, which is like the Spaniards paying a debt of gold with a load of brass money. But to be a Plain Dealer,[1] I must tell you, I will revenge the raillery of your letters by printing them, as Dennis did mine,[2] without your knowledge too, which would be a revenge upon your judgment for the raillery of your wit: for some dull rogues, that is, the most in the world, might be such fools as to think what you said of me was in earnest. It is not the first time your great wits have gained reputation by their paradoxical or ironical praises; your forefathers have done it, Erasmus and others. For all mankind who know me must confess, he must be no ordinary genius, or little friend, who can find out anything to commend in me seriously, who have given no sign of my judgment but my opinion of yours, nor mark of my wit, but my leaving off writing to the public now you are beginning to show the world what you can do by yours; whose wit is as spiritual as your judgment infallible: in whose judgment I have an implicit faith, and shall always subscribe to it to save my works in this world from the flames and damnation. Pray, present my most humble service to Sir William Trumbull, for whom and whose judgment I have so profound a respect, that his example

[1] Alluding to his own play, so called.—Bowles.

[2] "Letters upon several occasions written by and between Mr. Dryden, Mr. Wycherley, Mr. Congreve, and Mr. Dennis. Published by Mr. Dennis. London, 1696."

had almost made me marry,[1] more than my nephew's ill carriage to me; having once resolved to have revenged myself upon him by my marriage, but now am resolved to make my revenge greater upon him by his marriage.[2]

25. WYCHERLEY TO POPE.

April 1, 1710.

I HAVE had yours of the 30th of the last month,[3] which is kinder than I desire it should be, since it tells me you could be better pleased to be sick again in town in my company, than to be well in the country without it, and that you are more impatient to be deprived of happiness than of health. Yet, my dear friend, set raillery or compliment aside, I can bear your absence, which procures your health and ease, better than I can your company when you are in pain: for I cannot see you so without being so too. Your love to the country I do not doubt, nor do you, I hope, my love to it or you, since there I can enjoy your company without seeing you in pain to give me satisfaction and pleasure; there I can have you without rivals or disturbers; without the C[romwell]s too civil, or the T[idcombe]s too rude: without the noise of the loud or the censure of the silent; and would rather have you abuse me there with the truth, than at this distance with your compliment, since now, your business of a friend, and kindness to a friend, is by finding fault with his faults, and mending them by your obliging severity. I hope, in point of your good-nature, you will have no cruel charity for those papers of mine, you are so willing to be troubled with, which I take most infinitely kind of you, and shall acknowledge with gratitude as long as I live. No friend can do more for his friend than preserving his reputation, nay, not by preserving his life, since by preserving his life he can only make him live about threescore or fourscore years; but by preserving his reputation he can make him live as long as the world lasts—so save him from damning

[1] Trumbull married his second wife in 1706, when in his 67th year. He and Wycherley were about the same age.

[2] Wycherley did revenge himself upon his nephew, and married when on his death-bed.

[3] Not published.

when he is gone to the devil. Therefore, I pray, condemn me in private, as the thieves do their accomplices in Newgate, to save them from condemnation by the public.[1] Be most kindly unmerciful to my poetical faults, and do with my papers as you country-gentlemen do with your trees, slash, cut, and lop off the excrescences and dead parts of my withered bays, that the little remainder may live the longer, and increase the value of them by diminishing the number. I have troubled you with my papers rather to give you pain than pleasure, notwithstanding your compliment, which says you take the trouble kindly. Such is your generosity to your friends, that you take it kindly to be desired by them to do them a kindness; and you think it done to you, when they give you an opportunity to do it them. Wherefore you may be sure to be troubled with my letters out of interest if not kindness, since mine to you will procure yours to me: so that I write to you more for my own sake than yours; less to make you think I write well, than to learn from you to write better. Thus you see interest in my kindness, which is like the friendship of the world, rather to make a friend than be a friend; but I am yours, as a true Plain Dealer.

26. WYCHERLEY TO POPE.

April 11, 1710.

If I can do part of my business at Shrewsbury in a fortnight's time, which I propose to do, I will be soon after with you, and trouble you with my company for the remainder of the summer. In the meantime I beg you to give yourself the pains of altering, or leaving out what you think superfluous in my papers, that I may endeavour to print such a number of them as you and I shall think fit, about Michaelmas next. In order to which, my dear friend, I beg you to be so kind to me, as to be severe to them, that the critics may be less so; for I had rather be condemned by my friend in private, than exposed

[1] This is a well-known matter of fact. The prisoners, before their trial, try each other in Newgate, and by that means judge whether they are likely to be acquitted or condemned. —Bowles.

to my foes in public—the critics, or common judges, who are made such by having been old offenders themselves. Pray believe I have as much faith in your friendship and sincerity, as I have deference to your judgment; and as the best mark of a friend is telling his friend his faults in private, so the next is concealing them from the public, till they are fit to appear. In the meantime I am not a little sensible of the great kindness you do me, in the trouble you take for me in putting my rhymes in tune, since good sounds set off often ill sense. As the Italian songs, whose good airs, with the worst words or meaning, make the best music, so, by your tuning my Welsh harp, my rough sense may be the less offensive to the nicer ears of those critics, who deal more in sound than sense. Pray, then, take pity at once both of my readers and me, in shortening my barren abundance, and increasing their patience by it, as well as the obligations I have to you: and since no madrigaller can entertain the head, unless he pleases the ear, and since the crowded operas have left the best comedies with the least audiences, it is a sign sound can prevail over sense; therefore soften my words, and strengthen my sense, and

Eris mihi magnus Apollo.

27.[1] POPE TO WYCHERLEY.

April 15, 1710.

I RECEIVED your most extreme kind letter but just now. It found me over those papers you mention, which have been my employment ever since Easter Monday. I hope before Michaelmas to have discharged my task, which, upon the word of a friend, is the most pleasing one I could be put upon. Since you are so near going into Shropshire (whither I shall not care to write of this matter, for fear of the miscarriage of any letters), I must desire your leave to give you a plain and sincere account of what I have found from a more serious application to them. Upon comparison with the former volume, I find much more repeated than I till now imagined, as well as in the present volume, which, if, as you told me

[1] This letter first appeared in Cooper's edition of 1737.

last, you would have me dash over with a line, will deface the whole copy extremely, and to a degree that, I fear, may displease you. I have everywhere marked in the margins the page and line, both in this and the other part. But if you order me not to cross the lines, or would any way else limit my commission, you will oblige me by doing it in your next letter; for I am at once equally fearful of sparing you, and of offending you by too impudent a correction. Hitherto, however, I have crossed them so as to be legible, because you bade me. When I think all the repetitions are struck out in a copy, I sometimes find more upon dipping in the first volume, and the number increases so much, that, I believe, more shortening will be requisite than you may be willing to bear with, unless you are in good earnest resolved to have no thought repeated. Pray forgive this freedom, which, as I must be sincere in this case, so I could not but take; and let me know if I am to go on at this rate, or if you could prescribe any other method.

I am very glad you continue your resolution of seeing me in my hermitage this summer. The sooner you return, the sooner I shall be happy, which indeed my want of any company that is entertaining or estimable, together with frequent infirmities and pains, hinder me from being in your absence. It is, I am sure, a real truth, that my sickness cannot make me quite weary of myself when I have you with me; and I shall want no company but yours, when you are here.

You see how freely, and with how little care, I talk rather than write to you. This is one of the many advantages of friendship, that one can say to one's friend the things that stand in need of pardon, and at the same time be sure of it. Indeed, I do not know whether or no the letters of friends are the worse for being fit for none else to read. It is an argument of the trust reposed in a friend's good-nature, when one writes such things to him as require a good portion of it. I have experienced yours so often and so long, that I can now no more doubt of the greatness of it, than I hope you do of the greatness of my affection, or of the sincerity with which I am, &c.

28. WYCHERLEY TO POPE.

April 27, 1710.

You give me an account in your letter of the trouble you have undergone for me, in comparing my papers you took down with you, with the old printed volume, and with one another of that bundle you have in your hands; amongst which, you say, you find numerous[1] repetitions of the same thoughts and subjects, all which, I must confess, my want of memory has prevented me from imagining, as well as made me capable of committing them, since, of all figures, that of tautology is the last I would use, or least forgive myself for. But seeing is believing; wherefore I will take some pains to examine and compare those papers in your hands with one another, as well as with the former printed copies, or books of my d——d Miscellanies; all which, as bad a memory as I have, with a little more pains and care, I think I can remedy. Therefore I would not have you give yourself more trouble about them, which may prevent the pleasure you have, and may give the world, in writing upon new subjects of your own, whereby you will much better entertain yourself and others. Now, as to your remarks upon the whole volume of my papers, all that I desire of you is to mark in the margin, without defacing the copy at all, either any repetition of words, matter, or sense or any thoughts or words too much repeated; which if you will be so kind as to do for me, you will supply my want of memory with your good one, and my deficiencies of sense with the infallibility of yours; which if you do, you will most infinitely oblige me, who almost repent the trouble I have given you, since so much. Now, as to what you call freedom with me, which you desire me to forgive, you may be assured I would not forgive you unless you did use it: for I am so far from thinking your plainness a fault or an offence to me, that I think it a charity and an obligation; which I shall always acknowledge, with all sort of gratitude to you for it; who am, therefore, dear Mr. Pope, your most obliged humble servant.

[1] The truth of this may be seen in the whole printed volume of his Miscellanies in folio, in 1704, in almost every page.—Pope, 1735.

All the news I have to send you is, that poor Mr. Betterton is going to make his exit from the stage of this world, the gout being gotten up into his head, and, as the physicians say, will certainly carry him off suddenly.[1]

29. POPE TO WYCHERLEY.

May 2, 1710.

I am sorry you persist to take ill my not accepting your invitation, and to find, if I mistake not, your exception not unmixed with some suspicion. Be certain I shall most carefully observe your request, not to cross over or deface the copy of your papers for the future, and only to mark in the margin the repetitions. But as this can serve no further than to get rid of those repetitions, and no way rectify the method, nor connect the matter, nor improve the poetry in expression or numbers, without further blotting, adding, and altering, so it really is my opinion and desire, that you should take your papers out of my hands into your own, and that no alterations may be made but when both of us are present, when you may be satisfied with every blot, as well as every addition, and nothing be put upon the papers but what you shall give your own sanction and assent to, at the same time.

Do not be so unjust, as to imagine from hence that I would decline any part of this task. On the contrary, you know I have been at the pains of transcribing some pieces, at once to comply with your desire of not defacing the copy, and yet to lose no time in proceeding upon the correction. I will go on the same way, if you please; though truly it is, as I have often told you, my sincere opinion, that the greater part would make a much better figure as single maxims and reflections in prose, after the manner of your favourite Rochefoucault, than in verse.[2] And this, when nothing more is

[1] He died the next day.

[2] Mr. Wycherley lived five years after, to December, 1715 [Jan. 1, 1716], but little progress was made in this design, through his old age, and the increase of his infirmities. However, some of the verses, which had been touched by Mr. P., with CCCVIII. of these maxims in prose, were found among his papers, which, having the misfortune to fall into the hands of a mercenary, were published in 1728, in

done but marking the repetitions in the margin, will be an easy task to proceed upon, notwithstanding the bad memory you complain of. I am unfeignedly, dear sir, your, &c.

octavo, under the title of the Posthumous Works of William Wycherley, Esq. He was buried in the vault of St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. —POPE, 1735 and 1737.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

WILLIAM WALSH, ESQ.[1]

FROM 1705 TO 1707.

THE final letter of the Walsh correspondence is from the Homer MSS. in the British Museum. The rest of the letters were published by Pope in the edition of 1735.

1. WALSH TO WYCHERLEY.[2]

April 20, 1705.

I RETURN you the papers[3] you favoured me with, and had sent them to you yesterday morning, but that I thought to have brought them to you last night myself. I have read them over several times with great satisfaction. The preface is very judicious and very learned; and the verses very tender and easy. The author seems to have a particular genius for that kind of poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds the years you told me he was of. He has taken very freely from the ancients, but what he has mixed of his own with theirs is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is no flattery at all to say that Virgil had written nothing so good

[1] Of Abberley in Worcestershire, Gentleman of the Horse in Queen Anne's reign, author of several beautiful pieces in prose and verse, and in the opinion of Mr. Dryden, in his Postscript to Virgil, the best critic of our nation in his time.—POPE, 1735.

[2] Wycherley submitted the Pastorals of Pope to Walsh, who sent them back with this letter.

[3] Mr. Pope's Pastorals.—POPE, 1735.

at his age.[1] I shall take it as a favour if you will bring me acquainted with him: and, if he will give himself the trouble any morning to call at my house, I shall be very glad to read the verses over with him, and give him my opinion of the particulars more largely than I can well do in this letter. I am, sir, your most faithful and most humble servant.

2. WALSH TO POPE.

June 24, 1706.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter, and shall be very glad of the continuance of a correspondence, by which I am like to be so great a gainer. I hope, when I have the happiness of seeing you again in London, not only to read over the verses I have now of yours, but more that you have written since; for I make no doubt but any one who writes so well, must write more. Not that I think the most voluminous poets always the best; I believe the contrary is rather true. I mentioned somewhat to you in London of a pastoral comedy, which I should be glad to hear you had thought upon since. I find Menage, in his observations upon Tasso's Aminta, reckons up fourscore pastoral plays in Italian, and, in looking over my old Italian books, I find a great many pastoral and piscatory plays, which I suppose Menage reckons together. I find also by Menage, that Tasso is not the first that writ in that kind, he mentioning another before him which he himself had never seen, nor indeed have I. But as the Aminta, Pastor Fido, and Filli di Sciro of Bonarelli are the three best, so, I think, there is no dispute but Aminta is the best of the three. Not but that the discourses in Pastor Fido are more entertaining and copious in several people's opinion, though not so proper for pastoral; and the fable of Bonarelli more surprising. I do not remember many in other languages, that have written in this kind with success. Racan's Bergeries are much inferior to his lyric poems; and the Spaniards are all too full of conceits. Rapin will have the design of pastoral plays to be taken from the Cyclops of Euripides. I am sure there is

[1] Sixteen.—POPE, 1735.

nothing of this kind in English worth mentioning,[1] and therefore you have that field open to yourself. You see I write to you without any sort of constraint or method, as things come into my head, and therefore use the same freedom with me, who am, &c.

3. POPE TO WALSH.

July 2, 1706.

I CANNOT omit the first opportunity of making you my acknowledgments for reviewing those papers of mine. You have no less right to correct me, than the same hand that raised a tree has to prune it. I am convinced, as well as you, that one may correct too much; for in poetry, as in painting, a man may lay colours one upon another till they stiffen and deaden the piece. Besides, to bestow heightening on every part is monstrous: some parts ought to be lower than the rest; and nothing looks more ridiculous than a work where the thoughts, however different in their own nature, seem all on a level: it is like a meadow newly mown, where weeds, grass, and flowers, are all laid even, and appear undistinguished. I believe, too, that sometimes our first thoughts are the best, as the first squeezing of the grapes makes the finest and richest wine.

I have not attempted anything of a pastoral comedy, because I think the taste of our age will not relish a poem of that sort. People seek for what they call wit, on all subjects, and in all places; not considering that nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain majesty in simplicity, which is far above all the quaintness of wit; insomuch that the critics have excluded wit from the loftiest poetry, as well as the lowest, and forbid it to the epic no less than the

[1] It is surprising that Walsh should make no mention of that exquisite pastoral comedy, The Faithful Shepherdess of Beaumont and Fletcher; nor of the Comus of Milton, who in truth has borrowed much from Fletcher.—WARTON.

pastoral. I should certainly displease all those who are charmed with Guarini and Bonarelli, and imitate Tasso not only in the simplicity of his thoughts, but in that of the fable too. If surprising discoveries should have place in the story of a pastoral comedy, I believe it would be more agreeable to probability to make them the effects of chance than of design—intrigue not being very consistent with that innocence which ought to constitute a shepherd's character. There is nothing in all the Aminta, as I remember, but happens by mere accident, unless it be the meeting of Aminta with Sylvia at the fountain, which is the contrivance of Daphne; and even that is the most simple in the world. The contrary is observable in Pastor Fido, where Corisca is so perfect a mistress of intrigue, that the plot could not have been brought to pass without her. I am inclined to think the pastoral comedy has another disadvantage as to the manners: its general design is to make us in love with the innocence of rural life, so that to introduce shepherds of a vicious character must in some measure debase it; and hence it may come to pass, that even the virtuous characters will not shine so much, for want of being opposed to their contraries. These thoughts are purely my own, and therefore I have reason to doubt them; but I hope your judgment will set me right.

I would beg your opinion, too, as to another point: it is how far the liberty of borrowing may extend? I have defended it sometimes by saying, that it seems not so much the perfection of sense to say things that had never been said before, as to express those best that have been said oftenest; and that writers, in the case of borrowing from others, are like trees, which of themselves would produce only one sort of fruit, but by being grafted upon others may yield variety. A mutual commerce makes poetry flourish; but then poets, like merchants, should repay with something of their own what they take from others; not, like pirates, make prize of all they meet. I desire you to tell me sincerely, if I have not stretched this licence too far in these Pastorals? I hope to become a critic by your precepts, and a poet by your example. Since I have seen your Eclogues, I cannot be much pleased with my own; how-

ever, you have not taken away all my vanity, so long as you give me leave to profess myself your, &c.

4. WALSH TO POPE.

July 20, 1706.

I HAD sooner returned you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I was in hopes of giving you an account at the same time of my journey to Windsor; but I am now forced to put that quite off, being engaged to go to my corporation at Richmond[1] in Yorkshire. I think you are perfectly in the right in your notions of pastoral; but I am of opinion that the redundancy of wit you mention, though it is what pleases the common people, is not what ever pleases the best judges. Pastor Fido, indeed, has had more admirers than Aminta; but I will venture to say, there is a great deal of difference between the admirers of one and the other. Corisca, which is a character generally admired by the ordinary judges, is intolerable in a pastoral; and Bonarelli's fancy of making his shepherdess in love with two men equally, is not to be defended, whatever pains he has taken to do it. As for what you ask of the liberty of borrowing, it is very evident the best Latin poets have extended this very far; and none so far as Virgil, who is the best of them. As for the Greek poets, if we cannot trace them so plainly, it is perhaps because we have none before them; it is evident that most of them borrowed from Homer, and Homer has been accused of burning those that wrote before him, that his thefts might not be discovered. The best of the modern poets in all languages are those that have the nearest copied the ancients. Indeed, in all the common subjects of poetry, the thoughts are so obvious, at least if they are natural, that whoever writes last must write things like what have been said before: but they may as well applaud the ancients for the arts of eating and drinking, and accuse the moderns of having stolen those inventions from them, it being evident, in all such cases,

[1] He was member for Richmond.—CROKER.

that whoever lived first must first find them out. It is true, indeed, when

unus et alter
Assuitur pannus,

when there are one or two bright thoughts stolen, and all the rest is quite different from it, a poem makes a very foolish figure: but when it is all melted down together, and the gold of the ancients so mixed with that of the moderns, that none can distinguish the one from the other, I can never find fault with it. I cannot however but own to you, that there are others of a different opinion, and that I have shown your verses to some who have made that objection to them. I have so much company round me while I write this, and such a noise in my ears, that it is impossible I should write anything but nonsense, so must break off abruptly. I am, sir, your most affectionate and most humble servant.

5. WALSH TO POPE.

Sept. 9, 1706.

AT my return from the North I received the favour of your letter, which had lain there till then. Having been absent about six weeks, I read over your Pastorals again, with a great deal of pleasure, and to judge the better, read Virgil's Eclogues, and Spenser's Calendar, at the same time; and I assure you, I continue the same opinion I had always of them. By the little hints you take upon all occasions to improve them, it is probable you will make them yet better against winter; though there is a mean to be kept even in that too, and a man may correct his verses till he takes away the true spirit of them, especially if he submits to the correction of some who pass for great critics, by mechanical rules, and never enter into the true design and genius of an author. I have seen some of these that would hardly allow any one good ode in Horace, who cry Virgil wants fancy, and that Homer is very incorrect. While they talk at this rate, one would think them above the common rate of mortals: but generally

they are great admirers of Ovid and Lucan, and when they write themselves, we find out all the mystery. They scan their verses upon their fingers; run after conceits and glaring thoughts; their poems are all made up of couplets, of which the first may be last, or the last first, without any sort of prejudice to their works, in which there is no design, or method, or anything natural or just. For you are certainly in the right, that in all writings whatsoever (not poetry only) nature is to be followed; and we should be jealous of ourselves for being fond of similes, conceits, and what they call saying fine things. When we were in the North, my Lord Wharton showed me a letter he had received from a certain great general in Spain.[1] I told him I would by all means have that general recalled and set to writing here at home, for it was impossible that a man with so much wit as he showed could be fit to command an army, or do any other business.[2] As for what you say of expression, it is indeed the same thing to wit as dress is to beauty. I have seen many women overdressed, and several look better in a careless night-gown, with their hair about their ears, than Mademoiselle Spanheim[3] dressed for a ball. I do not design to be in London till towards the parliament: then I shall certainly be there, and hope by that time you will have finished your Pastorals as you would have them appear in the world, and particularly the third, of Autumn, which I have not yet seen. Your last Eclogue being upon the same subject as that of mine on Mrs. Tempest's death,[4] I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the same lady, if they were not written for some particular woman whom you

[1] The Earl of Peterborough.—POPE, 1735.

[2] Mr. Walsh's remark will be thought very innocent, when the reader is informed that it was made on the Earl of Peterborough, just before the glorious campaigns of Barcelona and Valentia.—POPE, 1737. It is a maxim, says Hume, propagated by the dunces of all countries, that a man of genius is unfit for business.—WARTON.

[3] This lady probably belonged to the family of Ezekiel Spanheim, the celebrated scholar, who was Prussian Ambassador in England from 1702 to November 1710, when he died in London at the age of 81.

[4] "Delia, a Pastoral Eclogue; upon the death of Mrs. Tempest, who died upon the day of the late Storm." It appeared in Tonson's 5th Miscellany, in 1704.

would make immortal. You may take occasion to show the difference between poets' mistresses and other men's. I only hint this, which you may either do or let alone, just as you think fit. I shall be very much pleased to see you again in town, and to hear from you in the meantime. I am, with very much esteem, your, &c.

6.[1] POPE TO WALSH.

Oct. 22, 1706.

AFTER the thoughts I have already sent you on the subject of English versification, you desire my opinion as to some farther particulars. There are indeed certain niceties, which, though not much observed even by correct versifiers, I cannot but think deserve to be better regarded.

1. It is not enough that nothing offends the ear, but a good poet will adapt the very sounds, as well as words, to the things he treats of. So that there is, if one may express it so, a style of sound—as in describing a gliding stream, the numbers should run easy and flowing; in describing a rough torrent or deluge, sonorous and swelling, and so of the rest. This is evident everywhere in Homer and Virgil, and nowhere else, that I know of, to any observable degree. The following examples will make this plain, which I have taken from Vida:

> Molle viam tacito lapsu per levia radit.
> Incedit tardo molimine subsidendo.
> Luctantes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras.
> Immenso cum præcipitans ruit Oceano Nox.
> Telum imbelle sine ictu, conjecit.
> Tolle moras, cape saxa manu, cape robora, Pastor.
> Ferte citi flammas, date tela, repellite pestem.

This, I think, is what very few observe in practice, and is

[1] In the edition of 1735 Pope omitted the greater part of the letter to Cromwell of the 25th of November, 1710, and converted it, with some alterations and considerable additions, into this letter to Walsh, which is evidently the revised and latest copy, though dated four years earlier than the letter to Cromwell. Curll alludes to the circumstance when he charges Pope with "transplanting a large shoot from one of the letters to Mr. Cromwell, and grafting it upon Mr. Walsh's stock."

undoubtedly of wonderful force in imprinting the image on the reader. We have one excellent example of it in our language, Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, entitled Alexander's Feast.

2. Every nice ear must, I believe, have observed that, in any smooth English verse of ten syllables, there is naturally a *pause* at the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable. It is upon these the ear rests, and upon the judicious change and management of which depends the variety of versification. For example, At the fifth:

Where'er thy navy | spreads her canvas wings.

At the fourth:

Homage to thee | and peace to all she brings.

At the sixth:

Like tracks of leverets | in morning snow.

Now I fancy, that to preserve an exact harmony and variety, the pause at the fourth or sixth should not be continued above three lines together, without the interposition of another;[1] else it will be apt to weary the ear with one continued tone; at least it does mine. That at the fifth runs quicker, and carries not quite so dead a weight, so tires not so much, though it be continued longer.

3. Another nicety is in relation to expletives, whether words or syllables, which are made use of purely to supply a vacancy. *Do* before verbs plural is absolutely such; and it is not improbable but future refiners may explode *did* and *does* in the same manner, which are almost always used for the sake of rhyme. The same cause has occasioned the promiscuous use of *you* and *thou* to the same person, which can never sound so graceful as either one or the other.

4. I would also object to the irruption of Alexandrine verses,[2]

[1] A rule he himself did not always observe; for he continued the pause at the *fourth* syllable, sometimes, through six verses together.—WARTON.

[2] He has not admitted one Alexandrine verse, or triple rhyme, into his Essay on Man, nor into his four Ethic Epistles, nor his Eloisa, nor Dunciad; and but rarely, too rarely

of twelve syllables, which, I think, should never be allowed but when some remarkable beauty or propriety in them atones for the liberty. Mr. Dryden has been too free of these, especially in his latter works. I am of the same opinion as to triple rhymes.

5. I would equally object to the repetition of the same rhymes within four or six lines of each other, as tiresome to the ear through their monotony.

6. Monosyllable lines, unless very artfully managed, are stiff, or languishing: but may be beautiful to express melancholy, slowness, or labour.[1]

7. To come to the hiatus, or gap between two words, which is caused by two vowels opening on each other, upon which you desire me to be particular; I think the rule in this case is either to use the cæsura, or admit the hiatus, just as the ear is least shocked by either: for the cæsura sometimes offends the ear more than the hiatus itself, and our language is naturally overcharged with consonants: as for example, if in this verse,

The old have interest ever in their eye;

we should say, to avoid the hiatus,

But th' old have interest.

The hiatus which has the worst effect is when one word ends with the same vowel that begins the following; and next to this, those vowels whose sounds come nearest to each other are most to be avoided. O, A, or U, will bear a more full and graceful sound than E, I, or Y. I know some people will think these observations trivial, and therefore I am glad to corroborate them by some great authorities, which I have met with in Tully and Quintilian. In the fourth book of Rhetoric to Herennius, are these words: *Fugiemus crebras vocalium*

Fenton thought, into his Iliad, the ear, in so long a work, wanting some variety.—WARTON.

[1] Mr. Webb, in his "Remarks on the Beauties of Poetry," quoted by Warton, observes, that in spite of this maxim Pope, in the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, employed a monosyllabic line with success to express rapidity of motion:

"No: fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole.

concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem reddunt orationem; ut hoc est: Baccæ æneæ amœnissimæ impendebant. And Quintilian, l. ix. cap. 4. *Vocalium concursus cum accidit, hiat et intersistit, et quasi laborat oratio. Pessime longæ quæ easdem inter se literas committunt, sonabunt. Præcipuus tamen erit hiatus earum quæ cavo aut patulo ore efferuntur.* E *plenior litera est,* I *angustior.* But he goes on to reprove the excess on the other hand of being too solicitous in this matter, and says admirably: *Nescio an negligentia in hoc, aut solicitudo sit pejor.* So likewise Tully *(Orator, ad Brut.)*: *Theopompum reprehendunt, quod eas literas tanto opere fugerit, etsi idem magister ejus Isocrates:* which last author, as Turnebus on Quintilian observes, has hardly one hiatus in all his works. Quintilian tells us, that Tully and Demosthenes did not much observe this nicety, though Tully himself says in his Orator: *Crebra ista vocum concursio, quam magnâ ex parte vitiosam fugit Demosthenes.* If I am not mistaken, Malherbe of all the moderns has been the most scrupulous in this point; and I think Menage in his observations upon him says, he has not one in his poems. To conclude, I believe the hiatus should be avoided with more care in poetry than in oratory, and I would constantly try to prevent it, unless where the cutting it off is more prejudicial to the sound than the hiatus itself. I am, &c.

7.[1] WALSH TO POPE.

ABBERLEY, *July* 21, 1707.

HAVING received the favour of your letter of the third of this month, wherein you give me hopes of seeing you before the end of it, I am in daily expectation of receiving your commands to send a coach or horses to meet you at Worcester,

[1] This letter is among the Homer MSS. According to Spence, Pope related in conversation that he spent "a good part of the summer of 1705" with Walsh at his seat in Worcestershire. This statement seems irreconcileable with known circumstances, and is probably an error as to the year, since we see that Pope was expected at Abberley in July, 1707. That he went appears from a letter of Sir William Trumbull to the Rev. Ralph Bridges, dated Aug. 5, 1707, in which he says, "Our little poet is gone a dreadful long journey into Worcestershire, to Mr. Walsh."

and not put you to the inconvenience of such horses as you will find at the post-house. It was nothing but the fear that you should not send me word time enough for me to send horses to meet you, that makes me give you the trouble of this letter, and I expect no other answer but to that point. As for all others,

Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipse veni.

Your most humble servant.[1]

[1] Mr. Walsh died at 49 years old, in the year 1708. The year after Mr. Pope writ the Essay on Criticism, which he concludes with this gentleman's eulogy.—POPE, 1735.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

HENRY CROMWELL, ESQ.

FROM 1708 TO 1727.

Twenty-five letters of the Cromwell correspondence were presented by Cromwell to Mrs. E. Thomas, who sold them to Curll, by whom they were published in 1726 in the first volume of his Miscellanea. Pope introduced the greater part of them into his edition of 1735, but with many alterations. They are printed here from the Miscellanea of 1726 collated with the originals, which are in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The letters were correctly given by Curll, who merely suppressed a few lines which contained personal allusions. These passages have now been restored, and, on the other hand, two or three coarse sentences have been omitted which are of no sort of interest, and which have never been reproduced in any collected edition of the poet's works. The remaining letters in the series were first published by Pope in 1735, and as there is no other guarantee for their fidelity, they are distinguished by an asterisk.

1.[1] POPE TO CROMWELL.

July 12 *or* 13 [1707].[2]

Dear Mr. Cromwell,—May it please ye!
Sit still a moment; pray be easy;
Faith, 'tis not five; no play's begun;
No game at ombre lost or won.

[1] This rhyming epistle appeared in the poetical part of Curll's Miscellanea of 1726. The bookseller reprinted it in 1735, in the second volume of "Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence," and added a few explanatory notes.

[2] The concluding lines give the day of the month; and the year, which Curll added in 1735 in a note, is settled by the mention of the preparation to bombard Toulon.

Read something of a diff'rent nature,
Than Ev'ning Post, or Observator;
And pardon me a little fooling,
Just while your coffee stands a cooling.

Since your acquaintance with one Brocas,[1]
Who needs will back the Muse's cock-horse,
I know you dread all those who write,
And both with mouth and hand recite;
Who slow and leisurely rehearse,
As loath t' enrich you with their verse;
Just as a still, with simples in it,
Betwixt each drop stays half a minute.
That simile is not my own,
But lawfully belongs to Donne.
You see how well I can contrive a
Interpolatio furtiva.
To Brocas' lays no more you listen
Than to the wicked[2] works of Whiston;
In vain he strains to reach your ear,
With what it wisely will not hear:
You bless the powers who made that organ
Deaf[3] to the voice of such a Gorgon,
For so one sure may call that head,
Which does not look, but read men dead.

I hope, you think me none of those
Who show their parts as Pentlow does;[4]
I but lug out to one or two
Such friends, if such there are, as you,
Such, who read Heinsius and Masson,[5]
And as you please to pass their doom,

[1] Commonly, says Curll, called Beau Brocas. "Brocas, Marriot, and all the water-poets are now here," Pulteney wrote from Bath in November, 1735.

[2] This epithet must have been ironical, for Whiston's works were religious, and he did not become the champion of Arianism till after the date of Pope's epistle.

[3] Cromwell was deaf.

[4] Curll says he was a gamester who was noted for practising the indecorum described by Pope.

[5] Heinsius was a Dutch and Masson a French critic.—CROKER.

(Who are to me both Smith and Johnson)[1]
So seize them flames, or take them Tonson.

But, sir, from Brocas, Fouler, me,
In vain you think to 'scape rhyme-free.
When was it known one bard did follow
Whig maxims, and abjure Apollo?[2]
Sooner shall Major-General cease
To talk of war, and live in peace;
Yourself for goose reject crow quill,
And for plain Spanish quit Brazil;[3]
Sooner shall Rowe lampoon the Union,[4]
Tidcombe take oaths on the communion;[5]
The Granvilles write their name plain Greenfield,
Nay, Mr. Wycherley see Binfield.[6]

I'm told, you think to take a step some
Ten miles from town, t' a place called Epsom,

[1] Bayes's two friends in the Rehearsal.—CURLL, 1735.

[2] The Whig maxim of abjuration to which Pope alludes was the exclusion of the Pretender. The efforts of the more zealous supporters of the Revolution to enact an oath abjuring the exiled royal family gave rise to fierce party struggles, and the measure was not carried till 1702.

[3] Mr. Carruthers states that Brazil snuff at this period cost three shillings an ounce.

[4] The great measure of the Union had just been passed, and Rowe was a candidate for office.—CROKER.

[5] It was not an uncommon practice in matters of moment for persons to take the sacrament in attestation of the truth of an assertion, and as Tidcombe was a papist, he would have repudiated the English Communion. Or the allusion may have been to his hatred of all religious ordinances; for the manner in which he is mentioned in Pope's letters shows that he was noted for his dissoluteness and profanity. "His beastly, laughable life," writes the poet to Cromwell, Aug. 29, 1709, "is at once nasty and diverting;" and when Pope tells Martha Blount that every one values him for a different reason, he says that Tidcombe's admiration is "for his pretty atheistical jests." In later days "he loved," according to Richardson, "to talk of Titcum, one who used to be of the party with him, Gay, Swift, Craggs, and Addison, and that set in his youth." This disreputable person appears from his associates, and the idle jovial life he led, to have been a man of independent fortune, but he could not have possessed a landed estate, as no Catholic of his name was registered under the act of 1715.

[6] It appears from Pope's letter of Nov. 1, 1708, to Cromwell that Wycherley was devoted to a town life, and would not make excursions into the country. "Nothing," says the poet, "could allure him to our forest."

To treat those nymphs like yours of Drury,
With—I protest, and I'll assure ye;
But though from flame to flame you wander,
Beware! your heart's no salamander;
But burnt so long, may soon turn tinder,
And so be fired by any cinder—
Wench, I'd have said did rhyme not hinder.
Should it so prove, yet who'd admire?[1]
'Tis known, a cook-maid[2] roasted Prior;
Lardella fired a famous author,[3]
And for a butcher's well-fed daughter
Great D[enni]s roared, like ox at slaughter.

Now, if you're weary of my style,
Take out your box of right Brazil,
First lay this paper under, then,
Snuff just three times, and read again.

I had to see you some intent,
But for a curst impediment,
Which spoils full many a good design,
That is to say, the want of coin.
For which, I had resolved almost
To raise Tiberius Gracchus' ghost;
To get, by once more murd'ring Caius,
As much as did Septimuleius;[4]
But who so dear will buy the lead,
That lies within a poet's head,
As that which in the hero's pate
Deserved of gold an equal weight?[5]

[1] *Admire* is used here in the sense of *wonder*.

[2] Curll says that one of Prior's mistresses was "of this vocation." He used, as Pope told Spence, "to bury himself for days and nights together with a poor mean creature, and often drank hard."

[3] Lardella figures in the Rehearsal, and if, like another of the female characters, the name is meant to designate a mistress of Dryden, he must be the famous author to whom Pope refers.

[4] This passage seems to indicate that Pope had been meditating a tragedy on the Gracchi.—CROKER.

[5] He alludes to the story that Septimuleius, who cut off the head of Caius Gracchus, and was rewarded with its weight in gold, fraudulently filled the skull with lead.—CROKER.

Sir, you're so stiff in your opinion,
I wish you do not turn Socinian;
Or prove reviver of a schism,
By modern wits called Quixotism.
What moved you, pray, without compelling,
Like Trojan true, to draw for Helen:
Quarrel with Dryden for a strumpet,
For so she was, as e'er showed rump yet,
Though I confess, she had much grace,
Especially about the face.
When Virgil called Pasiphaë Virgo
You say he'd more good breeding; ergo—
Well argued, faith! Your point you urge
As home, as ever did Panurge:
And one may say of Dryden too,
As once you said of you know who,
He had some fancy, and could write;
Was very learn'd, but not polite.
However from my soul I judge
He ne'er, good man, bore Helen grudge,
But loved her full as well, it may be,
As e'er he did his own dear lady.[1]
You have no cause to take offence, sir;
Zounds! you're as sour as Cato Censor;
Ten times more like him, I profess,
Than I'm like Aristophanes.

To end with news, the best I know
Is, I've been well a week, or so.
The season of green peas is fled,
And artichokes reign in their stead.
Th' allies to bomb Toulon prepare;
G—d save the pretty ladies there!
One of our dogs is dead and gone,
And I, unhappy! left alone.

If you have any consolation
T' administer on this occasion,

[1] Dryden's marriage is well known to have been unhappy.

Send it, I pray, by the next post,
Before my sorrow be quite lost.

The twelfth or thirteenth day of July,
But which, I cannot tell you truly.

2. POPE TO CROMWELL.

March 18, 1708.

SIR,—I believe it was with me when I left the town, as it is with a great many honest men when they leave the world, whose loss itself they do not so much regret, as that of their friends whom they leave behind in it; for I do not know one thing for which I can envy London, but for your continuing there. Yet I guess you will expect I should recant this expression, when I tell you, that Sappho[1] (by which heathenish name you have christened a very orthodox lady) did not accompany me into the country. However, I will confess myself the less concerned on that account, because I have no very violent inclination to lose my heart, especially in so wild and savage a place as this forest is. In the town, it is ten to one but a young fellow may find his strayed heart again, with some Wild Street or Drury Lane damsel; but here I could have met with no redress from an unmerciful, virtuous dame. Well, sir, you have your lady in the town still, and I have my heart in the country still, which being wholly unemployed as yet, has the more room in it for my friends, and does not want a corner at your service. To be serious, you have extremely

[1] Mr. Bowles says that Sappho was Mrs. Eliz. Thomas, the mistress of Cromwell. He had not observed that the poet in his postscript to the letter of Oct. 12, 1710, distinguished between two Sapphos—one Cromwell's, the other his own. The Sappho of the text was evidently Pope's Sappho. As appears from the next letter, Cromwell expressed his surprise at her staying in town after the poet had left, which shows that her intimacy was with the latter. From the same letter we find that she quickly followed him into the country. She is described as "a very orthodox lady," by which Pope would mean a Roman Catholic; and "an unmerciful, virtuous dame," which would not apply to Mrs. Thomas. The circumstances all denote that the person meant was Mrs. Nelson, with whom he afterwards quarrelled. She wrote verses, and was no doubt on that account called Sappho by Cromwell, as she subsequently was by Pope in his letter to Caryll of Feb. 1713.

obliged me by your frankness and kindness to me in town, and if I have abused it by too much freedom on my part, I hope you will attribute it to the natural openness of my temper, which hardly knows how to show respect, where I feel affection. I would love my friend, as my mistress, without ceremony, and hope a little rough usage sometimes may not be more displeasing to one, than it is to the other.

If you have any curiosity to know in what manner I live, or rather lose a life, in the country, Martial will inform you in one line:—

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cæno, quiesco.

Every day with me is literally another to-morrow; it is exactly the same with yesterday; it has the same business, which is poetry, and the same pleasure, which is idleness. A man might indeed pass his time much better, but I question if any man could pass it much easier. Human life, as Plutarch just now told me, is like a game at tables, where every one may wish for the best cast, but after all, he is to make his best of that which happens, and go on contentedly.' If you will visit our shades this spring, which I very much desire, you may perhaps instruct me to manage my game more wisely, but at present I am satisfied to trifle away my time any way rather than let it stick by me, as shopkeepers are glad to be rid of those goods at any rate, which would otherwise be always lying upon their hands.

Sir, if you will favour me sometimes with your letters, it will be a great satisfaction to me on several accounts; and on this in particular. That it will show me, to my comfort, that even a wise man is sometimes very idle; for so you needs must be when you can find time to write to such a fellow as, sir, your most faithful and obliged servant.

P.S. Pray do not put an anachronism again upon me, for my game at tables out of Plutarch.

I gave your service to Mr. Wycherley yesterday, and desire you to give mine to——let me see?——Mr. Tidcombe.

[1] This little bit of philosophy was omitted in the edition of 1735 from the letter to Cromwell, but reappeared in a letter to Steele of June 18, 1712, when Plutarch had again "just told" him of it.

3. POPE TO CROMWELL.

April 25, 1708.

SIR,—

This letter greets you from the shades;
(Not those which thin unbodied shadows fill,
That glide along the Elysian glades,
Or skim the flowery meads of asphodel:)
But those in which a learned author said,
Strong drink was drunk, and gambols played,
And two substantial meals a day were made.

The business of it is t' express,
From me and from my Holiness,
To you and to your Gentleness,
How much I wish you health and happiness;
And much good news, and little spleen as may be;
A hearty stomach, and sound lady;
And every day a double dose of coffee,
To make you look as sage as any Sophy.

For the rest, I must be content in plain prose to assure you, that I am very much obliged to you for the favour of your letter, and in particular, for the translation of that one Latin verse, which cost you three in English.

One short, one long,
One smooth, one strong,
One right, one wrong.

But if I may be allowed to object against anything you write (which I must do, if it were only to be even with you for your severity to me), it should be that passage in yours, where you are pleased to call the whores of Drury Lane, the nymphs of Drury. I must own it was some time before I could frame to myself any plausible excuse for this expression; but affection, which you know, sir, excuses all things, at last furnished me with one in your justification, which I have here sent you, in verse, that you may have at least some rhyme to defend you, though you should have no reason.

* * * * * *

I made no question but the news of Sappho's staying behind me in town would surprise you; but she is since come into the country, and to surprise you more, I will inform you, that the first person she named when I waited on her was one Mr. Cromwell. What an ascendant have you over all the sex, who could gain the fair-one's heart by appearing before her in a long, black, unpowdered periwig; nay, without so much as the very extremities of clean linen in neckcloth and cuffs. I guess that your friend Vertumnus, among all the forms he assumed to win the good graces of Pomona, never took upon him that of a slovenly beau. Well, sir, I leave you to your meditations on this occasion, and to languish unactive, as you call it.

But I find I have exceeded my bounds, and begin to travel on the confines of impertinence. However, to make you amends, I shall desire Mr. Wycherley to deliver you this letter, who will be sure, in less than a quarter of an hour's conversation with you, to give you wit enough to atone for twice as much dulness as I have troubled you with. Therefore I shall only give my respects to some of our acquaintance, and conclude.

To Baker[1] first my service, pray;
To Tidcombe eke,
And Mr. Cheek;[2]
Last to yourself my best respects I pay,
And so remain, for ever and for aye,

sir, your affectionate humble servant.

[1] This may have been Thomas Baker, the dramatic writer, the son of an attorney in the city. His "turn," we are told in the Biog. Dram., "was entirely for comedy, and his plays in general met with success."

[2] In a pamphlet published in 1728, called Characters of the Times, of which the purpose was to vindicate several persons from the aspersions of Swift and Pope, it is said that before Addison generously took notice of the little bard, he had "no patrons but Mr. Cheek and Mr. Cromwell." This Mr. Cheek was probably the same of whom Jacob says that he was descended from the Greek scholar of the time of Edward VI.; had a good deal of ready wit, and was an excellent companion; assisted Dr. Garth in his Dispensary, and wrote small poetry, which was printed in the Miscellanies.

4. POPE TO CROMWELL.

*April 27, 1708.[1]

I HAVE nothing to say to you in this letter; but I was resolved to write to tell you so. Why should not I content myself with so many great examples of deep divines, profound casuists, grave philosophers, who have written, not letters only, but whole tomes and voluminous treatises about nothing? Why should a fellow like me, who all his life does nothing, be ashamed to write nothing; and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you will say, the whole world has something to do, something to talk of, something to wish for, something to be employed about: but pray, sir, cast up the account, put all these somethings together, and what is the sum total but just nothing? I have no more to say, but to desire you to give my service (that is nothing) to your friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than your, &c.

Ex nihilo nil fit.—LUCR.

5. POPE TO CROMWELL.

*May 10, 1708.

YOU talk of fame and glory, and of the great men of antiquity: pray, tell me, what are all your great dead men, but so many little living letters? What a vast reward is here for all the ink wasted by writers, and all the blood spilt by princes? There was in old time one Severus, a Roman emperor. I dare say you never called him by any other name in your life, and yet in his days he was styled Lucius, Septimius, Severus, Pius, Pertinax, Augustus, Parthicus, Adiabenicus, Arabicus, Maximus, and what not? What a prodigious waste of letters has time made! what a number have here dropt off, and left

[1] The previous letter of the 25th of April was omitted in the edition of 1735, where this letter of the 27th of the same month appeared for the first time. It is less likely that Pope should have written again at an interval of only two days, than that, according to his common practice, he should have tampered with the text. The puerile conceit, which is the staple of his letter, was evidently suggested by Lord Rochester's verses upon Nothing.

the poor surviving seven unattended! For my own part, four are all I have to take care for; and I will be judged by you if any man could live in less compass, except it were one Monsieur D. and one Romulus ***. But these, contrary to the common calamity, came, in process of time, to be called Monsieur Boileau Despreaux,[1] and Romulus Three-points. Well, sir, for the future I will drown all high thoughts in the Lethe of cowslip-wine.[2] As for fame, renown, reputation, take them, critics!

> Tradam protervis in mare *criticum*
> Ventis.

If ever I seek for immortality here, may I be damned, for there is not so much danger in a poet's being damned:

> Damnation follows death in other men,
> But your damn'd poet lives and writes again.

6. POPE TO CROMWELL.

November 1, 1708.

SIR,—I have been so well satisfied with the country ever since I saw you, that I have not so much as once thought of the town, or inquired of any one in it besides Mr. Wycherley and yourself. And from him I understood of your journey this summer into Leicestershire, from whence I guess you are returned, by this time, to your old apartment in the Widow's Corner;[3] to your old business of comparing critics and reconciling commentators; and to the old diversions of a losing game at picquet with the ladies, and half a play, or a quarter of a play, at the theatre, where you are none of the malicious audience, but the chief of amorous spectators, and for the infirmity of one sense,[4] which could only there serve to disgust you, enjoy the vigour of another which ravishes you.

[1] Until within a few years of his death Boileau did not put his name at full length to his works, but the title-pages merely stated that they were by the Sieur D * * *.

[2] Lettuce and cowslip wine are mentioned by him as sedatives in his Imitations of Horace, Book II. sat. i. v. 18.—CROKER.

[3] The widow Hambleton. This and some of the other letters to Cromwell are addressed "For Henry Cromwell, Esq., at the Widow Hambleton's Coffee House in Princes Street, near Drury Lane, London."

[4] His hearing.—POPE, 1735.

> You know, when one sense is suppress't,
> It but retires into the rest—

according to the poetical, not the learned, Dodwell, who has done one thing worthy of eternal memory—wrote two lines in his life that are not nonsense. So you have the advantage of being entertained with all the beauty of the boxes, without being troubled with any of the dulness of the stage. You are so good a critic, that it is the greatest happiness of the modern poets that you do not hear their works, and next, that you are not so arrant a critic, as to damn them, like the rest, without hearing. But now I talk of those critics, I have good news to tell you concerning myself, for which I expect you should congratulate with me; it is that beyond all my expectations, and far above my demerits, I have been most mercifully reprieved by the sovereign power of Jacob Tonson, from being brought forth to public punishment,[1] and respited from time to time from the hands of those barbarous executioners of the Muses, whom I was just now speaking of. It often happens, that guilty poets, like other guilty criminals, when once they are known and proclaimed, deliver themselves into the hands of justice only to prevent others from doing it more to their disadvantage, and not out of any ambition to spread their fame by being executed in the face of the world, which is a fame but of short continuance. That poet were a happy man who could but obtain a grant to preserve his for ninety-nine years; for those names very rarely last so many days, which are planted either in Jacob Tonson's or the Ordinary of Newgate's Miscellanies.

I have an hundred things to say to you, which shall be deferred till I have the happiness of seeing you in town; for the season now draws on that invites everybody thither. Some of them I had communicated to you by letters before this time, if I had not been uncertain where you passed your time the last season. So much fine weather, I doubt not, has given you all the pleasure you could desire from the country, and your own thoughts the best company in it. But nothing

[1] The reprieve was the delay in the publication of Tonson's Miscellanies, in which some of Pope's pieces were to appear.

could allure Mr. Wycherley to our forest. He continued, as you told me long since he would, an obstinate lover of the town, in spite of friendship and fair weather. Therefore henceforward, to all those considerable qualities I know you possessed of, I shall reckon that of prophecy. But I still believe Mr. Wycherley's intentions were good, and am satisfied that he promises nothing but with a real design to perform it. How much soever his other excellent qualities are above my imitation, his sincerity, I hope, is not; and it is with the utmost that I am, sir, your most humble and obedient servant.

Sir, I shall take it as a great favour if you will give me a line or two, directed to me at Binfield, near Ockingham, by Ockingham bag, Berks; and if Mr. Wycherley be in town, you will oblige me by letting me know it; for I fear he is not well, having not heard a good while from him, and not knowing where to direct a letter to him in case he be yet in the country.

7. POPE TO CROMWELL.

Jan. 22, 1708-9.[1]

I HAD sent you the enclosed papers[2] before this time, but that I intended to have brought them myself, and afterwards could find no opportunity of sending them without suspicion of their miscarriage; not that they are of the least value, but for fear somebody might be foolish enough to imagine them so, and inquisitive enough to discover those faults which I, by your help, would correct. I therefore beg the favour of you to let them go no farther than your chamber, and to be very free of your remarks in the margins, not only in regard to the accuracy, but to the fidelity of the translation,

[1] In Curll's Miscellany of 1726 this letter is undated, and is placed last in the collection. The date is crossed out in the original MS., but on the margin is written, though not in Pope's hand, "Binfield, near Ockingham, Berks, Jan. 19, 1707." In the edition of 1735 the letter was printed by Pope with its present date.

[2] This was a translation of the first book of Statius, done when the author was but fourteen years old, as appears by an advertisement before the first edition of it, in a miscellany published by B. Lintot, 8vo, 1711.—POPE, 1735.

which I have not had time of late to compare with its original. And I desire you to be the more severe, as it is much more criminal for me to make another speak nonsense, than to do it in my own proper person. For your better help in comparing, it may be proper to tell you, that this is not an entire version of the first book. There is an omission from the 128th line of the Latin which begins *Sævus amor ruptæque vices*, to the 143rd—*At nondum crasso;* and again from the 167th line, *Jam murmura serpunt Plebis Agenoreæ*, to the 310th—*Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris.* Between these two last places Statius has a noble description of the council of the gods, and a speech of Jupiter, which contain a peculiar beauty and majesty, and were left out[1] for no other reason but because the consequence of this machine appears not till the second book. The translation goes on from thence to the words *Hic vero ambobus rabiem fortuna cruentam*, where there is an odd account of an unmannerly battle at fistycuffs between the two Princes on a very slight occasion, and at a time when, one would think, the fatigue of their journey, in so tempestuous a night, might have rendered them very unfit for such a scuffle. This I had actually translated, but was very ill satisfied with it, even in my own words, to which an author cannot but be partial enough of conscience. It was therefore omitted in this copy, which goes on above eighty lines farther, at the words *Hic primum lustrare oculis* &c., to the end of the book.

You will find, I doubt not, upon reading, that Statius was none of the discreetest poets, though he was the best versifier next Virgil. In the very beginning he unluckily betrays his ignorance in the rules of poetry (which Horace had already taught the Romans) when he asks his Muse where to begin his Thebaid, and seems to doubt whether it should not be *ab ovo Ledæo.* When he comes to the scene of his poem, and the prize in dispute between the brothers, he gives us a very mean opinion of it—*Pugna est de paupere regno.* Very different from the conduct of his master Virgil, who at the entrance of his poem informs his reader of the greatness of its subject—*Tantæ molis erat*

[1] These he since translated, and they are extant in the printed version.—POPE, 1735.

Romanam condere gentem. There are innumerable little faults in him, among which I cannot but take notice of one in this book, where, speaking of the implacable hatred of the brothers, he says, *The whole world would be too small a prize to repay so much impiety.*

> Quid si peteretur crimine tanto
> Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eoo
> Cardine, quem portâ vergens prospectat Iberâ ?

This was pretty well, one would think, already; but he goes on.

> Quasque procul terras obliquo sidere tangit
> Avius, aut Boreæ gelidas, madidive tepentes
> Igne Noti ?

After all this, what could a poet think of but heaven itself for the prize ? But what follows is astonishing :—

> Quid si Tyriæ Phrygiæve sub unum
> Convectentur opes ?

I do not remember to have met with so great a fall in any ancient author whatsoever. I should not have insisted so much on the faults of this poet, if I did not hope you would take the same freedom with, and revenge it upon, his translator. I shall be extremely glad if the reading this essay can be any amusement to you, the rather because I had the dissatisfaction to hear you have been confined to your chamber by an illness, which, I fear, was as troublesome a companion as I have sometimes been to you in the same place ; where, if ever you found any pleasure in my company, it must only have been that which almost every man takes in observing the faults and follies of another,—a pleasure which, you see, I take care to give you even in my absence.

If you will oblige me at your leisure with the confirmation of your recovery under your own hand, it will be extreme grateful to me, for next to the pleasure of seeing my friends, is that I take in hearing from them ; and in this particular, as all others, I am beyond all acknowledgments obliged to our friend Mr. Wycherley, who, as if it were not enough to have excelled all men in wit, is resolved to excel them in good-nature

and humanity too. I know I need no apology to you for speaking of Mr. Wycherley, whose example as I am proud of following in all things, so in nothing more than in professing myself, like him, sir, your most affectionate and obedient servant.

P.S. This immeasurable long letter is like a large worthless country present, which expects in return a little one from the town, but of much greater value.

8. POPE TO CROMWELL.

May 7, 1709.

SIR,—You had long before this time been troubled with a letter from me, but that I deferred it till I could send you either the Miscellany,[1] or my continuation of the version of Statius. The first I imagined you might have had before now, but since the contrary has happened, you may draw this moral from it, that authors in general are more ready to write nonsense, than booksellers are to publish it. I had I know not what extraordinary flux of rhyme upon me for three days together, in which time all the verses you see added have been written; which I tell you that you may more freely be severe upon them. It is a mercy I do not assault you with a number of original sonnets and epigrams, which our modern bards put forth in the spring-time in as great abundance as trees do blossoms, a very few whereof ever come to be fruit, and please no longer than just in their birth. So that they make no less haste to bring their flowers of wit to the press, than gardeners to bring their other flowers to the market, which, if they cannot get off their hands in the morning, are sure to die before night. Thus the same reason that furnishes Common [Covent] Garden with those nosegays you so delight in, supplies the Muses' Mercury, and British Apollo, not to say Jacob's Miscellanies, with verses. And it is the happiness of this age that the modern invention of printing poems

[1] Jacob Tonson's sixth volume of Poetical Miscellanies, in which Mr. Pope's Pastorals, and some versions of Homer and Chaucer, were first printed.—POPE, 1735.

for pence a-piece has brought the nosegays of Parnassus to bear the same price; whereby the public-spirited Mr. Henry Hills,[1] of Blackfriars, has been the cause of great ease and singular comfort to all the learned, who, never over-abounding in transitory coin, should not be discontented, methinks, even though poems were distributed gratis about the streets, like Bunyan's sermons and other pious treatises, usually published in a like volume and character.

The time now drawing nigh, when you use with Sappho[2] to cross the water in an evening to Spring-Garden, I hope you will have a fair opportunity of ravishing her: I mean only, as Oldfox, in the Plain Dealer, says, of ravishing her through the ear with your well-penned verses. I have been told of a lucky compliment of an officer to his mistress in the same place, which I cannot but set down (and desire you at present to take it in good part instead of a Latin quotation) that it may some time or other be improved by your pronunciation, while you walk, *solus cum solâ*, in those amorous shades.

> When at Spring-Garden Sappho deigns t' appear,
> The flowers march in her van, musk in her rear.

I wish you all the pleasures which the season and the nymph can afford; the best company, and the best coffee, and the best news you can desire. And what more to wish you than this I do not know, unless it be a great deal of patience to read and examine the verses I send you, and I promise you in return a great deal of deference to your judgment, and an extraordinary obedience to your sentiments for the future, to which you know I have been sometimes a little refractory. If you will please to begin where you left off last, and mark the margins, as you have done in the pages immediately

[1] An account of this "notorious printer" will be found in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes. He is said to have "regularly pirated every good poem or sermon that was published," generally reproducing it on rough paper, and selling it for a penny. The poem entitled Wine, which Aaron Hill asserts was written by Gay, was treated by Hills in this manner, which may account for the attack upon him in Gay's verses to Lintot:—

> "While neat old Elzevir is reckoned better
> Than pirate Hills' brown sheets and scurvy letter."

Hills died in 1713.

[2] Mrs. Thomas.

before (which you will find corrected to your sense since your last perusal), you will extremely oblige me, and improve my translation. Besides those places which may deviate from the sense of the author, it would be very kind in you to observe any deficiencies in the diction or numbers. The hiatus, in particular, I would avoid as much as possible, which you are certainly in the right to be a professed enemy to, though I confess I could not think it possible at all times to be avoided by any writer, till I found, by reading the famous French poet Malherbe lately, that there is but one throughout all his poems. I thought your observation true enough to be passed into a rule, but not a rule without exceptions, nor that ever it had been reduced to practice. But this example of one of the correctest and best of their poets has undeceived me, and confirms your opinion very strongly, and much more than Mr. Dryden's authority, who, though he made it a rule, seldom observed it. Sir, I shall be very proud of a line or two from you sometimes during this summer, which will always be very welcome and very obliging to, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant.

I desire you will be so kind to me as not to show what I send to anybody. I am not certain whether Mr. Wycherley be yet in London or no; if he be, I desire you to give him my most hearty service, and to let him know that I writ to him this very day;[1] for I find our letters sometimes miscarry of late. If he be not in town now, you will favour me by letting me know if he was in good health when last you saw him.

9 POPE TO CROMWELL.

**June* 10, 1709.

I HAVE received part of the version of Statius, and return you my thanks for your remarks, which I think to be just, except where you cry out, like one in Horace's Art of Poetry,

[1] The letter mentioned, as written to Wycherley "this very day," has not been published.

pulchre, bene, recte![1] There I have some fears you are often, if not always, in the wrong.

One of your objections, namely, on that passage,

> The rest revolving years shall ripen into fate,

may be well-grounded, in relation to its not being the exact sense of the words, *Certo reliqua ordine ducam.*[2] But the duration of the action of Statius's poem may as well be excepted against, as many things besides in him, which I wonder Bossu has not observed;[3] for instead of confining his narration to *one year*, it is manifestly exceeded in the very first two books. The narration begins with Œdipus's prayer to the Fury to promote discord betwixt his sons. Afterwards the poet expressly describes their entering into the agreement of reigning a year by turns, and Polynices takes his flight from Thebes on his brother's refusal to resign the throne. All this is in the first book. In the next Tydeus is sent ambassador to Eteocles, and demands his resignation in these terms:—

> Astriferum velox jam circulus orbem
> Torsit, et amissæ redierunt montibus umbræ,
> Ex quo frater inops, ignota per oppida tristes
> Exul agit casus.

But Bossu himself is mistaken in one particular, relating to the commencement of the action, saying, in book ii. cap. 8, that Statius opens it with Europa's Rape, whereas the poet at most only deliberates whether he should or not.

> Unde jubetis
> Ire, Deæ? gentisne canam primordia diræ,
> Sidonios raptus? &c.

but then expressly passes all this with a *longa retro series*—and says,

[1] In the MS., which is still in existence, of Pope's translation of the Epistle of Sappho to Phaon, the same terms of commendation are written by Cromwell against the lines and passages he approved.

[2] See the first book of Statius, verse 302.—POPE, 1735.

[3] Bossu did not write a critique upon Statius, but only used him, as he did other poets, occasionally, for an example. So that it is no wonder there should be faults and beauties in Statius which he did not take notice of.—WARBURTON.

Limes mihi carminis esto
Œdipodæ confusa domus.

Indeed, there are numberless particulars blame-worthy in our author, which I have tried to soften in the version.

Dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Œten
In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmus,

is most extravagantly hyperbolical: nor did I ever read a greater piece of tautology than

Vacuâ cum *solus* in aulâ
Respiceres *jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,*
Et nusquam *par* stare *caput.*

In the journey of Polynices is some geographical error.

In mediis audit duo litora campis

could hardly be; for the isthmus of Corinth is full five miles over: and *caligantes abrupto sole Mycenas,* is not consistent with what he tells us, in lib. iv. lin. 305, "that those of Mycenæ came not to the war at this time, because they were then in confusion by the divisions of the brothers, Atreus and Thyestes." Now, from the raising the Greek army against Thebes, back to the time of this journey of Polynices, is, according to Statius's own account, three years. Yours, &c.

10. POPE TO CROMWELL.[1]

July 17, 1709.

DEAR SIR,—The morning after I parted with you, I found myself, as I had prophesied, all alone, in an uneasy stage-coach —a doleful change from that agreeable company I enjoyed the night before—without the least hope of entertainment, but from my last recourse in such cases, a book. I then began to enter into acquaintance with the moralists, and had just received from them some cold consolation for the inconveniencies of this life, and the uncertainty of human affairs, when I perceived my

[1] The address is to "Henry Cromwell, Esq., at the Blue Ball in Great Wild Street, near Drury Lane, London."

vehicle to stop, and heard from the side of it the dreadful news of a sick woman preparing to enter it. It is not very easy to guess at my mortification, but being so well fortified with philosophy, I stood resigned with a stoical constancy to endure the worst of evils, a sick woman. I was indeed a little comforted to find by her voice and dress, that she was young and a gentlewoman; but no sooner was her hood removed, but I saw one of the finest faces I ever beheld, and to increase my surprise, heard her salute me by my name. I had never more reason to accuse nature for making me short-sighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever seen those fair eyes which knew me so well, and was utterly at a loss how to address myself, till with a great deal of simplicity and innocence she let me know (even before I discovered my ignorance) that she was the daughter of one in our neighbourhood, lately married, who, having been consulting her physicians in town, was returning into the country, to try what good air and a new husband could do to recover her. My father, you must know, has sometimes recommended the study of physic to me, but the devil take me if ever I had any ambition to be a doctor till this instant. I ventured to prescribe her some fruit, which I happened to have in the coach, which being forbidden her by her d——d doctors, she had the more inclination to. In short, I tempted, and she eat; nor was I more like the devil than she like Eve. Having the good success of the foresaid gentleman before my eyes, I put on the gallantry of the old serpent, and in spite of my evil form, accosted her with all the gaiety I was master of, which had so good effect, that in less than an hour she grew pleasant, her colour returned, and she was pleased to say, my prescription had wrought an immediate cure. In a word, I had the pleasantest journey imaginable.

Thus far methinks my letter has something of the air of a romance in it, though it be true: but I hope you will look on what follows as the greatest of all truths, that I think myself extremely obliged by you in all points, especially for your kind and honourable information and advice in a matter of the utmost concern to me, which I shall ever acknowledge as the highest proof at once of your friendship, justice, and sincerity.

At the same time be assured, that gentleman[1] we spoke of shall never by any alteration in me discover my knowledge of his mistake—the hearty forgiving of which is the only kind of return I can possibly make him for so many favours. And I may derive this pleasure at least from it, that, whereas I must otherwise have needs been a little uneasy to know my incapacity of returning his obligations, I may now, by bearing his frailty, exercise my gratitude and friendship more than himself either is, or perhaps ever will be, sensible of.

> Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
> Abstulit; ille habeat secum, servetque sepulchro!

But in one thing, I must confess, you have yourself obliged me more than any man alive, even than Mr. Wycherley—which is, that you have showed me most of my faults, to which as you are the more an implacable enemy, by so much the more are you a kind friend to me. I could be proud, in revenge, to find a few slips in your verses, which I read in London, and since in the country with more application and pleasure. The thoughts are very just and noble, and you are sure not to let them suffer by the versification. If you would oblige me with the trust of anything of yours, I should be glad to execute any commissions you would give me concerning them. I am here so perfectly at leisure that nothing would be so agreeable an entertainment to me; but if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at least the satisfaction of your letters as long as we are absent, if you would not have him very unhappy who is very sincerely, dear sir, your most obliged and affectionate servant.

P.S.[2] Pray give my service to Mr. Tidcombe, and entreat him with all possible tenderness not to defraud me of the letter he writ, and which so rightfully belongs to me.

Having a vacant space here, I will fill it with a short Ode on Solitude, (which I found yesterday by great accident, and which I find by the date was written when I was not twelve

[1] Mr. Wycherley.—WARBURTON.

[2] This P.S. has been cut off from the letter in the Bodleian Library.

years old) that you may perceive how long I have continued in my passion for a rural life, and in the same employments of it.[1]

Happy the man, who free from care,
The business and the noise of towns,
Contented breathes his native air,
In his own grounds.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
His years slide silently away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Repose at night; study and ease,
Together mixt; sweet recreation;
And innocence which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus, let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented, let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

11. POPE TO CROMWELL.

August 29, 1709.

DEAR SIR,—If I were to write to you as often as I think of you, my letters would be as bad as a rent-charge; but though the one be but too little for your good-nature, the other would be too much for your quiet, which is one blessing good-nature

[1] "The contemplating, reflecting, philosophic turn of mind," says Warton, "for which our author was afterwards so eminent, is here very conspicuous, and the purity and correctness of style are extraordinary in a youth of only twelve years old." But Pope, who never allowed a verse to pass out of his hands without revision, was twenty-one when he inserted the ode in his letter, and from the appearance of the manuscript he even made erasures and alterations after the piece was transcribed. Warton commented on the still later version published in 1735, when Pope was forty-seven. The poem had then been once more retouched, as will be seen by the first verse:—

"Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground."

should indispensably receive from mankind, in return for those many it gives. I have been informed of late, how much I am indebted to that quality of yours, in speaking well of me in my absence—the only thing by which you prove yourself no wit or critic, though indeed I have always thought, that a friend will show just as much indulgence, and no more, to my faults when I am absent, as he does severity to them when I am present. To be very frank with you, sir, I must own, that where I received so much civility at first, I could hardly have expected so much sincerity afterwards; but now I have only to wish, that the last were but fully equal to the first, and that as you have omitted nothing to oblige me, so you would omit nothing to improve me.

I caused an acquaintance of mine to inquire twice of your welfare, by whom I have been informed that you have left your speculative angle in the widow's coffee-house, and bidding adieu for some time to all the Rehearsals, Reviews, Gazettes, Tatlers, &c., have heroically marched off into Lincolnshire. Thus I find you vary your life in the scene at least, though not in the action; for though life for the most part, like an old play, be still the same, yet now and then a new scene may make it more entertaining. As for myself, I would not have my life a very regular play. Let it be a good merry farce a G—d's name, and a fig for the critical unities! Yet, on the other side, I would as soon write like Durfey, as live like Tidcombe, whose beastly laughable life is, if you will excuse such a similitude, not unlike a f—t, at once nasty and diverting. For the generality of men, a true modern life is like a true modern play, neither tragedy, comedy, nor farce, nor one, nor all of these. Every actor is much better known by his having the same face, than by keeping the same character: for we change our minds as often as they can their parts, and he who was yesterday Cæsar, is to-day Sir John Daw. So that one might with much better reason ask the same question of a modern life, that Mr. Rich did of a modern play; "Pray do me the favour, sir, to inform me; Is this your tragedy or your comedy?"

I have dwelt the longer upon this argument, because I persuade myself it might be useful at this time, when we have

no other theatre, to divert ourselves at this great one. Here is a glorious standing comedy of fools, at which every man is heartily merry, and thinks himself an unconcerned spectator. This, to our singular comfort, neither my Lord Chamberlain, nor the Queen herself, can ever shut up, or silence, while that of Drury, alas! lies desolate, in the profoundest peace,[1] and the melancholy prospect of the nymphs yet lingering pensive about its beloved avenues, appears no less moving, than that of the Trojan dames lamenting over their ruined Ilium. What now can they hope, dispossessed of their ancient seats, but to serve as captives to the insulting victors of the Hay-Market?[2] The afflicted subjects of France do not, in our Postman, so grievously deplore the obstinacy of their arbitrary monarch, as these perishing people of Drury, the obdurate heart of that Pharaoh, Rich, who, like him, disdains all proposals of peace and accommodation. Several libels have been secretly affixed to the great gates of his imperial palace in Bridges-street; and a memorial, representing the distresses of these persons, has been accidentally dropt (as we are credibly informed by a person of quality) out of his first minister the chief box-keeper's pocket, at a late conference betwixt him and his first minister, on the part of the confederates, and his theatrical majesty on his own part. Of this you may expect a copy as soon as it shall be transmitted to us from a good hand. As for the late congress, it is here reported, that it has not been wholly ineffectual; but this wants confirmation; yet we cannot but hope the concurring prayers and tears of so many wretched ladies may induce this haughty Prince to reason. I am, sir, your most obedient and affectionate servant.

I have not heard these two months from Mr. Wycherley,

[1] Rich, in 1708, compelled his company to resign a third of the profits of their benefit nights. The actors complained to the Lord Chamberlain, who, in 1709, ordered the theatre to be shut up, that the manager might be forced to give in. He refused to yield, and Drury Lane remained closed till another manager took possession. The wits, like the Lord Chamberlain, sided with the actors; and the Tatler of July 16, 1709, contains a humorous inventory, by Addison, of the properties of the theatre to be sold cheap,—"being the moveables of Christopher Rich, Esq., who is breaking up house-keeping."

[2] The rival theatre.

though I have written to him twice. I am since told he has been ill, which I am very much concerned for, and fear is the occasion of his silence since his last letters, which were the kindest in the world. If you happen at your return to find him in town, it will be very obliging to let me know of it. In the meantime, a letter from you will make me the best amends for my solitude.

12. POPE TO CROMWELL.

October 19, 1709.

SIR,—I may truly say I am more obliged to you this summer than to any of my acquaintance, for had it not been for the two kind letters you sent me, I had been perfectly *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis.* The only companions I had were those Muses of whom Tully says, *Adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.* Which indeed is as much as ever I expected from them; for the Muses, if you take them as companions, like all the rest, are very pleasant and agreeable; but whoever should be forced to live or depend upon them, would find himself in a very bad condition. That quiet, which Cowley calls the companion of obscurity, was not wanting to me, unless it was interrupted by those fears you so justly guess I had for our friend's welfare. It is extremely kind in you to tell me the news you heard of him, and you have delivered me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his score, as I am convinced by his long silence. However, the love of some things rewards itself, as of virtue and of Mr. Wycherley. I am surprised at the danger you tell me he has been in, and must agree with you that our nation would have lost in him alone more wit, probity, and good-nature, than would have remained, for aught I know, in all the rest of it. My concern for his friendship will excuse me (since I know you honour him so much, and since you know I love him above all men), if I vent a part of my uneasiness to you, and tell you, that there has not been wanting one (who is every way

a scoundrel, but that he has the luck to be born a gentleman)[1] that has more than once insinuated malicious untruths of me to Mr. Wycherley, which I fear may have had some effect upon him. If so, he will have a greater punishment for his credulity than I could wish him, in that fellow's acquaintance. The loss of a faithful creature is something, though of never so contemptible an one; and if I were to change my dog for such a man as the aforesaid, I should think my dog undervalued, who follows me about as constantly here in the country, as I was used to do Mr. Wycherley in the town.

Now I talk of my dog, that I may not treat of a worse subject which my spleen tempts me to, I will give you some account of him—a thing not wholly unprecedented, since Montaigne, to whom I am but a dog in comparison, has done the very same thing of his cat. *Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agam?* You are to know, then, that as it is likeness that begets affection, so my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the finest shaped. He is not much a spaniel in his fawning, but has, what might be worth many a man's while to imitate from him, a dumb surly sort of kindness, that rather shows itself when he thinks me ill used by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourselves. If it be the chief point of friendship to comply with a friend's motions and inclinations, he possesses this in an eminent degree; he lies down when I sit, and walks where I walk, which is more than many very good friends can pretend to, witness our walk a year ago in St. James's Park. Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will not insist upon many of them, because it is possible some may be almost as fabulous as those of Pylades and Orestes, &c. I will only say for the honour of dogs, that the two [most] ancient and esteemable books, sacred and profane, extant (viz. the Scripture and Homer), have a particular regard to these animals. That of Toby is the more remarkable, because there was no manner of reason to take notice of the dog besides the great

[1] This person I presume was Charles Gildon, Esq., who also wrote the "Life of Mr. Wycherley," wherein are contained many severe reflections upon Mr. Pope very unbecoming a gentleman.—CURLL, 1726.

humanity of the author. And Homer's account of Ulysses's dog Argus is the most pathetic imaginable, all the circumstances considered, and an excellent proof of the old bard's good-nature. Ulysses had left him at Ithaca when he embarked for Troy, and found him on his return after twenty years, which by the way is not unnatural, as some critics have said, since I remember the dam of my dog who was twenty-two years old when she died. May the omen of longevity prove fortunate to her successor! You shall have it in verse.

ARGUS.

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arrived at last, poor, old, disguised, alone,
To all his friends and ev'n his queen unknown,
Changed as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrowed his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forced to ask his bread,
Scorned by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew,
His faithful dog his rightful master knew!
Unfed, unhoused, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant, now cashiered, he lay,
And though ev'n then expiring on the plain,
Touched with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again.
Him when he saw, he rose, and crawled to meet,
('Twas all he could) and fawned, and kissed his feet,
Seized with dumb joy; then falling by his side,
Owned his returning lord, looked up, and died.

Plutarch, who, if I have any taste, is the greatest of moral philosophers, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of Themistocles, steps back again out of the way of his history, to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs, when left behind. He makes mention of one that followed his master across the sea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the dog's tomb to that part of the island where he was buried. This respect to a dog from the most polite people of the world is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog, though we have but few such, is that the chief order of Denmark (now called the order of the elephant) was instituted in memory of the fidelity

of a dog named Wild-brat, by one of their kings who had been deserted by his subjects, and gave this motto, or to this effect, which still remains: "Wild-brat was faithful." Sir William Trumbull has told me a story which he heard from one that was present when our King Charles I. being with some of his court during his troubles, and a discourse arising what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to a spaniel or greyhound, the king gave his opinion on the part of the greyhound, because, said he, it has all the good-nature of the other without the fawning.[1] A fine piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my discourse of dogs. Call me a cynic, or what you please, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented, provided you will but believe me when I say a bold word for a christian, that, of all dogs, you shall find none more faithful than, dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant.

13. POPE TO CROMWELL.

November 30, 1709.

Sir, —About the time that Mr. Wycherley came to London, I troubled you with a letter of mine, in hopes of prevailing with you to continue the favour of yours. But I now write to convince you that silence is not always the surest guard against impertinence. I have too great a sense of those many civilities received from you, to desist from expressing it till I receive more; for you not only have acquainted me with many of my errors in scribbling, but with some in my conduct, and I owe to you the knowledge of things infinitely more of concern to myself than anything of mine can be to others. The advantage I have obtained from both might endanger your being put upon an endless trouble of criticising on the rest of my faults, and therefore you have reason to make some delay with those now under your examination. Though I never could expect you should once look upon them, but when you were perfectly at leisure, yet so much assurance your

[1] Sir Philip Warwick tells us this story in his Memoirs.—Warburton.

former kindness had given me, that I was under some apprehensions for your health, on the score of your silence, and I desired Mr. Wycherley to inform me on that subject, which he did not, either through forgetfulness, or else believing I should be soon in town. And I had certainly been there before this time, had it been in my power to comply with his most obliging invitation, and my desires of seeing him and you. But since I find I must not hope for that satisfaction till after Christmas, I entreat you will not in the meantime let me be so unhappy as to doubt of your welfare, which is the sole business of this letter, that (to make you some amends for the unconscionable length of my last) I shall not add a word more but that which I hope you will ever believe, that I am, dear sir, your most obliged and most humble servant.

P.S. Pray continue to assure Mr. Wycherley of my real affection for, and service to him, and let him know I writ to him two posts since.[1] You will likewise oblige me by giving my service to Mr. Betterton when you see him, who, I am afraid, is not well, not having seen his name among the actors in the public advertisements.

14. POPE TO CROMWELL.

December 15, 1709.

DEAR SIR,—I received the favour of your kind letters, wherein I find you have obliged me before I expected it, in reviewing the papers I sent you. I have been asked, I believe twenty times, by Sir William Trumbull for a sight of that translation, but have deferred it till I could supply the blank spaces I left in the fair copy by your approbation. If, therefore, you will send it enclosed to Mr. Thorold, the tobacconist, in Duke Street, to be sent me by the coach, as soon as you can conveniently, it will come very opportunely, since I find I can no longer refuse to show it to Sir William with any

[1] Neither the letter here mentioned, nor "the most kind and friendly letter" of which Pope speaks in the P.S. to the letter of Dec. 15, has been published.

decency. I am mightily pleased with your objection to my attributing friendship to dogs, yet think the want of equality is no obstacle to the friendship of some country gentlemen of my acquaintance with theirs. I am extremely impatient to enjoy your agreeable conversation, and to let you know how much I prefer it to any here, where indeed dogs and men are much on a level, only the first have more good-nature and more sagacity. If I were not at this instant very much afflicted with the headache, I would offer a few more considerations in behalf of the four-legged part of the creation. But I will only add one word, that you and I will never disagree about dogs, or anything else, for I am with very much esteem, and ever will be, your most faithful friend and humble servant.

P.S. I design to write to Mr. Wycherley by this post, in answer to the most kind and friendly letter I ever received. I shall never be unhappy or melancholy in the country, as long as he and you will oblige me with your letters.

15. POPE TO CROMWELL.

April 10, 1710.

Sir,—I had written to you sooner, but that I made some scruple of sending profane things to you in Holy Week. Besides, our family would have been scandalised to see me write, who take it for granted I write nothing but ungodly verses; and they say here so many prayers, that I can make but few poems; for in this point of praying I am an occasional conformist. So, just as I am drunk or scandalous in town, according to my company, I am for the same reason grave and godly here. I assure you I am looked upon in the neighbourhood for a very sober and well-disposed person, no great hunter indeed, but a great esteemer of the noble sport, and only unhappy in my want of constitution for that and drinking. They all say 'tis pity I am so sickly, and I think 'tis pity they are so healthy; but I say nothing that may destroy their good opinion of me. I have not quoted one

Latin author since I came down, but have learned without book a song of Mr. Thomas Durfey's, who is your only poet of tolerable reputation in this country. He makes all the merriment in our entertainments, and but for him there would be so miserable a dearth of catches that I fear they would *sans cérémonie* put either the parson or me upon making some for them. Any man, of any quality, is heartily welcome to the best toping-table of our gentry, who can roundly hum out some fragments or rhapsodies of his works; so that, in the same manner as it was said of Homer to his detractors—What! dares any man speak against him who has given so many men to eat?—(meaning the rhapsodists who lived by repeating his verses), so may it be said of Mr. Durfey to his detractors—Dares any one despise him who has made so many men drink? Alas, sir! this is a glory which neither you nor I must ever pretend to. Neither you, with your Ovid, nor I, with my Statius, can amuse a whole Board of justices and extraordinary squires, or gain one hum of approbation, or laugh of admiration. These things, they would say, are too studious; they may do well enough with such as love reading, but give us your ancient poet Mr. Durfey. It is mortifying enough, it must be confessed; but, however, let us proceed in the way that nature has directed us. *Multi multa sciunt, sed nemo omnia,* as it is said in the almanack. Let us communicate our works for our mutual comfort; send me elegies, and you shall not want heroics. At present I only have these arguments in prose to the Thebaid, which you claim by promise, as I do your translation of *Pars me Sulmo tenet,* and the Ring. The rest I hope for as soon as you can conveniently transcribe them, and whatsoever orders you are pleased to give me shall be punctually obeyed.

Dear sir, I give you my thanks for abundance of civility and good-nature shown to me in town on all occasions, and desire you to believe me always sensible of the favours of my friends, which I never forget, any more than I do my friends themselves. It is the chief of my pleasures here to be assured of their welfare, and I envy the town for nothing else but their continuing in it. You will oblige me by giving my service to those at the coffee-house that have so little to

employ their thoughts as to inquire of me; and pray, when you see Mr. Balam,[1] do the same, who, you told me, was so obliging as to intend me his company before I left London. I am in great impatience of the favour of a line from you, which will be at all times extremely welcome to, sir, your very faithful and obliged servant.

16. POPE TO CROMWELL.

May 17, 1710.

Sir,—After I had recovered from a dangerous illness which was first contracted in town, about a fortnight after my coming hither, I troubled you with a letter, and a paper enclosed,[2] which you had been so obliging as to desire a sight of when last I saw you, promising me in return some translations of yours from Ovid; since when I have not had a syllable from your hands, so that it is to be feared, that though I have escaped death I have not oblivion. I should at least have expected you to have finished that elegy upon me, which you told me you was upon the point of beginning when I was sick in London. If you will but do so much for me first, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at discretion, and at my leisure. But I fear I must be forced, like many learned authors, to write my own epitaph, if I would be remembered at all. Monsieur de la Fontaine's would fit me to a hair,[3] but it is a kind of sacrilege (do you

[1] Mr. Balam was evidently one of Cromwell's friends, and it may be presumed that it was his wife or daughter who is celebrated by Cromwell in his graceful lines on Venus at Bath, in which he supposes the goddess to assume in turns the most captivating characteristic of the beauties who frequented the place :—

"She talks a Worsley, raffles a Fingall,
She's Balam in the bath, and Greville at the ball."

[2] Verses on Silence, in imitation of the Earl of Rochester's poem on Nothing, done at fourteen years old.—Pope, 1737. They were not published till 1712, when he was twenty-four years old.

[3] The substance of it was that he went out of the world as destitute as he came into it; that thinking money of little moment he spent his principal as well as his interest; and that dividing his time into two parts, he passed one in sleeping, and the other in doing nothing.

think it is not?) to steal epitaphs. In my present, living, dead condition, nothing would be properer than *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis,* but that unluckily I cannot quite forget my friends, and the civilities I received from one Mr. Cromwell, and some others. They say, indeed, it is one quality of generous minds to forget the obligations they have conferred, and perhaps, too, it may be so to forget those on whom they conferred them. Then indeed I must be forgotten to all intents and purposes! I am, it must be owned, dead in a natural capacity, according to Mr. Bickerstaff;[1] dead in a poetical capacity, as a damned author; and dead in a civil capacity, as a useless member of the commonwealth buried in solitude. But reflect, dear sir, what melancholy effects may ensue, if dead men are not civil to one another; if he who has nothing to do himself will not comfort and support another in his idleness; if those who are to die themselves will not now and then pay the charity of visiting a tomb and a dead friend, and strowing a few flowers over him. In the shades where I am, the inhabitants have a mutual compassion for each other. Being all alike Inanes and Umbratiles, we saunter to one another's habitations, and daily assist each other in doing nothing at all. All this I mention for your edification and example, that *tout plein de vie* as you are, yet you may not sometimes disdain *desipere in loco.* At least remember the dead, you that are among the living. Though you are no papist, and have not so much regard to the dead as to address yourself to them, which I plainly perceive by your silence, yet I hope you are not one of those heterodox, who hold the dead to be totally insensible of the good offices and kind wishes of their living friends, and to be themselves

[1] In a pamphlet which Swift published in 1708, under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, to ridicule the prophecies in Partridge's Almanac, he predicted that Partridge himself would die on a particular day. Partridge boasted in his next Almanac that he was alive, and Bickerstaff wrote a second pamphlet to prove that he was not. The popularity of Swift's pieces was taken advantage of by Steele when he commenced the Tatler, which purported to be by Isaac Bickerstaff, and the jest against Partridge was kept up in the new periodical, where it was maintained that every man was dead who was good for nothing. Pope's bodily infirmities made him say that in this sense he was dead in his natural capacity.

in a dull state of sleep, without one dream of those they left behind them. If you are, let this letter convince you to the contrary, which assures you I am still, though in a state of separation, sir, your most faithful and affectionate humble servant.

P.S. This letter of deaths puts me in mind of poor Mr. Betterton's, over whom I would have this sentence of Tully for an epitaph :—

Vitæ benè actæ jucundissima est recordatio.[1]

17. POPE TO CROMWELL.

June 24, 1710.

DEAR SIR,—It is very natural for a young friend, and a young lover, to think the persons they love have nothing to do but to please them, when perhaps they, for their parts, had twenty other engagements before. This was my case when I wondered I did not hear from you; but I no sooner received your short letter, but I forgot your long silence, and so many fine things as you said of me could not but have wrought a cure on my own sickness, if it had not been of the nature of that which is deaf to the voice of the charmer. It was impossible you could have better timed your compliment on my philosophy. It was certainly properest to commend me for it just when I most needed it, and when I could least be proud of it—that is, when I was in pain. It is not easy to express

[1] This excellent man and excellent actor hastened his death by repelling a fit of the gout, which he did to enable himself to act, for his own benefit, the part of Melantius in the Maid's Tragedy. This was on the 25th of April, 1710; and though he performed this, his favourite part, with great spirit, yet the distemper seized his head, and he died on the 28th. The best paper that Steele wrote in the Tatler, No. 167, contains an account of his death and the splendid ceremony of his interment, on the 2nd of May, in Westminster Abbey. An old frequenter of the theatre informed me that the last time Betterton appeared on the stage the curiosity of the public was so much excited, that many spectators got into the playhouse by 9 o'clock in the morning, and carried with them provisions for the day.—WARTON. A portrait of Betterton painted, or more probably copied, by Pope is in the possession of the Earl of Mansfield at Caen Wood.

what an exaltation it gave to my spirits above all the cordials of my doctor; and it is no compliment to tell you, that your compliments were sweeter than the sweetest of his juleps and syrups. But if you will not believe so much,

Pour le moins, vôtre compliment
M'a soulagé dans ce moment ;
Et des qu'on me l'est venu faire
J'ay chassé mon apoticaire,
Et renvoyé mon lavement.

Nevertheless I would not have you entirely lay aside the thoughts of my epitaph, any more than I do those of the probability of my becoming ere long the subject of one. For death has of late been very familiar with some of my size. I am told my Lord Lumley and Mr. Litton are gone before me; and though I may now without vanity esteem myself the least thing like a man in England, yet I cannot but be sorry two heroes of such a make should die inglorious in their beds, when it had been a fate more worthy our size, had they met with theirs from an irruption of cranes, or other warlike animals, that of old were enemies to our Pygmæan ancestors. You of a superior species little regard what befals us, *Homunciolos sesquipedales*. However, you have no reason to be so unconcerned, since all physicians agree there is no greater sign of a plague among men than mortality among frogs. I was the other day in company with a lady, who rallied my person so much, as to cause a total subversion of my countenance. Some days after, to be revenged on her, I presented her among other company the following rondeau on that occasion, which I desire you to show Sappho.

You know where you did despise,
T'other day, my little eyes,
Little legs, and little thighs,
And some things of little size,
You know where.
You, 'tis true, have fine black eyes,
Taper legs, and tempting thighs,
Yet what more than all we prize
Is a thing of little size,
You know where.

This sort of writing called the rondeau is what I never knew practised in our nation, and I verily believe it was not in use

with the Greeks or Romans, neither Macrobius nor Hyginus taking the least notice of it. It is to be observed, that the vulgar spelling and pronouncing it Round O, is a manifest corruption, and by no means to be allowed of by critics. Some may mistakenly imagine that it was a sort of rondeau which the Gallic soldiers sung in Cæsar's triumph over Gaul—*Gallias Cæsar subegit*, &c., as it is recorded by Suetonius in Julio—and so derive its original from the ancient Gauls to the modern French. But this is erroneous, the words there not being exactly ranged according to the laws of the rondeau, as laid down by Clement Marot. If you will say that the song of the soldiers might be but the rude beginning of this kind of poem, and so consequently imperfect, neither Heinsius nor I are of that opinion; and so I conclude that we know nothing of the matter.

But, sir, I ask your pardon for all this buffoonery, which I could not address to any one so well as to you, since I have found by experience, you most easily forgive my impertinences. It is only to show you that I am mindful of you at all times, that I write at all; and as nothing that I can say can be worth your reading, so I may as well throw out what comes uppermost, as study to be dull. When you are very idle, I hope to hear from you, for at such times you may remember there is in the world such a thing as, dear sir, your most faithful and humble servant.

P.S. You will oblige me when you have done with the arguments to Statius in sending them to me, with any remarks you have made on that author, and by informing me when Mr. Wycherley is in London. Mr. Englefield charges me to give you his most humble service, and hopes the ladies of Drury are no less favourable to you now, than those of Paris were formerly. My humble service, pray, to Mr. Bedingfield and to Mr. Balam, when you see either of them. Mr. Englefield always inquires of you, and drinks yours and Mr. Wycherley's health with true country affection.

18. CROMWELL TO POPE.

*July 15, 1710.

AT last I have prevailed over a lazy humour to transcribe this elegy. I have changed the situation of some of the Latin verses, and made some interpolations, but I hope they are not absurd, and foreign to my author's sense and manner. But they are referred to your censure, as a debt, whom I esteem no less a critic than a poet. I expect to be treated with the same rigour as I have practised to Mr. Dryden and you:

Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

I desire the favour of your opinion, why Priam, in his speech to Pyrrhus in the second Æneid, says this to him:

At non ille, satum quo te mentiris, *Achilles*.

He would intimate (I fancy by Pyrrhus's answer) only his degeneracy: but then these following lines of the version (I suppose from Homer's history) seem absurd in the mouth of Priam, viz.

He cheered my sorrows, and for sums of gold
The bloodless carcass of my *Hector* sold.

I am your, &c.

19. POPE TO CROMWELL.

*July 20, 1710.

I GIVE you thanks for the version you sent me of Ovid's elegy. It is very much an image of that author's writing, who has an agreeableness that charms us without correctness, like a mistress, whose faults we see, but love her with them all. You have very judiciously altered his method in some places, and I can find nothing which I dare insist upon as an error—what I have written in the margins being merely guesses at a little improvement, rather than criticisms. I assure you I do not expect you should subscribe to my private notions but when you shall judge them agreeable to reason and good sense. What I have done is not as a critic, but as a friend; I know

too well how many qualities are requisite to make the one, and that I want almost all I can reckon up; but I am sure I do not want inclination, nor I hope, capacity to be the other. Nor shall I take it at all amiss, that another dissents from my opinion: it is no more than I have often done from my own; and indeed, the more a man advances in understanding, he becomes the more every day a critic upon himself, and finds something or other still to blame in his former notions and opinions. I could be glad to know if you have translated the 11th elegy of lib. ii. *Ad Amicum navigantem;* the 8th of book iii. or the 11th of book iii., which are above all others my particular favourites, especially the last of these.

As to the passage of which you ask my opinion in the second Æneid, it is either so plain as to require no solution, or else, which is very probable, you see farther into it than I can. Priam would say that "Achilles (whom surely you only feign to be your father, since your actions are so different from his) did not use me thus inhumanely. He blushed at his murder of Hector, when he saw my sorrows for him, and restored his dead body to me to be buried." To this the answer of Pyrrhus seems to be agreeable enough: "Go then to the shades, and tell Achilles how I degenerate from him—" granting the truth of what Priam had said of the difference between them. Indeed, Mr. Dryden's mentioning here what Virgil more judiciously passes in silence, the circumstance of Achilles's selling *for money* the body of Hector, seems not so proper—it in some measure lessening the character of Achilles's generosity and piety, which is the very point of which Priam endeavours in this place to convince his son, and to reproach him with the want of. But the truth of this circumstance is no way to be questioned, being expressly taken from Homer, who represents Achilles weeping for Priam, yet receiving the gold, Iliad, xxiv: for when he gives the body, he uses these words: "O my friend Patroclus! forgive me that I quit the corpse of him who killed thee; I have great gifts in ransom for it, which I will bestow upon thy funeral." I am, &c.

20. CROMWELL TO POPE.

*Aug. 3, 1710.

LOOKING among some French rhymes, I was agreeably surprised to find in the rondeau of *Pour le moins*,[1] your *apoticaire* and *lavement*, which I took for your own; so much is your Muse of intelligence with the wits of all languages. You have refined upon Voiture, whose *Où vous savez* is much inferior to your *You know where*. You do not only pay your club with your author, as our friend says, but the whole reckoning, who can form such pretty lines from so trivial a hint.

For my elegy,[2] it is confessed, that the topography of Sulmo in the Latin makes but an awkward figure in the version. Your couplet of the dog-star is very fine, but may be too sublime in this place. I laughed heartily at your note upon paradise;[3] for to make Ovid talk of the garden of Eden is certainly most absurd; but Xenophon in his Œconomics, speaking of a garden finely planted and watered, as is here described, calls it Paradisos. It is an interpolation indeed, and serves for a gradation to the celestial orb,[4] which expresses in some sort the *Sidus Castoris in parte cœli*. How trees can enjoy, let the naturalists determine; but the poets make them sensitive, lovers, bachelors, and married. Virgil in his Georgics, lib. ii. Horace, Ode xv. lib. ii. *Platanus cœlebs evincet ulmos*. Epod. ii. *Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine Altas maritat populos*. Your critique is a very *dolcepiccante;* for after the many faults you justly find, you smooth your rigour: but an obliging thing is owing, you think, to one who so much esteems and admires you, and who shall ever be, your, &c.

[1] In Voiture's Poems.—POPE, 1735.

[2] Ovid's Amorum, l. ii. el. xvi. "Pars me Sulmo," &c.—POPE, 1735.

[3] The term nevertheless was retained by Cromwell when he published his translation in Lintot's Miscellany in 1712 :—

"There's no supporting of your absence here,
Though Paradise was opened all the year."

[4] In the couplet which follows Cromwell's mention of Paradise :—

"I'd sooner a celestial orb forego,
Than gain it by so vast a loss as you."

21. POPE TO CROMWELL.

August 21, 1710.

DEAR SIR,—Your letters are a perfect charity to a man as much buried in retirement as ever hermit was, utterly forgotten of all his friends but you; for since Mr. Wycherley left London, I have not heard a word from him,[1] though just before, and once since, I writ to him, and though I know myself guilty of no offence but of doing sincerely just what he bid me.[2] *Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit!* But the greatest injury he does me is the keeping me in ignorance of his welfare, which I am always very solicitous for, and very uneasy in the fear of any indisposition that may befal him. I just now received notice from one whom I desired to inquire of your health, that you shall be in town this fortnight, and then design for Lincolnshire, before which I hope to hear from you, not being able to see you as I fully intended to have done this week. I expect a solution of the queries I sent you some time ago, where I think you have not verse enough to be severe upon, in revenge for my last criticism, in one point of which I must persist, that is to say, my dislike of your Paradise, in which I take no pleasure. I know very well that in Greek it is not only used by Xenophon, but is a common word for any garden; but in English it ever bears the signification and conveys the idea of Eden, which alone is, I think, a reason against making Ovid use it, who will be thought to talk too like a christian in your version at least, whatever it might have been in Latin or Greek. As for all the rest of my remarks, since you do not laugh at them as at this, I can be so civil as not to lay any stress upon them, as I think I told you before; and in particular in the point of trees enjoying, you have, I must own, fully satisfied me that the expression is not only defensible, but beautiful. I shall be very glad to see your translation of *Ad Amicum navigantem*, as soon as you can; for, without a compliment

[1] No letter of Mr. Wycherley of a later date than May 2, 1710, has been published.

[2] Correcting his verses. See the Letters in 1706 and the following years of Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. —POPE, 1735.

to you, everything you write, either in verse or prose, is most welcome to me; and you may be confident, if my opinion can be of any sort of consequence to anything, that I will never be unsincere, though I may be often mistaken. To use sincerity with you is but paying you in your own coin, from whom I have experienced so much of it; and I need not tell you how much I really esteem and admire you, when I assure you I esteem and admire nothing in the world so much as that quality. I know you sometimes say civil things to me in your epistolary style, but those I am to make allowance for, as particularly when you talk of admiring; it is a word you are so used to in conversation of ladies, that it will creep into your expressions in spite of you, even to your friends. But as women, when they think themselves secure of admiration, commit a thousand negligences, which show them so much at disadvantage, and off of their guard, as to lose the little real esteem or love they had before, so when men imagine others entertain some esteem for their abilities, they often expose all their imperfections and foolish works, to the disparagement of the little wit they were thought masters of. I am going to exemplify this to you, in putting into your hands (being encouraged by so much indulgence) some verses of my youth, or rather childhood; which, as I was a great admirer of Waller, were intended in imitation of his manner,[1] and are, perhaps, such imitations as those which awkward country dames make, after the fine and well-bred ladies of the Court. If you will take them with you into Lincolnshire, they may serve to save you one hour from the conversation of the country gentlemen and their tenants, who differ but in dress and name, which (if it be there as bad as here) is even worse than my poetry. I fancy you have not many Sir Woolaston Dixeys[2] in Lincolnshire, than whom I have not met with a better bred or better natured gentleman,

[1] One or two of these were since printed among other Imitations done in his youth.—POPE, 1737.

[2] Sir Wolston Dixie was the person in whose house Dr. Johnson resided in 1732 while usher of the school at Market Bosworth. His account of the baronet's temper was very different from that of Pope, for he alleged that he was treated with intolerable harshness, and he left in consequence.

and to whom I beg you will give my most humble service. I hope your stay there will be no longer than, as Mr. Wycherley calls it, to rob the country, and run away to London with your money. In the meantime, I beg the favour of a line from you, and am, as I will never cease to be, dear sir, your most obliged faithful friend and humble servant.

22. POPE TO CROMWELL.

October 12, 1710.

DEAR SIR,—I deferred answering your last upon the advice I received that you were leaving the town for some time, and expected your return with impatience, having then a design of seeing my friends there, among the first of which I have reason to account yourself. But my almost continual illnesses prevent that, as well as most other satisfactions of my life. However, I may say one good thing of sickness, that it is the best cure in the world for ambition, and designs upon the world or fortune; it makes a man pretty indifferent for the future, provided he can but be easy, by intervals, for the present. He will be content to compound for his quiet only, and leave all the circumstantial part and pomp of life to those who have a health vigorous enough to enjoy all the mistresses of their desires. I thank God, there is nothing out of myself which I would be at the trouble of seeking, except a friend—a happiness I once hoped to have possessed in Mr. Wycherley; but *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* I have for some years been employed much like children that build houses with cards, endeavouring very busily and eagerly to raise a friendship, which the first breath of any ill-natured by-stander could puff away. But I will trouble you no farther with writing, nor myself with thinking, of this subject.

I was mightily pleased to perceive by your quotation from Voiture, that you had tracked my Muse's steps backward so far as France.[1] You see it is with weak heads as with weak

1 Bowles justly infers that Pope's delight at being detected in a plagiarism was affected.

stomachs, they immediately throw out what they received last, and what they read floats upon the surface of their minds, like oil upon waters, without incorporating. This, I think, however, cannot be said of the juvenile love-verses I last troubled you with, where all, I am afraid, is so puerile, and so like the author, that nobody will suspect anything to be borrowed. Yet you, as a friend, entertaining a better opinion of them, it seems, searched in Waller, but searched in vain. Your judgment of them, which you give in French, is, I think, very right, for it was my own opinion before. If you think them not worth the trouble of correcting, pray tell me so freely, and it will save me a labour; if you think the contrary, you would particularly oblige me by your remarks in the margins on the several thoughts as they occur, and sending them when you have done. I long to be nibbling at your verses, and have not forgot who it was that promised me Ovid's Elegy and *Ad Amicam navigantem.*[1] Had Ovid been as long composing it as you in sending it, the lady might have sailed to Gades, and received it at her return. I have really a great itch of criticism upon me, but want matter here in the country, which I desire you to furnish me with, as I do you in the town.

Sic servat studii fœdera quisque sui.

I am obliged to Mr. Caryll (whom you tell me you met at Epsom) for telling you truth, as a man is in these days to any one that will tell truth to one's advantage, and I think no truth is more to mine than what he told you, and I should be glad to tell all the world that I have an extreme affection and esteem for you.

Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes;
Unum opus et requiem pariter disponimus ambo,
Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.

[1] In the present improved state of literature, for improved it is, we are surprised to see these critics and poets writing to each other with seriousness and earnestness about translations of Ovid's Elegies and Epistles, which the youths at the top of our great schools would almost think it a disgrace to be employed about at present. —WARTON.

By these *epulæ*, as I take it, Persius meant the Portugal snuff and burned claret, which he took with his master, Cornutus, and the *verecunda mensa* was, without dispute, some coffee-house table of the ancients. I will only observe, that these four lines are as elegant and musical as any in Persius, not excepting those six or seven which Mr. Dryden quotes as the only such in all that author. I could be heartily glad to repeat the satisfaction described in them, but, alas!

> Fatis agimur, cedite fatis!
> Which, in our tongue, as I translate, is,
> Fate rules us: then to Fate give way!
> —Now, dreadful critic! tell me, pray,
> What have you against this to say?

I am, desiring much to hear from you, dear sir, your most affectionate friend and faithful servant.

P.S. My Sappho, as you heathenishly christen her, is more properly your Sappho, having been above this half year in town. My service, pray, to the other Sappho, who, it is to be hoped, has not yet cast herself headlong from any of the Leucades about London, although her Phaon lately fled from her into Lincolnshire.

> Tu mihi Leucadia potes esse salubrior unda,
> Et forma et meritis tu mihi Phœbus eris.

> My Pylades! what Juv'nal says no jest is;
> Scriptus et in tergo, nec dum finitus Orestes.[1]

23. POPE TO CROMWELL.

October 28, 1710.

Dear Sir,—I am glad to find by your last letter that you write to me with the freedom of a friend, setting down your thoughts as they occur, and dealing plainly with me in the

[1] Cromwell could not perceive the application of this line, which is a playful apology of Pope for the length of his letter. He compares it to what Juvenal says of Codrus's tragedy of Orestes, which from its prolixity was written, contrary to the ancient custom, upon the back of the parchment as well as the front.

matter of my own trifles, which I assure you I never valued half so much as I do that sincerity in you which they were the occasion of discovering to me, and which while I am happy in, I may be trusted with that dangerous weapon, poetry; since I shall do nothing with it but after asking and following your advice. I value sincerity the more, as I find, by sad experience, the practice of it is more dangerous—writers rarely pardoning the executioners of their verses, even though themselves pronounce sentence upon them. As to Mr. Philips's Pastorals,[1] I take the first to be infinitely the best, and the second the worst; the third is for the greatest part a translation from Virgil's Daphnis, and I think a good one. I will not forestall your judgment of the rest, only observe that in that of the Nightingale, there are some very fine lines, and these in particular, speaking of the musician's playing on the harp:

> Now lightly skimming o'er the strings they pass,
> Like winds that gently brush the plying grass,
> And melting airs arise at their command;
> And now, laborious, with a weighty hand,
> He sinks into the cords, with solemn pace,
> And gives the swelling tones a manly grace.

To which nothing can be objected, but that they are too lofty for pastoral, especially being put into the mouth of a shepherd, as they are here; in the poet's own person they had been, I believe, more proper. These are more after Virgil's manner than that of Theocritus, whom yet in the character of pastoral he rather seems to imitate. In the whole I agree with the Tatler, that we have no better eclogues in our language. This gentleman, if I am not much mistaken in his talent, is capable of writing very nobly, as I guess by a small copy of his, published in the Tatler, on the Danish Winter. It is a very lively piece of poetical painting, and I recommend it particularly to your perusal.

[1] The Pastorals of Philips and Pope were both first published in the 6th volume of Tonson's Miscellanies, 1709. When Pope reprinted this letter in 1735, he omitted some of the praise of Philips, whom he had treated with contempt in the interval.

Dr. Garth's poem[1] I have not yet seen, but believe I shall be of that critic's opinion you mention at Will's, who swore it was good: for though I am very cautious of swearing after critics, yet I think one may do it more safely when they commend, than when they blame.

I agree with you in your censure of the use of sea terms in Mr. Dryden's Virgil; not only because Helenus was no great prophet in those matters, but because no terms of art, or cant-words, suit with the majesty and dignity of style which Epic poetry requires. *Cui mens divinior atque os magna sonaturum.* The tarpaulin phrase can please none but such *qui aurem habent Batavam;* they must not expect *auribus Atticis probari,* I find by you. I think I have brought in two phrases of Martial here very dexterously.

Though you say you did not rightly take my meaning in the verse I quoted from Juvenal in my last, yet I will not explain it; because though it seems you are resolved to take me for a critic, I would by no means be thought a commentator. And for another reason too, because I have quite forgot both the verse and the application.

I hope it will be no offence to give my most hearty service to Mr. Wycherley, though I perceive by his last letter to me, I am not to trouble him with my letters, since he there told me he was going instantly out of town, and till his return was my servant, &c.[2] I guess by yours he is yet with you, and beg you to do what you may with all truth and honour, that is, assure him I have ever borne all the respect and kindness imaginable to him, and all that is his. I protest by all that is holy, I do not in the least know to this hour what it is that has estranged him from me; but all this I know, that he may for the future be more safely and less chargeably my friend, since no invitation he can make shall ever more make me so free with him. I could not have thought any man had been so very cautious and suspicious, as not to credit his own experience of a friend. Indeed, to believe nobody may be a maxim of safety, but not so much of honesty. There is but one way I

[1] Verses to Lord Godolphin on his dismissal from the Ministry.

[2] This letter is not published.

know of conversing safely with all men, that is, not by concealing what we say or do, but by saying or doing nothing that deserves to be concealed, and I can truly boast this comfort in my affairs with Mr. Wycherley. I beg you, sir, to pardon my speaking well of myself in this one thing, since I doubt not but Mr. Wycherley speaks ill enough of me in some others. But I pardon his jealousy, which is become his nature, and shall never be his enemy whatsoever he says of me. I am most sincerely and will ever be, dear sir, your most obliged and affectionate humble servant and friend.

24. CROMWELL TO POPE.

* *Nov.* 5, 1710.

I FIND I am obliged to the sight of your love-verses for your opinion of my sincerity, which had never been called in question, if you had not forced me, upon so many other occasions, to express my esteem.

I have just read and compared Mr. Rowe's[1] version of the ninth of Lucan, with very great pleasure, where I find none of those absurdities so frequent in that of Virgil, except in two places, for the sake of lashing the priests; one where Cato says, *sortilegis egeant dubii*, and one in the simile of the Hæmorrhois—*fatidici Sabæi*. He is so arrant a whig, that he strains even beyond his author, in passion for liberty, and aversion to tyranny, and errs only in amplification. Lucan, ix. *in initio*, describing the seat of the *Semidei manes*, says,

> Quodque patet terras inter lunæque meatus,
> Semidei manes habitant.

Mr. Rowe has this line,

> Then looking down on the sun's feeble ray.

Pray your opinion, if there be an Error-Sphæricus in this or no? Your, &c.

[1] Pieces printed in the sixth volume of Tonson's Miscellanies.—POPE, 1735.

25. POPE TO CROMWELL.

* *Nov.* 11, 1710.

You mistake me very much in thinking the freedom you kindly used with my love-verses gave me the first opinion of your sincerity. I assure you it only did what every good-natured action of yours has done since, confirmed me more in that opinion. The fable of the Nightingale in Philips's Pastorals is taken from Famianus Strada's Latin poem on the same subject, in his *Prolusiones Academicæ;* only the tomb he erects at the end is added from Virgil's conclusion of the *Culex*. I cannot forbear giving a passage out of the Latin poem I mention, by which you will find the English poet is indebted to it:

> Alternat mirâ arte fides : dum torquet acutas,
> Inciditque, graves operoso verbere pulsat.
> Jamque manu per fila volat ; simul hos, simul illos
> Explorat numeros, chordâque laborat in omni.
> Mox silet. Illa modis totidem rĕspondet, et artem
> Arte refert. Nunc ceu rudis, aut incerta canendi,
> Præbet iter liquidum labenti e pectore voci,
> Nunc cæsim variat, modulisque canora minutis
> *Delibrat* vocem, tremuloque *reciprocat* ore.

This poem was many years since imitated by Crashaw, out of whose verses the following are very remarkable:

> From this to that, from that to this he flies,
> Feels music's pulse in all its arteries ;
> Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
> His fingers struggle with the vocal threads.

I have, as I think I formerly told you, a very good opinion of Mr. Rowe's ninth book of Lucan.[1] Indeed he amplifies too much, as well as Brebœuf, the famous French imitator. If I remember right, he sometimes takes the whole comment into the text of the version, as particularly in line 808. *Utque solet pariter totis se effundere signis Coryeii pressura croci.* And in the place you quote, he makes of those two lines in the Latin,

[1] Rowe's translation of Lucan is one of the few translations that is better than its original.—WARTON.

into the bargain of a King of Denmark's mistress that shall be nameless. But I have compassion on you, and would not for the world you should stay any longer among the genii and *Semidei manes*, you know where; for if once you get so near the moon, Sappho will want your presence in the clouds, and inferior regions—not to mention the great loss Drury Lane will sustain, when Mr. Cromwell is in the Milky-way. These celestial thoughts put me in mind of the priests you mention, who are a sort of *sortilegi* in one sense, because in their lottery there are more blanks than prizes—the adventurers being at best in an uncertainty, whereas the setters up are sure of something. Priests indeed in their character, as they represent God, are sacred, and so are constables, as they represent the king; but you will own a great many of them are very odd fellows, and the devil a bit of likeness in them. Yet I do assure you, I honour the good as much as I detest the bad, and I think that in condemning these we praise those. I am so far from esteeming even the worst unworthy of my protection that I have defended their character (in Congreve's and Vanbrugh's Plays) even against their own brethren. And so much for priests in general; now for Trapp in particular, whose translations from Ovid I have not so good an opinion of as you; not, I will assure you, on account of any sort of prejudice to him as a priest, but because I think he has nothing of the main characteristic of his author, a graceful easiness. For let the sense be never so exactly rendered, unless an author looks like himself in his air, habit, and manner, it is a disguise and not a translation. But as to the Psalm, I think David is much more beholden to him than Ovid; and as he treated the Roman like a Jew, so he has made the Jew speak like a Roman.

Your mention in this and your last letter of the defect in numbers of several of our poets, puts me upon communicating a few thoughts, or rather doubts, of mine on that head, some of which it is likely I may have hinted to you formerly in conversation: but I will here put together all the little niceties I can recollect in the compass of my observation.

1. As to the hiatus, it is certainly to be avoided as often as possible; but on the other hand, since the reason of it is

only for the sake of the numbers, so if, to avoid it, we incur another fault against their smoothness, methinks the very end of that nicety is destroyed: as when we say, for instance,

But th' old have interest ever in their view,

to avoid the hiatus in

The old have int'rest.

Does not the ear in this place tell us, that the hiatus is smoother, less constrained, and so preferable to the cæsura?

2. I would except against all expletives in verse, as *do* before verbs plural, or even too frequent use of *did* or *does*, to change the termination of the rhyme; all these being against the usual manner of speech, and mere fillers-up of unnecessary syllables.

3. Monosyllable lines, unless very artfully managed, are stiff, languishing, and hard.

4. The repeating the same rhymes within four or six lines of each other, which tire the ear with too much of the like sound.

5. The too frequent use of Alexandrines, which are never graceful but when there is some majesty added to the verse by them, or where there cannot be found a word in them but what is absolutely needful.

6. Every nice ear must, I believe, have observed that, in any smooth English verse of ten syllables, there is naturally a pause either at the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllables; as for example, Waller:—

——At the fifth. Where-e'er thy navy | spreads her canvass wings,
——At the fourth. Homage to thee | and peace to all she brings.
——At the sixth. Like tracks of leverets | in morning snow.

Now I fancy, that to preserve an exact harmony and variety, none of these pauses should be continued above three lines together, without the interposition of another; else it will be apt to weary the ear with one continued tone—at least it does mine.

7. It is not enough that nothing offends the ear, that the verse be, as the French call it, *coulant*: but a good poet will

adapt the very sounds, as well as words, to the things he treats of. So that there is, if one may express it so, a style of sound; as in describing a gliding stream, the numbers should run easy and flowing; in describing a rough torrent or deluge, sonorous and swelling; and so of the rest. This is evident everywhere in Homer and Virgil, and nowhere else that I know of to any observable degree. The following examples will make this very plain, which I have taken from Vida:—

Molle viam tacito lapsu per levia radit.
Incedit tardo molimine subsidendo.
Luctantes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras.
Immenso cum præcipitans ruit oceano nox.
Telum imbelle sine ictu, conjecit.
Tolle moras, cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor.
Ferte citi flammas, date tela, repellite pestem.

This, I think, is what very few observe in practice, and is undoubtedly of wonderful force in imprinting the image on the reader. We have one excellent example of this in our language, Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, entitled Alexander's Feast, or The Power of Music.

I ask your pardon for this tedious letter, and expect a long one in answer to these notions concerning versification. I expect also the voyage of Ovid's mistress with more impatience than Ovid himself could her return. The other journey you speak of—mine to London—must yet be deferred; but though I desire nothing more than to enjoy the happiness of your conversation, yet I have too much conscience to let mine cost you anything but your patience. I am heartily sorry for poor Mr. Wycherley's illness, and it is to his being long indisposed that I partly attribute his chagrin. I wish he may enjoy all the happiness he desires, though he has been the occasion of my enjoying much less than I did formerly. I look upon your kindness to me as doubly engaging at this time, and shall never cease to acknowledge it, or to profess myself, dear sir, your most real friend and most humble servant.

28. CROMWELL TO POPE.

*Dec. 5, 1710.

THE same judgment we made on Rowe's ninth of Lucan will serve for his part of the sixth, where I find this memorable line,

> Parque novum Fortuna videt concurrere bellum
> Atque virum.

For this he employs six verses, among which is this,

> As if on knightly terms in lists they ran.

Pray can you trace chivalry up higher than Pharamond? will you allow it an anachronism? Tickell in his version of the Phœnix from Claudian:

> When nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
> Nor second Chaos bound thy endless train:

Claudian thus:

> Et clades te nulla rapit, solusque superstes,
> Edomita tellure, manes:

which plainly refers to the deluge of Deucalion, and the conflagration of Phaëton, not to the final dissolution. Your thought of the priests' lottery is very fine; you play the wit, and not the critic, upon the errors of your brother.

Your observations are all very just. Virgil is eminent for adjusting his diction to his sentiments; and, among the moderns, I find you practise the Prosodia of your rules. Your poem[1] shows you to be, what you say of Voiture, *with books well bred*. The state of the fair, though satirical, is touched with that delicacy and gallantry, that not the court of Augustus, not—but hold, I shall lose what I lately recovered, your opinion of my sincerity. Yet I must say, it is as faultless as the fair to whom it is addressed, be she never so perfect. The M. G.[2] (who, it seems, had no right notion of you, as

[1] To a lady, with the Works of Voiture.—POPE, 1735.

[2] The M. G. probably signifies the Major-General; but could hardly have

you of him) transcribed it by lucubration. From some discourse of yours, he thought your inclination led you to (what the men of fashion call learning) pedantry; but now, he says, he has no less, I assure you, than a veneration for you. Your, &c.

29. POPE TO CROMWELL.

**December* 17, 1710.

IT seems that my late mention of Crashaw, and my quotation from him, has moved your curiosity. I therefore send you the whole author, who has held a place among my other books of this nature for some years, in which time, having read him twice or thrice, I find him one of those whose works may just deserve reading. I take this poet to have writ like a gentleman, that is, at leisure hours, and more to keep out of idleness than to establish a reputation, so that nothing regular or just can be expected from him. All that regards design, form, fable, which is the soul of poetry; all that concerns exactness, or consent of parts, which is the body, will probably be wanting. Only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expressions, and something of a neat cast of verse, which are properly the dress, gems, or loose ornaments of poetry, may be found in these verses. This is indeed the case of most other poetical writers of miscellanies; nor can it well be otherwise, since no man can be a true poet, who writes for diversion only. These authors should be considered as versifiers and witty men, rather than as poets; and under this head will only fall the thoughts, the expression, and the numbers. These are only the pleasing part of poetry, which may be judged of at a view, and comprehended all at once. And, to express myself like a painter, their colouring entertains the sight, but the lines and life of the picture are not to be inspected too narrowly.

been Withers, who is mentioned later among the friends of Pope in Gay's Welcome from Greece; for Withers in 1710 was a *Lieutenant*-General, and both then and for many years previously was engaged in fighting under Marlborough.

This author formed himself upon Petrarch, or rather upon Marino. His thoughts, one may observe, in the main, are pretty; but oftentimes far-fetched, and too often strained and stiffened to make them appear the greater. For men are never so apt to think a thing great, as when it is odd or wonderful; and inconsiderate authors would rather be admired than understood. This ambition of surprising a reader is the true natural cause of all fustian, or bombast in poetry. To confirm what I have said, you need but look into his first poem of the Weeper, where the 2nd, 4th, 6th, 14th, and 21st stanzas are as sublimely dull, as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th, and 23rd stanzas of the same copy are soft and pleasing: and if these last want anything, it is an easier and more unaffected expression. The remaining thoughts in that poem might have been spared, being either but repetitions, or very trivial and mean. And by this example in the first, one may guess all the rest to be like this,—a mixture of tender gentle thoughts, and suitable expressions, of forced and inextricable conceits, and of needless fillers-up to the rest. From all which it is plain, this author writ fast, and set down what came uppermost. A reader may skim off the froth, and use the clear underneath; but if he goes too deep, will meet with a mouthful of dregs. Either the top or bottom of him are good for little; but what he did in his own, natural, middle way, is best.

To speak of his numbers is a little difficult, they are so various and irregular, and mostly Pindaric. It is evident his heroic verse, the best example of which is his Music's Duel, is carelessly made up; but one may imagine from what it now is, that, had he taken more care, it had been musical and pleasing enough,—not extremely majestic, but sweet: and the time considered of his writing, he was, even as incorrect as he is, none of the worst versificators.[1]

I will just observe, that the best pieces of this author are

[1] Pope has taken many expressions and lines from this author, who, having been a convert to popery, we may imagine was recommended to our author in his younger years. It is in his Eloisa to Abelard, that many expressions and thoughts of Crashaw chiefly occur—particularly his description of a religious house, from Barclay; the situation of the Paraclete;

a paraphrase on Psalm xxiii.; on Lessius; Epitaph on Mr. Ashton; Wishes to his supposed Mistress: and the *Dies Iræ*.

30. POPE TO CROMWELL.

* *December* 30, 1710.

I RESUME my old liberty of throwing out myself upon paper to you, and making what thoughts float uppermost in my head the subject of a letter. They are at present upon laughter, which, for aught I know, may be the cause you might sometimes think me too remiss a friend, when I was most entirely so: for I am never so inclined to mirth as when I am most pleased and most easy, which is in the company of a friend like yourself.

As the fooling and toying with a mistress is a proof of fondness, not disrespect, so is raillery with a friend. I know there are prudes in friendship, who expect distance, awe, and adoration; but I know you are not of them: and I, for my part, am no idol-worshipper, though a papist. If I were to address Jupiter himself in a heathen way, I fancy I should be apt to take hold of his knee in a familiar manner, if not of his beard like Dionysius. I was just going to say, of his buttons; but I think Jupiter wore none. However I will not be positive to so nice a critic as you but his robe might be subnected with a fibula. I know some philosophers define laughter, *a recommending ourselves to our own favour by comparison with the weakness of another:* but I am sure I very rarely laugh with that view, nor do I believe children have any such consideration in their heads, when they express their pleasure this way. I laugh full as innocently as they, for the most part, and as sillily. There is a difference, too, betwixt laughing *about* a thing, and laughing *at* a thing: one may find the inferior man—to make a kind of casuistical distinction—provoked to folly at the sight or observation of some *circumstances* of a thing, when the *thing itself* appears solemn and august to the superior man, that is, our judgment and reason. Let an ambassador speak the best sense in the world, and deport himself in the most

and also line 347, from the complaint of Alexias, the forsaken wife of Alexis, though much heightened and improved.—WARTON.

graceful manner before a prince, yet if the tail of his shirt happen, as I have known it happen to a very wise man, to hang out behind, more people shall laugh at that than attend to the other, till they recollect themselves, and then they will not have a jot the less respect for the minister. I must confess the iniquity of my countenance before you. Several muscles of my face sometimes take an impertinent liberty with my judgment, but then my judgment soon rises, and sets all right again about my mouth, and I find I value no man so much, as him in whose sight I have been playing the fool. I cannot be *sub personâ* before a man I love; and not to laugh with honesty, when nature prompts, or folly—which is more a second nature than anything I know—is but a knavish hypocritical way of making a mask of one's own face. To conclude, those that are my friends *I laugh with*, and those that are not *I laugh at;* so am merry in company, and if ever I am wise, it is all by myself. You take just another course, and to those that are not your friends, are very civil; and to those that are, very endearing and complaisant. Thus when you and I meet, there will be the *Risus et Blanditiæ* united together in conversation, as they commonly are in verse. But without laughter on the one side, or compliment on the other, I assure you I am, with real esteem, your, &c.

31. POPE TO CROMWELL.

May 10, [1711].[1]

DEAR SIR,—I had not omitted to express my acknowledgments to you for so much good-nature and friendship as you lately showed me, till this time, but that I am but just returned to my own hermitage, from Mr. Caryll's, who has done me so

[1] The original MS. of this letter has the date of the month at the conclusion, but not of the year. In Curll's Miscellany it was classed among the letters of 1710, where it has remained ever since. It was clearly misplaced, for Pope says in it that he has just returned to his own hermitage from Mr. Caryll's, in Sussex, whereas on May 17, 1710, only seven days later than its assigned date, he tells Cromwell that he has recently recovered at Binfield from a dangerous illness contracted in London. The reference to Cromwell's promised visit to him, which is spoken of in the three succeeding letters, seems to fix the date to 1711.

many favours, that I am almost inclined to think my friends infect one another, and that your conversation with him has made him almost as obliging to me as yourself. I can assure you he has a sincere respect for you, and this I believe he has partly contracted from me, who am too full of you not to overflow upon those I converse with. But I must now be contented to converse only with the dead of this world, that is to say, the dull and obscure—every way obscure, in their intellects as well as their persons—or else have recourse to the living dead, the old authors, with whom you are so well acquainted, even from Virgil down to Aulus Gellius, whom I do not think a critic by any means to be compared to Mr. Dennis, and I must declare positively to you that I will persist in this opinion, till you become a little more civil to Atticus. Who could have imagined that he who had escaped all the misfortunes of his time unhurt, even by the proscriptions of Antony and Augustus, should in these days find an enemy more severe and barbarous than those tyrants, and that enemy, the gentlest too, the best-natured of mortals, Mr. Cromwell, whom I must in this compare once more to Augustus, who seemed not more unlike himself in the severity of one part, and the clemency of the other part of his life, than you. I leave you to reflect on this, and hope that time, which mollifies stones, and of stiff things makes limber, will turn a resolute critic into a gentle reader, and instead of this positive, tremendous, new-fashioned Mr. Cromwell, restore unto us our old acquaintance, the soft, beneficent, and courteous Mr. Cromwell.

I expect much towards the civilising of you in your critical capacity, from the innocent air and tranquillity of our forest, when you do me the favour to visit it. In the meantime, it would do very well in the way of preparative, if you would duly and constantly every morning read over a pastoral of Theocritus or Virgil; and let the Lady Isabella[1] put your Macrobius and Aulus Gellius somewhere out of your way for a month or so, by which time I shall impatiently expect to see you, according to your promise. Who knows but travelling

[1] His housekeeper, to whom he left a legacy.—CROKER.

and daily airing in an open field may contribute more successfully to the cooling a critic's animosity, than it did to the assuaging of Mr. Cheek's anger of old? In these fields you will be secure of finding no enemy, but the most faithful and affectionate of your friends, your humble servant.

The tenth of May; that is, in metre,
Just fifty days before St. Peter.

32. POPE TO CROMWELL.

June 10, 1711.

DEAR SIR,—I was extremely concerned to leave you ill when I parted from the town, and desired Mr. Thorold[1] to give me an account of the state of your health by the next coach. He omitted to do it, and I have been since at Mr. Englefield's, till yesterday, when I received the ill news that you continued ill, or much as I left you. I hope this is not true, and shall be very uneasy in my fears for your health till I have a farther account from yourself, which I beg you not to defer. I hope the air of this forest may perfectly recover you, and wish you would to that end try it sooner than the end of the month. If you desire Mr. Thorold, he will at a day's warning take a place for you. My father joins in this request, and Mr. Englefield is overjoyed with the hopes of seeing you at his house. When I have your company I cannot but be well, and hope from the knowledge of this that you cannot be very ill in mine. I beg you to believe no man can take a greater interest in your welfare, or be more heartily affected towards you than myself, who am with all the esteem and tenderness of a friend, dear sir, your faithful humble servant.

33. POPE TO CROMWELL.

June 25, 1711.

DEAR SIR,—If my letter pleased you, yours overjoyed me, and I expect impatiently your kind visit. A little room and a

[1] The tobacconist mentioned in the letter of Dec. 15, 1709.

[2] This letter was printed in the Edition of 1727, but the original is not in the Bodleian with the exception of the P.S. and the address.

many favours, that I am almost inclined to think my friends infect one another, and that your conversation with him has made him almost as obliging to me as yourself. I can assure you he has a sincere respect for you, and this I believe he has partly contracted from me, who am too full of you not to overflow upon those I converse with. But I must now be contented to converse only with the dead of this world, that is to say, the dull and obscure—every way obscure, in their intellects as well as their persons—or else have recourse to the living dead, the old authors, with whom you are so well acquainted, even from Virgil down to Aulus Gellius, whom I do not think a critic by any means to be compared to Mr. Dennis, and I must declare positively to you that I will persist in this opinion, till you become a little more civil to Atticus. Who could have imagined that he who had escaped all the misfortunes of his time unhurt, even by the proscriptions of Antony and Augustus, should in these days find an enemy more severe and barbarous than those tyrants, and that enemy, the gentlest too, the best-natured of mortals, Mr. Cromwell, whom I must in this compare once more to Augustus, who seemed not more unlike himself in the severity of one part, and the clemency of the other part of his life, than you. I leave you to reflect on this, and hope that time, which mollifies stones, and of stiff things makes limber, will turn a resolute critic into a gentle reader, and instead of this positive, tremendous, new-fashioned Mr. Cromwell, restore unto us our old acquaintance, the soft, beneficent, and courteous Mr. Cromwell.

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32. POPE TO CROMWELL.

June 10, 1711.

DEAR SIR,—I was extremely concerned to leave you ill when I parted from the town, and desired Mr. Thorold[1] to give me an account of the state of your health by the next coach. He omitted to do it, and I have been since at Mr. Englefield's, till yesterday, when I received the ill news that you continued ill, or much as I left you. I hope this is not true, and shall be very uneasy in my fears for your health till I have a farther account from yourself, which I beg you not to defer. I hope the air of this forest may perfectly recover you, and wish you would to that end try it sooner than the end of the month. If you desire Mr. Thorold, he will at a day's warning take a place for you. My father joins in this request, and Mr. Englefield is overjoyed with the hopes of seeing you at his house. When I have your company I cannot but be well, and hope from the knowledge of this that you cannot be very ill in mine. I beg you to believe no man can take a greater interest in your welfare, or be more heartily affected towards you than myself, who am with all the esteem and tenderness of a friend, dear sir, your faithful humble servant.

33. POPE TO CROMWELL.

June 25, 1711.

DEAR SIR,—If my letter pleased you, yours overjoyed me, and I expect impatiently your kind visit. A little room and a

[1] The tobacconist mentioned in the letter of Dec. 15, 1709.

[2] This letter was printed in the Edition of 1727, but the original is not in the Bodleian with the exception of the P.S. and the address.

little heart are both at your service, and you may be secure of being easy in them at least, though not happy; for you shall go just your own way, and keep your own hours, which is more than can be done often in places of greater entertainment.

As to your letter of critical remarks on Dryden's Virgil, I can only say, most of what you observe are true enough, but of no great consequence, in my opinion at least. Line 250. "And sanctify the shame," seems to me very beautiful; and so does, "'tis doubly to be dead." Line 946. "And bandy'd words still beat about his ears;" this I have thought gross as well as you. I agree with you that the 993rd line, "And clos'd her lids at last in endless night," is contradictory to the sense of Virgil, for so, as you say, Iris might have been spared. And in the main, it is to be confessed that the translator has been freer with the character of Dido than his modest author would allow. I am just taking horse to see a friend five miles off, that I may have no little visits abroad to interrupt my happiness at home when you are here. So that I can but just assure you, how pleased I am in the expectation of it, and how sincerely I shall ever be, dear sir, your most obliged and affectionate servant.

P.S. Pray bring a very considerable number of pint bottles with you. This might seem a strange odd request, if you had not told me you would stay but as many days as you brought bottles; therefore you cannot bring too many, though we are here no drunkards. It is a fine thing to have a learned quotation for every occasion, and Horace helps me to one now.

> Non ego te meis
> Immunem meditor tingere poculis,
> Plena dives ut in domo.—Lib. iv., Ode 12.

And to another, Ep. v., lib. i., v. 21:—

> Hæc ego procurare et idoneus imperor, et non
> Invitus, ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa
> Corruget nares.

And once more, Sat. ii., lib. ii., v. 120.—

Bene erit, non piscibus urbe petitis
Sed pullo atque hædo ; tum pensilis uva secundas
Et nux ornabit mensas, cum duplice ficu.

Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipse veni.

P.S. Mr. Lintot favoured me with a sight of Mr. Dennis's piece of fine satire [1] before it was published. I desire you to read it, and give me your opinion in what manner such a critic ought to be answered.

34. POPE TO CROMWELL.

July 15, 1711.

Dear Sir,—I send this only to let you know how much our whole family desire to hear of your safe arrival in London, and the continuance of your health. You have, without compliment, obliged us all so much by your friendly acceptance of so poor an entertainment here, that you could by nothing have obliged us more, but by staying longer. But I take so short a visit only as an earnest of a more kind one hereafter, as we just call upon a friend sometimes only to tell him he shall see us again. All you saw in this country charge me to assure you of their humble service, and the ladies in particular, who look upon us but as plain country-fellows since they saw you, and heard more civil things in that one fortnight than they expect from the whole shire of us in an age. The trophy you bore away from one of them in your snuff-box will doubtless preserve her memory, and be a testimony of your admiration for ever.

As long as Moco's happy tree shall grow,
While berries crackle, or while mills shall go ;
While smoking streams from silver spouts shall glide,
Or China's earth receive the sable tide ;
While coffee shall to British nymphs be dear ;
While fragrant steams the bended head shall cheer ;
Or grateful bitters shall delight the taste,
So long her honour, name, and praise shall last !

Pray give my service to all my few friends, and to Mr. Gay in particular. Farewell, that is, drink strong coffee. *Ingere*

[1] Remarks on the Essay on Criticism.—Curll, 1726.

tibi calices, amariores. I am, dear sir, with all sincerity, your most faithful friend and humble servant.

35. POPE TO CROMWELL.

July 24, 1711.

DEAR SIR,—I received your most welcome letter, and am ashamed you should seem to give us thanks, where you ought to assure us of pardon, for so ill an entertainment. Your heroic intention of flying to the relief of a distressed lady was glorious and noble; such as might be expected from your character, for as Chaucer says, I think,

> As noblest metals are most soft to melt,
> So pity soonest runs in gentle minds.

But what you tell me of her relation's account of the state of her mind is not to be wondered at. It is the easiest way they have to make some seeming excuse for a shameful indolence and neglect of afflicted virtue, to represent it as willing to suffer and endure the cross. Alas! sir, these good people of large estates, and little souls, have no mind to ease her, by bearing it off her shoulders by a generous assistance! Our Saviour himself did not refuse to be eased of the weight of part of his cross, though, perhaps, Simon of Cyrene might allege to the Jews that it was Christ's desire to bear it all himself; and he, for his part, might be willing to go quietly on his journey, without the trouble.

Be pleased to assure Mr. Balam of my faithful service. I can never enough esteem a zeal so ardent in my concerns, from one I never could any way oblige, or induce to it. It is an effect of the purest, most disinterested strain of natural good humour in the world. My humble service, too, to Mr. Gay,[1] of whose paper I have made mention to Lewis, who, I believe, will apply to you about it. If it be fairly copied out, I guess he will be glad of it. Pray at your leisure return me

[1] The formal mention of Gay shows that Pope's acquaintance with him must at this time have been slight. It was probably Cromwell who brought them together. In his first published letter to Gay, Pope refers to "our friend Cromwell."

those papers in my hand which you have, and in Mr. Wycherley's, and favour me as often as you can with your letters, which will ever be the most entertaining things I can receive in your absence. All those fine persons you mention return you their humble service. The fate of the Berry moves at once my compassion and envy. It deserves an elegy; but who besides Catullus and Voiture can write agreeably upon trifles? My humble service to the lady in the clouds, where if I am once so happy as to be admitted, I will not be put off like Ixion, but lay hold on the real Juno. I am, most seriously, dear sir, your most obliged and most affectionate servant and friend.

36. CROMWELL TO POPE.

* *October* 26, 1711.

Mr. Wycherley visited me at the Bath in my sickness, and expressed much affection to me. Hearing from me how welcome his letters would be, he presently writ to you; in which I inserted my scrawl, and after, a second. He went to Gloucester in his way to Salop, but was disappointed of a boat, and so returned to the Bath. Then he showed me your answer to your letters, in which you speak of my good-nature, but I fear you found me very froward at Reading; yet you allow for my illness. I could not possibly be in the same house with Mr. Wycherley, though I sought it earnestly, nor come up to town with him, he being engaged with others; but, whenever we met, we talked of you. He praises your poem:[1] and even outvies me in kind expressions of you. As if he had not wrote two letters to you, he was for writing every post. I put him in mind he had already. Forgive me this wrong. I know not whether my talking so much of your great humanity and tenderness to me, and love to him, or whether the return of his natural disposition to you, was the cause, but certainly you are now highly in his favour. Now he will come this winter to your house, and I must go with him; but first he will invite you speedily to town. I arrived on Saturday last much wearied, yet had wrote sooner, but was

[1] Essay on Criticism.—Pope, 1735.

told by Mr. Gay (who has writ a pretty poem to Lintot,[1] and who gives you his service) that you was gone from home. Lewis showed me your letter, which set me right, and your next letter is impatiently expected by me. Mr. Wycherley came to town on Sunday last, and kindly surprised me with a visit on Monday morning. We dined and drank together; and I saying, *To our loves*, he replied, *It is Mr. Pope's health.* He said he would go to Mr. Thorold's, and leave a letter for you. Though I cannot answer for the event of all this in respect to him, yet I can assure you, that when you please to come, you will be most desirable to me, as always by inclination, so now by duty, who shall ever be your, &c.

37. POPE TO CROMWELL.

BINFIELD, *November* 12, 1711.

DEAR SIR,—I received the entertainment of your letter the day after I had sent you one of mine; and I am but this morning returned hither, from a week's visit at Mr. Englefield's. The news you tell me of the many difficulties you found in your return from Bath gives me such a kind of pleasure as we usually take in accompanying our friends in their mixed adventures;[2] for methinks I see you labouring through all your inconveniences of the rough roads, the hard saddle, the trotting horse, and what not. What an agreeable surprise would it have been to me, to have met you by pure accident at Bagshot, which I was within an ace of doing, being at Hall Grove[3] that very day, and to have carried you off triumphantly to Binfield, set you on an easier pad, and relieved the wandering knight with a night's lodging and rural repast, at our castle in the Forest. But these are only the pleasing imaginations and amorous ideas of a disappointed lover, who must suffer in a melancholy absence yet these two months. In the meantime,

[1] It was entitled On a Miscellany of Poems, and appeared in Lintot's Miscellany in 1712.

[2] The preceding letter of Cromwell to which this is an answer must have been garbled by Pope, for it contains no particulars of the journey from Bath to town.

[3] Hall Grove was the residence of the Racketts, and Mrs. Rackett was Pope's half-sister.

I take up with the Muses, for want of your better company—the Muses, *Quæ nobiscum pernoctant, peregrinantur, rusticantur.* Those aerial ladies just discover to me enough of their beauties to urge my pursuit, and draw me in a wandering maze of thought, still in hopes, and only in hopes, of attaining those favours from them which they confer on their more happy admirers elsewhere. We grasp some more beautiful idea in our brain than our endeavours to express it can set to the view of others, and still do but labour to fall short of our first imagination. The gay colouring which fancy gave to our design at the first transient glance we had of it goes off in the execution, like those various figures in the gilded clouds, which while we gaze long upon to separate the parts of each imaginary image, the whole faints before the eye, and decays into confusion.

I am highly pleased with the knowledge you give me of Mr. Wycherley's present temper, which seems so favourable to me. I shall ever have such a fund of affection for him as to be agreeable to myself when I am so to him, and cannot but be gay when he is in good humour, as the surface of the earth, if you will pardon a poetical similitude, is clearer or gloomier, just as the sun is brighter or more overcast. Pray assure Mr. Gay of my service. I should be glad to see the verses to Lintot which you mention, for methinks something very oddly agreeable may be produced from that subject. For what remains, I am so well, that nothing but the assurance of your being so can make me better; and if you would have me live with any satisfaction these dark days in which I cannot see you, it must be by your writing sometimes to, dear sir, your most affectionate friend and most humble servant.

38. CROMWELL TO POPE.

* *December* 7, 1711.

Mr. Wycherley has, I believe, sent you two or three letters of invitation; but you, like the fair, will be long solicited before you yield, to make the favour the more acceptable to the lover. He is much yours by his talk; for that unbounded genius, which has ranged at large like a libertine, now seems confined to you, and I should take him for your mistress, too,

by your simile of the sun and the earth. It is very fine, but inverted by the application; for the gaiety of your fancy, and the drooping of his by the withdrawing of your lustre, persuades me it would be juster by the reverse. O happy favourite of the Muses! how *pernoctare* all night long with them? But alas! you do but toy, but skirmish with them, and decline a close engagement. Leave elegy and translation to the inferior class, on whom the Muses only glance now and then, like our winter sun, and then leave them in the dark. Think on the dignity of tragedy, which is of the greater poetry, as Dennis says, and foil him at his other weapon, as you have done in criticism.[1] Every one wonders that a genius like yours will not support the sinking drama; and Mr. Wilks, though I think his talent is comedy, has expressed a furious ambition to swell in your buskins. We have had a poor comedy of Johnson's[2] (not Ben) which held seven nights, and has got him three hundred pounds, for the town is sharpset on new plays. In vain would I fire you by interest or ambition, when your mind is not susceptible of either, though your authority arising from the general esteem, like that of Pompey, must infallibly assure you of success; for which in all your wishes you will be attended by those of your, &c.

39. POPE TO CROMWELL.

December 21, 1711.

DEAR SIR,—If I have not writ to you so soon as I ought, let my writing now atone for the delay, as it will infallibly do when you know what a sacrifice I make you at this time, and that every moment my eyes are employed upon this paper they are taken off from two of the finest faces in the universe.

[1] Dennis up to this time had written four tragedies, in addition to his critical dissertations.

[2] The comedy was The Wife's Relief or the Husband's Cure, which was first acted at Drury Lane, Nov. 12, 1711, and the author, Charles Johnson, is said in The Characters of the Times "to have been famous for many years for writing a play every season, and for being at Button's every day." He was a friend of Wilks the actor, through whose influence he was enabled to get his frequent pieces performed.

But indeed it is some consolation to me to consider, that while I but write this period, I escape some hundred fatal darts from those unerring eyes, and about a thousand deaths, or better. Now you, that delight in dying, would not once have dreamt of an absent friend in these circumstances. You that are so nice an admirer of beauty, or, as a critic would say, after Terence, so elegant a spectator of forms, you must have a sober dish of coffee, and a solitary candle at your side, to write an epistle lucubratory to your friend, whereas I can do it as well with two pair of radiant lights, that outshine the golden god of day, and silver goddess of night, with all the refulgent eyes of the firmament. You fancy now that Sappho's eyes are a couple of these my tapers, but it is no such matter, sir. These are eyes that have more persuasion in one glance than all Sappho's oratory and gesture together, let her put her body into what moving postures she pleases. Indeed, indeed, my friend, you could never have found so improper a time to tempt me with interest or ambition. Let me but have the reputation of these in my keeping, and as for my own, let the devil or let Dennis take it for ever. How gladly would I give all I am worth, that is to say, my Pastorals for one of them, and my Essay[1] for the other. I would lay out all my poetry in love; an original for a lady, and a translation for a waiting maid! And now, since you find what a blessed disposition I am in,

> Tell me, by all the melting joys of love,
> By the warm transports and entrancing languors,
> By the soft fannings of the wafting sheets,
> By the dear tremblings of the bed of bliss;
> By all these tender adjurations tell me,
> — —- Am I not fit to write a tragedy?

And would not these lines sound admirably in the mouth of Wilks, especially if he humoured each period with his leg, and stamped with just alacrity at the cadences? But alas! what have I to do with Jane Grey,[2] as long as Miss Molly,

[1] On Criticism.—CURLL, 1726.

[2] This evidently alludes to the circumstance of Pope's being half persuaded to attempt a tragedy on the subject of Lady Jane Grey.—BOWLES.

Miss Betty, or Miss Patty are in this world? Shall I write of beauties murdered long ago, when there are those at this instant that murder me? I will e'en compose my own tragedy, and the poet shall appear in his own person to move compassion. It will be far more effectual than Bayes's entering with a rope about his neck,[1] and the world will own there never was a more miserable object brought upon the stage.

Now you that are a critic, pray inform me in what manner I may connect the foregoing part of this letter with that which is to follow, according to the rules. I would willingly return Mr. Gay my thanks for the favour of his poem, and in particular for his kind mention of me.[2] I hoped, when I heard a new comedy had met with success upon the stage, that it had been his, to which I really wish no less; and, had it been any way in my power, should have been very glad to have contributed to its introduction into the world. His verses to Lintot have put a whim into my head, which you are like to be troubled with in the opposite page.[3] Take it as you find it, the production of half an hour t'other morning. I design very soon to put a task of a more serious nature upon you, in reviewing a piece of mine that may better deserve criticism; and by that time you have done with it, I hope to tell you in person with how much ardour and fidelity I am, dear sir, your ever affectionate friend and obliged servant.

[1] Bayes in the Rehearsal informs his critical friends, Smith and Johnson, that he has a device for ensuring the applause of his audience: "To which end my Prologue is, that I come out in a long black veil, and a great huge hangman behind me in a fur cap and his sword drawn, and there tell them plainly that if out of good-nature they will not like my play, I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they all fall a clapping."

[2] In the verses to Lintot:—

"When Pope's harmonious Muse with pleasure roves
Amidst the plains, the murm'ring streams and groves,
Attentive Echo, pleased to hear his songs,
Through the glad shade each warbling note prolongs;
His various numbers charm our ravished ears,
His steady judgment far outshoots his years,
And early in the youth the God appears."

[3] "Verses to be prefixed before Bernard Lintot's New Miscellany."

40. MRS. THOMAS TO CROMWELL.

* *June* 27, 1727.[1]

After so long a silence as the many and great oppressions I have sighed under has occasioned, one is at a loss how to begin a letter to so kind a friend as yourself. But as it was always my resolution, if I must write, to do it as decently, that is, as silently as I could, so when I found myself plunged into unforeseen and unavoidable ruin, I retreated from the world and in a manner buried myself in a dismal place, where I knew none, nor none knew me. In this dull unthinking way I have protracted a lingering death, for life it cannot be called, ever since you saw me, sequestered from company, deprived of my books, and nothing left to converse with but the letters of my dead or absent friends, amongst which latter I always placed yours and Mr. Pope's in the first rank. I lent some of them indeed to an ingenious person, who was so delighted with the specimen that he importuned me for a sight of the rest, which having obtained, he conveyed them to the press, I must not say altogether with my consent, nor wholly without it. I thought them too good to be lost in oblivion, and had no cause to apprehend the disobliging of any. The public, viz. all persons of taste and judgment, would be pleased with so agreeable an amusement; Mr. Cromwell could not be angry, since it was but justice to his merit to publish the solemn and private professions of love, gratitude, and veneration made him by so celebrated an author; and surely Mr.

[1] Pope wrote to Gay, in November, 1712, that Cromwell has been silent during the whole of the past year. "I believe," the poet proceeds, "he has been displeased at some or other of my freedoms which I very innocently take, and most with those I think most my friends." Warburton says that Cromwell's vanity was wounded by Pope's comments "upon his turn for pedantic criticism." They continued to meet occasionally, and behaved with courtesy; but cordiality seems never to have been restored, and there are no letters between them of a later date than December, 1711, till Cromwell wrote to the poet in 1727, to explain how his correspondence had got into the hands of Curll. The letter of Mrs. Thomas to Cromwell, and the two letters of Cromwell which follow, were first published in the edition of 1735, when both Mrs. Thomas and Cromwell were dead.

Pope ought not to resent the publication, since the early pregnancy of his genius was no dishonour to his character. And yet had either of you been asked, common modesty would have obliged you to refuse what you would not be displeased with, if done without your knowledge. And besides, to end all dispute, you had been pleased to make me a free gift of them, to do what I pleased with them; and every one knows that the person to whom a letter is addressed has the same right to dispose of it as he has of goods purchased with his money. I doubt not but your generosity and honour will do me the right of owning by a line that I came honestly by them.[1] I flatter myself in a few months I shall again be visible to the world, and whenever, through good providence, that turn shall happen, I shall joyfully acquaint you with it, there being none more truly your obliged servant than, sir, your faithful and most humble servant,

E. THOMAS.

P.S.—A letter, sir, directed to Mrs. Thomas, to be left at my house, will be safely transmitted to her by

E. CURLL.

41. CROMWELL TO POPE.

* EPSOM, *July* 6, 1727.

WHEN these letters were first printed I wondered how Curll could come by them, and could not but laugh at the pompous title, since whatever you wrote to me was humour and familiar raillery. As soon as I came from Epsom I heard you had been to see me, and I writ you a short letter from Will's that I longed to see you. Mr. D[enni]s about that time charged me with giving them to a mistress, which I positively denied, not in the least at that time thinking of it; but some time after, finding in the newspapers letters from Lady Pack-

[1] Pope declared that the letters had been procured by theft, and the object of Mrs. Thomas was to obtain from Cromwell a contradiction of this charge. Upon his acquitting her, Curll put forth a fresh advertisement of the letters, in which he says that "they were given by Cromwell to a gentlewoman, but not stolen, as Mr. Pope has had the assurance lately to assert."

ington, Lady Chudleigh, and Mr. Norris to the same Sappho, or E. T., I began to fear that I was guilty. I have never seen these letters of Curll's, nor would go to his shop about them. I have not seen this Sappho, *alias* E. T., these seven years. Her writing that I gave her them to do what she would with them is straining the point too far. I thought not of it, nor do I think she did then: but severe necessity, which catches hold of a twig, has produced all this, which has lain hid and forgot by me so many years. Curll sent me a letter last week desiring a positive answer about this matter, but finding I would give him none, he went to E. T. and writ a postscript in her long romantic letter to direct my answer to his house; but they not expecting an answer sent a young man to me, whose name it seems is Pattison.[1] I told him I should not write anything; but I believed it might be so as she writ in her letter. I am extremely concerned that my former indiscretion in putting them into the hands of this *précieuse* should have given you so much disturbance; for the last thing I should do would be to disoblige you, for whom I have ever preserved the greatest esteem, and shall ever be, sir, your faithful friend and most humble servant.

42. CROMWELL TO POPE.

* *August* 1, 1727.

Though I writ my long narrative from Epsom till I was tired, yet was I not satisfied, lest any doubt should rest upon your mind. I could not make protestations of my innocence

[1] Pattison was the son of a farmer, and was sent by his father's landlord, the Earl of Thanet, to Appleby School, where he proved wild and idle and got into debt. He subsequently went to Sidney College, Cambridge, and being threatened with expulsion, left the university about 1726, and commenced author in London. In the pamphlet which was written by Savage under the name of Iscariot Hackney, and which is believed to have been instigated by Pope, it is said that "poor Pattison" was starved by Curll. It would have been nearer the truth to have said that Curll saved him from starving. He gave the young man shelter when he was penniless, and he died of small-pox in the house of the bookseller on the 10th of July, 1727, at the age of 21. Pattison, we are told, "earnestly solicited a friendship with Mr. Pope;" he certainly dedicated one of his poems to him, and Pope's name appears amongst the subscribers to his works.

of a grievous crime; but I was impatient till I came to town that I might send you those letters as a clear evidence that I was a perfect stranger to all their proceeding. Should I have protested against it after the printing, it might have been taken for an attempt to decry his purchase; and as the little exception you have taken has served him to play his game upon us for these two years, a new incident from me might enable him to play it on for two more. The great value she expresses for all you write, and her passion for having them, I believe, was what prevailed upon me to let her keep them. By the interval of twelve years at least from her possession to the time of printing them, it is manifest that I had not the least ground to apprehend such a design. But as people in great straits bring forth their hoards of old gold and most valued jewels, so Sappho had recourse to her hid treasure of letters, and played off not only yours to me, but all those to herself, as the lady's last stake, into the press. As for me, I hope, when you shall coolly consider the many thousand instances of our being deluded by the females, since that great original of Adam by Eve, you will have a more favourable thought of the undesigning error of your faithful friend and humble servant.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

JOHN CARYLL, Esq., AND JOHN CARYLL, Esq., Jun.

FROM 1710 TO 1735.

Out of the one hundred and fifty letters of which the Caryll Correspondence consists, there are only three which are not taken from the originals or from the transcripts made by the Caryll family. The three for which there is no manuscript authority were printed by Pope in the edition of 1735.

1. POPE TO CARYLL, JUN.[1]

What new scenes of life I may enter into are uncertain; but wherever I may be, or however engaged, I hope Mr. Caryll and yourself will ever be so just as to believe my whole heart at your service. That must still be left to my own disposal, and while it is so, must be entirely yours. Be pleased, dear sir, to continue the favour you have always shown to me, and use your interest with your father that he may do the same; the best testimony of which will be the satisfaction you will both sometimes give me of hearing from you that you have not forgot there is such an one in the world as, sir, your most faithful and affectionate humble servant.

I expect the whole good family to accept my most faithful service.

[1] This fragment of a letter, which is addressed to the eldest son of Pope's usual correspondent, is from the collection of the late Mr. Rogers, and was first published by Mr. Carruthers.

2.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.[2]

BINFIELD, *July* 31, 1710.

SIR,—After the kind permission you gave me to write to you I shall make no more apologies, since a long apology for a dull letter is like a long preface to a dull book, which by endeavouring to make the reader amends, tires him no less than all the rest. For indeed it is the constant character of all fools that they are never contented with saying or doing one foolish thing; they will always commit another to maintain or defend it. However, the greatest fools are commonly knowing enough in their own interest, and mine in writing to you is plain enough, since you promised to answer me. I may be very unworthy of that favour, but I cannot be more undeserving of it than of those others you have obliged me with. And I have one reason to hope I have some share in your affection, which is my having a great deal for you—it being, I believe, as you may have heard me say before, with affections as with arrows, which then make the deepest impression in others' breasts, when they are drawn at first nearest our own. From hence I should confidently believe myself happy in your opinion, but for one thing, and that, to deal frankly with you, is your having treated me so often in a style of compliment, which has been too much honoured in being called the smoke of friendship, for it is a sort of smoke often seen where there is no fire. What the Tatler observes of women, that they are more subject to be infected with vanity than men, on account of their being more generally treated with civil things and compliments, is not strictly true in respect to that class of men

[1] The letter to Wycherley of June 23, 1705, is compounded of extracts from this letter and the next.

[2] Mr. Caryll was a Roman Catholic gentleman of large landed property in Sussex, where he had two residences, one at West Grinstead, the other Ladyholt at Harting. The poet probably made his acquaintance at the Englefields of Whiteknights, to whom he was related, as well as to the Blounts of Mapledurham. The uncle of Mr. Caryll followed James II. into exile, became his Secretary of State, and was created a peer. The nephew, as next in succession, was styled Honourable by the Jacobites, and his initials, which are all that Pope gave in the correspondence with him published in the edition of 1735, have this title affixed.

who are looked upon to pique themselves upon their wit, and are no less usually entertained with fine flams, as the old Earl of Leicester used to call them. The world is never wanting when a coxcomb is upon accomplishing himself, to help to give him the finishing stroke. I know no condition so miserable and blind as that of a young fellow who labours under the misfortune of being thought to think himself a wit. He must from that moment expect to hear no more truth than a prince or an emperor; and can never, if he have any sense, have any satisfaction in his own praise, since, if given to his face, it cannot be distinguished from flattery, and if behind his back, how can he be certain of it? In short, praise to young scribblers is like rain to young plants; if moderate, nothing revives and encourages them so much; but if too lavish, nothing more overcharges and injures them.

Every man is apt to think his neighbour stocked with vanity, and, generally speaking, with reason enough; yet I cannot but think there are certain times when most men are in a disposition of being informed, and it is incredible what a vast good a very little truth might do at some seasons. A very inconsiderable alms will do a great kindness to men in extreme necessities. And I could name an acquaintance, sir, of yours, who at this time would think himself more obliged to you for the friendly information of his faults, than for the civil confirmation of his follies. If you would make these the subject of your letters, it would prove so fruitful an one, that you could not complain for the future, as you were pleased lately to do, of any difficulty you could find in answering me, which I do not wonder you then might, when you took upon you the task of commending me. But if you will not be so charitable as to do this, at least, sir, be not so uncharitable as to do the other. If you will not instruct me, at least please me, which whatever comes from you certainly will, if your letters are but long enough; but if you said nothing more than that yourself, lady, son, daughter, and brother were well, you would in that single period tell me no less than four or five things that must always please me extremely. You see, sir, with what freedom I write, or rather talk, upon paper to you. They say a letter should be a natural image of the mind of the

writer; but if mine were so, it would have been full of nothing else but acknowledgments to you, which I durst not suffer it to be, for fear you should think me too grateful, a fault which none but good men are displeased at, though none but such are capable of it. And I know that sometimes a modest benefactor, like a modest mistress, ceases to confer favours when he finds they begin to be talked of.

But I am so pleased with writing to you, that nothing but seeing the end of my paper could put me in mind that it is high time to leave you to your own better thoughts, among which, if you can ever entertain one of me, I beg it may be in the manner most to my advantage, that is to say, that you will think me, dear sir, your most obliged and affectionate humble servant.

P.S. Mr. Dancastle[1] joins with me in desiring all your good family to be assured of our most humble service; but he does it with a gesture and countenance so seriously civil, that it is impossible for me to express it, unless I could paint his humble service, as well as write it.

All this I had told you, sir, long ago, but for almost continual headaches these three weeks.

3. POPE TO CARYLL.

January 25, 1710-11.

SIR,—In a letter that abounds with so much wit as yours, nothing can be more pleasant than to hear you disclaiming all pretensions to it, like Ovid protesting in very good verse that he would never versify. But some people are so given to say witty things, that, like those who are given to swearing, they never know when they do it. And men that have a great deal of ready wit, like those that have a great deal of ready money, bestow it up and down in a careless manner, and never think they have given away much, because they find their heads and their pockets are full again the next morning.

[1] The Dancastles were Roman Catholics, who resided at Binfield. The family had been Lords of the Manor since the reign of Elizabeth.

So true it is that it is with one that has wit always about him, as with one that constantly carries perfumes, he is not sensible himself of that which delights all besides.

To own the truth, it was not without a design that I sent you the verses you are pleased to mention so kindly. I meant to give you an opportunity of returning good for evil, in favouring me with a sight of some of yours; for if I made any doubt that you write sometimes, I should hardly have troubled you with what I writ, as not much caring to reveal my poetical sins but, as other sinners commonly do theirs, to those who are equally guilty. As for my verses, I may truly say they have never been the cause of any great vanity in me, excepting what they gave me in occasioning my first acquaintance and correspondence with you, since when, indeed, I have been often in danger of being notably tainted with this vice, but never more than when I read your last letter. It is certain the greatest magnifying glasses in the world are a man's own eyes, when they look upon his own person; yet even in those I appear not the great Alexander Mr. Caryll is so civil to, but that little Alexander the women laugh at. But if I must be like Alexander, it is in being complimented into too good an opinion of myself; they made him think he was the son of Jupiter, and you persuade me I am a man of parts. Alas, sir, is this all you can say in my honour? You said ten times as much before when you called me your friend. After having made me believe I possess a share in your affection, to treat me with compliments and sweet sayings is just like the proceeding with Sancho Panza; first they put it into the poor fellow's head that he enjoyed a vast dominion, and then gave him nothing to subsist upon but a few wafers and marmalade. I fear you observed with what greediness I swallowed whipped syllabubs at your house a year ago. But I have something more to tell you out of Don Quixote. There was once a certain person in Seville who had a very dexterous knack at blowing up young puppies. He made use of your own instrument, a quill, which he clapped to their tails, and puffed them up as round as a bladder; then he would ask the standers-by, What think you, gentlemen? is it such an easy matter to blow up a puppy dog? Now to judge impartially

betwixt the whelp and the poet, it is a much harder matter to puff up the cur than the creature, and therefore, though your operation be very like this Spaniard's, you ought not to value yourself so much on the performance. But indeed, though it be an easy thing enough to make a dull scribbler proud, yet to commend such an one well is extremely hard, and in this, if you will needs be compared to a quack, you are like him that put into his bills, "Let no man be discouraged, for this doctor is one that delighteth much in matters of difficulty." Yet, after all, a man is certainly obliged to any one who can make him vain of himself, since at the same time he makes him satisfied with himself; so now-a-days, the greatest obligation you can lay upon a wit is to make a fool of him. For as, when madmen are found incurable, wise men give them their way, and please them as well as they can, so when those more incorrigible things, poets, are once irrecoverably bemused, the best way both to quiet them, and to secure ourselves from the effects of their frenzy, is to feed their vanity, which, indeed, for the most part, is all that is ever fed in a poet.

But you have taken care I should not have this at least to complain of, by the kind present you sent me, without which, had I kept Lent here, I must have submitted to the common fate of my brethren, and have starved. Yet I should, I think, have been the first poet that ever starved for the sake of religion. Now as your lady is pleased to say of my present, that St. Luke himself never drew such a Madonna,[1] so I may say of yours, that the prince of the apostles himself, though he was a fisherman all his life, never eat so good oysters. And as she tells me that I did a thing I never thought of, and excelled a saint, I may tell you you have done a thing you was not aware of, and reclaimed a sinner; for you will be the cause that I shall obey a precept of the church, and fast this Lent, which I have not done many years before, which, with my hearty thanks, is all I can say on this subject, for I find, upon scratching my head three times, that it is not so hard to get pearls out of oysters as wit.

[1] This was before Pope took lessons in painting of Jervas, which he did subsequently by Caryll's advice.

I have been full an hour upon this foolish letter already, which was only intended to bear off your compliments, and does not pretend to return them. I do but parry your thrusts, I cannot hope to hit you. Besides, I am unwilling to make tautologies after all the world, as I must, if I should speak of Mr. Caryll. Sir, you may believe me, I could be heartily glad all you say were as true, applied to me, as it would be if addressed to yourself; and you need not doubt but I wish I were every way as good a man as you, for several weighty reasons, but for none more than that I might have sense enough to honour you as much as you deserve, whereas, as it is, I can do it no more than is consistent with the mean, though utmost capacity of, sir, your most obliged and affectionate humble servant.

Mr. Dancastle and myself join in assuring all your good family of our most humble service. Yesterday I made a letter of mine acceptable at Whiteknights, by sending your service in it. You see I improve in my style by your correspondence, and hope you will continue that satisfaction to me.

4.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.

June 18, 1711.

Dear Sir,—Having received from you two of the most obliging letters imaginable, I returned by the next post a particular answer to each, which I believe did not reach you before you left the town, and I would congratulate you upon the loss of them but that that supposition draws upon you the trouble of these lines. In your last you most charitably inform me of the mistaken zeal of some people, who seem to make it no less their business to persuade men they are erroneous, than doctors do that we are sick, only that thereby they may magnify their own cure and triumph over an imaginary distemper. The simile of wit and faith[2]—if you please to cast

[1] Two-thirds of this letter were given in the edition of 1735 with such slight changes as an author would make in preparing his manuscript for publication.

[2] This simile occurs in the Essay

your eye once more upon it—plainly concludes at the second line, where stands a full stop, and what follows, *meanly they seek*, &c., speaks only of wit, which is meant by *that blessing, that sun;* for how can the sun of faith be said *to sublime the southern wits* and *to ripen the genius of northern climates.* I fear these gentlemen understand grammar as little as they do criticism, and perhaps out of good-nature to the monks, are willing to take from them the censure of ignorance, and to have it to themselves. Now the word *they* refers, as I am sure I meant it, and as I thought every one must have known, to those critics there spoken of, who are partial to some particular set of writers, to the prejudice of all others; and the very simile itself—

> Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
> To one small sect, and all are damned beside,

if read twice, may convince them that the censure of damning here lies not on our church, unless they will call our church one small sect. And the cautious words, *by each man*, manifestly show it a general reflection on all such, whoever they are, who entertain such narrow and limited notions of the mercy of the Almighty, which the reformed ministers of the presbyterians are as guilty of as any people living.

Yet, after all, I promise you, sir, if the alteration of a word or two will gratify any man of sound faith, though of weak understanding, I will, though it were from no other principle than that of common good-nature, comply with it. And if you please but to particularise the spot where their objection lies—for it is in a very narrow compass—that stumbling-block, though it be but a little pebble, shall be removed out of their way. If the heat of these disputants, who I am afraid, being bred up to wrangle in the schools, cannot get rid of the humour all their lives, should proceed so far as to personal reflections

on Criticism, which was published in the preceding May :—

"Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are damned beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes"

This passage had given great offence to many of Pope's co-religionists, who thought that he intended to stigmatise the bigotry of the Roman Catholic church.

upon me, I do assure you notwithstanding, I will do or say nothing however provoked—for some people can no more provoke than oblige—that is unbecoming the character of a true catholic. I will set before me that excellent example of that great man and great saint, Erasmus, who in the midst of calumny proceeded with all the calmness of innocence and the unrevenging spirit of primitive christianity. However, I would advise them to suffer the mention of him to pass unregarded, lest I should be forced to do that for his reputation which I would never do for my own[1]— I mean to vindicate so great a light of our church from the malice of past times and the ignorance of the present, in a language which may extend farther than that in which the trifle about criticism is written.

I wish these gentlemen would be content with finding fault with me only, who will submit to them, right or wrong, as far as I only am concerned. I have too great a regard for the quiet of mankind to disturb it for things of so little consequence as my credit and my sense. A little humility can do a poet no hurt, and a little charity would do a priest none ; and as St. Austin finely says, *Ubi charitas ibi humilitas, ubi humilitas ibi pax.*

I can never enough thank you, dear sir, for your extreme goodness and friendship in acquainting me with everything, as you have done of late though unasked, that concerned me. Such a friend is indeed a great treasure, as Solomon calls a friend, and such a freedom as you have begun to use, and more, I hope, will use, is what may render me the happiest man alive, if I make the right use of it. I have all my life, from the first years of my reasoning, had a disposition to a friendship with some person or other; and if you will accept

[1] Pope had celebrated Erasmus in the Essay on Criticism at the expense of the monks, in some lines which were not at all palatable to zealous catholics :—

"A second deluge learning thus o'errun,
And the monks finished what the Goths begun.
At length Erasmus, that great injured name,
The glory of the priesthood and the shame,
Stemmed the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove the holy Vandals off the stage."

[2] He must have meant in Latin, though the time was past when modern Latin compositions were widely read.

the most sincere offers of a heart so little worth your acceptance as mine, it is wholly at your service, and under this tie, if you please, there can be nothing you advise I shall not be obliged to do from this hour.

The continuance of your letters will be the greatest pleasure I can receive in your absence, which I shall look upon the more kind, the more freely and negligently you write; and, if you please, in your next let me know what effect your conference with Sir W. G[oring] had in reference to the lady's business.[1] Unless you have already done it to her, I shall be glad to inform her, to whom every little prospect of ease is a great relief in these circumstances. I am certain a letter from yourself or lady would be a much greater consolation to her than your humility will suffer either of you to imagine. To relieve the injured—if you will pardon a poetical expression in prose—is no less than to take the work of God himself off his hands, and an easing Providence of its care. It is the noblest act that human nature is capable of, is in a particular manner your talent, and may you receive a reward for it in heaven; for this whole world has not wherewithal to repay it. I am, with the utmost esteem and gratitude, dear sir, your ever obliged friend and humble servant.

My most hearty service attends all your family. I have not yet had the honour of a letter from Mr. Steele.[2]

[1] The lady was Mrs. Weston, whose history and connections have been traced in the Athenæum of July 15, 1854. She was the daughter of Joseph, son of Sir Thomas Gage of Firle. One of her brothers succeeded to the baronetcy, and was the first Viscount Gage, and another was the person whom the poet ridicules in his Essay "Of the Use of Riches" for aspiring to purchase the crown of Poland. Her father died in 1700, and left Sir W. Goring of Burton, in Sussex, guardian to his children. A marriage which the young lady contracted with John Weston of Sutton, in the county of Surrey, proved unfortunate. She and her husband had quarrelled, and were living apart; and it is to these dissensions that Pope, who espoused her cause, refers.

[2] Pope appears to have been introduced to Steele by Caryll, who had probably known him for many years. In the Athenæum of May 8, 1858, it is stated that Secretary Caryll was outlawed in 1696 for intriguing against William III., and the life interest in his entailed estate was granted to Lord Cutts. The outlaw's nephew, Pope's friend, redeemed the property in 1697, and as Steele was then Secretary to Lord Cutts, an acquaintance was likely to have ensued, which Steele's warm and kindly nature would have rendered cordial in spite of the unpleasantness of the occasion.

5.[1]

POPE TO CARYLL.

June 25, 1711.

Dear Sir,—Besides the two letters you last favoured me with, I am yet more in your debt for one to Mr. Englefield, where you have defended me with all the spirit of friendship, and the very essence of good-nature; but one or two things you have there said of me that I am ashamed to thank you for, they are so extravagantly above my merit; and they prove it true, that a friend is as blind as a lover. I beg you to be cautious of saying these things to others; for I cannot answer for their prudence. If they were only said to myself, I would for your sake conceal them from all besides; and they would then be less dangerous to me too, for I should take them only for complimental civilities, whereas, when addressed to other people, I might be so vain as almost to imagine you were partly in earnest. I know too well the vast difference between those who truly deserve the name of poets and men of wit, and one who is nothing but what he owes to them; and I keep the pictures of Dryden, Milton, Shakspeare, &c., in my chamber, round about me, that the constant remembrance of them may keep me always humble. I wish I had Mr. Caryll's there, that I might have something to make me proud, when I reflected on his friendship. The extreme goodness with which you accept the offer I too impudently made you of mine, can never be enough acknowledged. I am like a poor fellow who makes his rich landlord a scurvy and worthless present, in the hopes of receiving one of infinitely a greater value in return. But on second thoughts, I am more like one of those many poor neighbours of yours to whom you have done charities, who offer you a small acknowledgment after receiving great benefits from you; for you have been beforehand with me in the proofs of friendship you speak of, and my heart is a debt, not a present. Let this

[1] Large extracts from this letter and that of the 2nd of August make up, in the edition of 1735, the letter of June 15, 1711, addressed to the Hon. J. C.

suffice to be told you; and be assured, sir, if I did not esteem your friendship so very much, I would have said a great deal more.

I send you Mr. Dennis's remarks on the Essay,[1] which equally abound in just criticisms and fine railleries. The few observations in my hand in the margin are what only a morning's leisure permitted me to make, purely for your perusal; for I am of opinion that such a critic as you will find him by the latter part of his book is no way to be properly answered but by a wooden weapon, and I should perhaps have sent him a present from Windsor Forest of one of the best and toughest oaken plants between Sunninghill and Oakingham, if he had not informed me in his preface that he is at this time persecuted by fortune. This I protest I knew not the least of before; if I had, his name had been spared in the Essay for that only reason. I cannot conceive what ground he has for so excessive a resentment, nor imagine how these three lines[2] can be called a reflection on his person which only describe him subject a little to colour and stare on some occasions, which are revolutions that happen sometimes in the best and most regular faces in Christendom. I have heard of combatants so very furious as to fall down themselves with that very strength which they designed to lay so heavy on their antagonists. But if Mr. Dennis's rage proceeds only from a zeal to discourage young and unexperienced writers from scribbling, he should frighten us with his verse, not prose; for I have often known, that when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a sinner, some very sad example has done the business. Yet to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reason, and I will alter them in case of another edition. I will make my enemy do me a kindness where he

[1] On Criticism.—POPE, 1735. The title of Dennis's pamphlet shows the spirit in which it was written: "Reflections critical and satirical upon a late Rhapsody called an Essay on Criticism."

[2] But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.—POPE, 1735.

The passage fully bears out the expression of Dennis,—"He has attacked my person instead of my writings." "If Pope," says Mr. Bowles, "had asked his own heart, what would have it answered had he himself been thus delineated?"

meant an injury, and so serve instead of a friend. What he observes at the bottom of page 20 of his Reflections, was objected to by yourself at Ladyholt, and had been mended but for the haste of the press. It is right Hibernian, and I confess it what the English call a bull, in the expression, though the sense be manifest enough.[1] Mr. Dennis's bulls are seldom in the expression, they are almost always in the sense.

You will see by this, that whoever sets up for wit in these days ought to have the constancy of a primitive christian, and be prepared to suffer even martyrdom in the cause of it. But sure this is the first time that a wit was attacked for his religion, as you will find I am most zealously in this treatise. And you know, sir, what alarms I have had from the opposite side on this very account. Have I not reason to cry out with the poor fellow in Virgil,

> Quid jam misero mihi denique restat ?
> Cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, et super ipsi
> Dardanidæ infensi pœnas cum sanguine poscunt.

It is, however, my happiness that you, sir, are impartial.

> Jove was alike to Trojan and to Phrygian,
> For you well know, that wit's of no religion.[2]

The manner in which Mr. Dennis takes to pieces several particular lines detached from their natural places, may show how easy it is to any one to give a new sense, or a new nonsense, to what the author intended, or not intended. And indeed his constructions are not more wrested from the genuine meaning than theirs, who objected to the heterodox parts, as they call them. Mr. Thomas Southcote is not of that number,

[1] Pope had remarked of wit that it was

"Where wanted scorned, and envied where acquired."

"How," asks Dennis, "can wit be scorned where it is not? Is not this a figure frequently employed in Hibernian land? The person who wants this wit may indeed be scorned, but such a contempt declares the honour that the contemner has for wit." The poet altered the line, which now stands thus :—

"And still the more we give the more required."

[2] In this sense Pope was a wit. He was a political papist, but in religion he was evidently a deist.—CROKER.

who, with the utmost candour, and freedom of a friend, has modestly told me what others thought,[1] and shown himself one, as he expresses it very well, rather of a *number* than a *party*. I answered his obliging letter some time since, and have received from him a second, to which I will reply immediately when I have ended this. The only difference between us in relation to the monks is, that he thinks most sorts of learning *flourished* among them, and I am of opinion that only some sort of learning was barely *kept alive* by them. He believes the most natural and obvious sense of that line—"A second deluge learning overrun"—will be thought meant of learning in general, and I fancy it will be understood only as it is meant, of polite learning, criticism, poetry, &c., which is the only learning concerned in the subject of the Essay.[2] I am highly obliged to Mr. Southcote's zeal in my commendation, and goodness for not concealing what he thinks my error; and his testifying some esteem for the book just at a time when his brethren raised a clamour against it, is an instance of great generosity and good-nature together, which I shall ever acknowledge. I ventured to give my most humble service to Mr. Southcote when I writ to his brother, and entreat the favour of you to assure that most worthy gentleman of my real esteem and hearty respects. [If] I had the honour of being known to my Lord Petre,[3] I should be so impu[dent as to] desire his acceptance of a thing so inconsiderable as my most humble service. I hope my lord will not, from what Mr. Dennis is pleased to say, look upon me as a despiser of men of quality, who as they have the greatest advantages of all men, so are worse than the rest of mankind if they are not better; and this may be said without any danger to my Lord Petre, who is,

[1] In the letter as printed by Pope, the opinions of Mr. Thomas Southcote are ascribed to his brother the Abbé. The poet probably thought that the verdict of an ecclesiastic would carry more weight than that of a layman.

[2] In the published letter Pope adds—"It is true that the monks did preserve what learning there was, about Nicholas the Fifth's time; but those who succeeded, fell into the depths of barbarism, or at least stood at a stay while others arose from them, insomuch that even Erasmus and Reuchlin could hardly laugh them out of it."

[3] Robert, seventh Lord Petre. Catherine, the daughter of a former Lord Petre, married Caryll's grandfather.

by the consent of all who have the happiness to know him, one of those young lords that have wit in our days.

I am glad you design to write to the lady[1] about your conference. I am very confident they cannot be united, though they may be brought together. It is an easy thing we daily find to join two bodies, but in matching minds there lies some difficulty. I could wish every disagreeing pair might be sent for awhile to Ladyholt or Grinstead, the best matrimony schools in England, there to study the happiness of a married life, that hard science to which so very few are born with a genius. Yet I wish the blessed example may not prove of ill consequence to many others; as we often see, that one person's good luck in a lottery is the cause that twenty venture and lose. Now put the case that any of those that passed the last Christmas with you should marry in expectation of such husbands as Mr. Caryll, and such wives as his lady—good God! how confoundedly would most of them be disappointed. I have not an inch more of paper to spare; but it shall go hard with me but I will find room, though in never so great straits, to assure you that I am yours, and all your family's most faithful humble servant.

I am just now informed that the tyrant is determined instantly to remove his daughter from the lady.[2] I wish to God it could be put off by Sir W. G[oring]'s mediation, for I am heartily afraid it will prove of very ill consequence to her.

6.[3] POPE TO CARYLL.

July 19, 1711.

Dear Sir,—The concern which you more than seem to be affected with for my reputation by the several accounts you have so obligingly given me of what reports and censures the holy Vandals have thought fit to make me the unworthy subject of, makes me desirous of telling so good a friend my whole

[1] Mrs. Weston.

[2] Mrs. Weston had a daughter Melior, who died unmarried in June 1782, aged 79.

[3] The greater part of this letter was published by Pope in the edition of 1735.

thoughts of this matter, and of setting before you in a true light the true state of it.

I have ever thought the best piece of service one could do to our religion was openly to expose our detestation and scorn of all those artifices and *piæ fraudes* which it stands so little in need of, and which have laid it under so great a scandal among the enemies. Nothing has been so much a scarecrow to them as the too peremptory and seemingly uncharitable assertion of an utter impossibility of salvation to all but ourselves, invincible ignorance excepted, which indeed some people define under so great limitations and with such exclusions, that it seems as if that word were rather invented as a salvo or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunderbolts of God (which are hurled about so freely almost on all mankind by the hands of the ecclesiastics) than as a real exceptive to almost universal damnation. For besides the small number of the truly faithful in our church, we must again subdivide, and the Jansenist is damned by the Jesuit, the Jesuit by the Jansenist, the strict Scotist by the Thomist, &c.[1] There may be errors, I grant, but I cannot think them of such consequence as to destroy utterly the charity of mankind—the very greatest bond in which we are engaged by God to one another as christians.

Therefore I own to you I was glad of any opportunity to express our dislike of so shocking a sentiment as those of the religion I profess are charged with, and hoped a slight intimation, introduced so easily by a casual similitude only, could never have given offence, but on the contrary must needs have done good in a nation and time, wherein we are the smaller party, and consequently the most misrepresented, and most wanting vindication from a slander. For the same reason I took occasion to mention the superstition of some ages after the subversion of the Roman Empire,[2] which is too manifest a truth to be denied, and does in no sort reflect upon the present catholics who are free from it. Our silence in these points

[1] This idea, says Bowles, is excellently touched by Swift, where he describes the bigots of every sect coming at the last day to see each other damned.

[2] With tyranny then superstition joined,
As that the body, this enslaved the mind.

may with some reason make our adversaries think we allow and persist in those bigotries, which in reality all good and sensible men despise, though they are persuaded not to speak against them,—I cannot tell why, since it is now no more the interest even of the worst of our priesthood, as it might be then, to have them smothered in silence; for, the opposite sects now prevailing, it is too late to hinder our church from being slandered. It is our business now to show it was slandered unjustly, and to vindicate ourselves from being thought abettors of that which they charge us with. This cannot be brought about with serious faces. We must laugh with them at what deserves it, and then we need not doubt of being cleared, even in their opinion.

As to the particulars you cannot but have observed that the whole objection against the simile of *wit* and *faith* lay in the word *they*. When that was beyond all contradiction removed, the very grammar seeming to confute them (for it seems at St. Omer's they do not learn the English grammar), then the objection lies against the simile itself; and if that simile will not be objected to, sense and common reason being indeed a little stubborn and not apt to give way to everybody, next the mention of superstition must become a crime, as if religion and she were sisters, or else, as if it were a scandal upon the family of Christ to say a word against the devil's bastards. Afterwards some more mischief is discovered in a place that seemed very little suspicious at first, and that is in the two lines about schismatics at the bottom of page 25;[1] for an ordinary man would imagine the author plainly declared against these schismatics for quitting the true faith out of contempt of the understanding of some few of its believers. But these believers are called *dull*, and because I say that *these schismatics think some believers dull*, therefore these charitable, well-disposed interpreters of my meaning say that *I think all believers dull*. I was telling Mrs. Nelson these fine objections, who assured me I had said nothing which a zealous catholic need to disown; and I have cause to know that that lady's

[1] So schismatics the dull believers quit,
And are but damned for having too much wit.

Pope afterwards substituted "plain" for "dull."

fault, if she has any, is not want of zeal.[1] She put a notion into my head, which I confess I cannot but perfectly acquiesce in, and that was, that it is observable when a set of people are piqued at any truth which they think to their own disadvantage, their method of revenge on the truth-speaker is to attack his reputation a by-way, and not to object to the place they are really galled by. What these, therefore, in their own opinion are really angry at is, that a man whom their tribe oppressed and persecuted, Erasmus by name, should be vindicated after a whole age of obloquy, by one of their own people who is free and bold enough to utter a generous truth in behalf of the dead, whom no man sure will flatter, and few do justice to.[2] Others, you know, were as angry that I mentioned Mr. Walsh with honour, who as he never refused to any one of merit of any party the praise due to him, so honestly deserved it from all others of never so different interests or sentiments. May I be ever guilty of this sort of liberty and latitude of principle, which gives us the hardiness of speaking well of those whom envy oppresses even after death. As I would always speak well of my friends when they are absent, nay, because they are absent, so would I much more of the dead in that eternal absence, and the rather because I expect no thanks from them for it.

Thus, sir, you see I do in my *conscience* persist in what I have written; yet in my *friendship* I will recant and alter whatever you please in case of a second edition, which I yet think the book will never arrive at, for Tonson's printer[3] told me he drew off a thousand copies in his first impression, and I fancy a treatise of this nature, which not one gentleman in three score even of a liberal education can understand, will hardly

[1] Mrs. Nelson was a Roman Catholic lady, and an intimate friend of the Blounts. When Pope printed this letter, he changed the sex of his oracle, doubtless, as the writer in the Athenæum suggested, because he felt that a woman would not be considered an authority upon a theological question.

[2] I must be insensible to everything amiable, sensible, liberal, and religious, if I did not join Dr. Warton in his praises of this most excellent letter.—BOWLES.

[3] Unless this is a slip of the pen, as Mr. Dyce supposes, for Lewis, who published the Essay on Criticism, the same person who printed Pope's pieces in Tonson's Miscellany must have been again employed, and hence the poet gave him the designation by which he originally knew him

exceed the vent of that number. You shall find me a true Trojan in my faith and friendship, in both which I will ever persevere unto the end, and you shall be convinced that both in regard to the determinations of the church and to your determinations that I shall prove a submissive disciple, and renounce all dangerous temptations of the private spirit. I need no bribes to keep me steady, and therefore your flesh-pots of Egypt are lost upon me, and I am very glad all the venison will fall into so good hands as Mr. Englefield's and Mrs. Blount's.[1]

You are pleased to ask me if we bought the horse? Your reason for this question is what I cannot readily guess without blushing;[2] and therefore desire you, dear sir, to pardon me, and give me leave to make no answer. I could wish you would not oblige too fast. I love to keep pace with a friend if possible; and it is a rule, you know, in walking, to let the weakest go foremost. Let me first prove myself your friend, which I shall infallibly do on the first occasion that shall offer itself, and then, sir, do what you will. It is likely this may be a long reprieve for you, and at this rate the first friendly office you are to do for me may be to pray for my soul; for, in all probability, in all my whole inconsiderable life I may never be able once to give you a testimony to any purpose of a thing so true as that I am, dear sir, ever your obliged and most faithful humble servant.

P.S. I am infinitely obliged for your bringing me acquainted with Mrs. Cope, from whom I heard more wit and sense in two hours, than almost all the sex ever spoke in their whole lives. She is indeed that way a relation of Mr. Caryll; and that is all I shall say of the lady.[3] My most humble service to Mrs. Caryll, Mr. John Caryll, the young lady, your brother, and Mr. Brown.[4]

[1] The daughter of Mr. Englefield, and widow of Lister Blount.

[2] Pope assumes that Caryll intended to give him a horse, which he did some time afterwards. Spence says that when the poet in his youth was in wretched health, the chief advice which he received from Dr. Radcliffe was to apply less and ride every day.

[3] Mrs. Cope was a first cousin of Mr. Caryll. She was the daughter of his uncle Philip.

[4] Mr. Brown was chaplain to Mr. Caryll.

Sir, I beg you to pardon the length of this letter. I had not time enough, as Monsieur Pascal said of one of his, to make it shorter.[1] This, like most impertinent things, requires no answer; but I should be glad of one to my last. Mr. Weston complains grievously of the manifold mischiefs done his fences and fruits by a certain deer he keeps for you which he desires you to send for, as I here send you what you required at my hands.[2]

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.—AN EPIGRAM.

Now Europe's balanced, and no side prevails,
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

7. POPE TO CARYLL.

Aug. 2, 1711.

DEAR SIR,—The letter you writ from my Lord Petre's I received, and answered (in words, at least, for it was impossible to answer it in value) near a week before. I had your last, with another enclosed in it, by the date of which it appeared that it had been eight days coming to me, so that, like most satisfactions of this life, it was long retarded, but the more welcome for having been expected. I beg you to believe I answer all you can say in your letters, even before I receive them, in my grateful sense of your unbounded humanity and goodness; and I can no more confine this in words than you can refrain those from overflowing in deeds and proofs—one of which you have lately given me, as I hear from several hands, in your kind vindication of me from those aspersions which Dennis has endeavoured to cast upon my character, as a man no less than an author. I shall never make the least reply to him, not only because you advise me, but because I have ever been of opinion that if a book cannot answer for itself to the

[1] In the postscript to the 16th of his Provincial Letters. He bestowed immense labour upon these immortal productions, and wrote the eighteenth letter thirteen times.

[2] This was the same rondeau to Phillis, which he sent to Cromwell on June 14, 1710,—the only difference being that the lady has "fine blue eyes" instead of black. The epigram was subsequently published in the Miscellanies of Swift and Pope.

public, it is to no sort of purpose for its author to do it. If I am wrong in any sentiment in that Essay, I protest sincerely I do not desire all the world should be deceived, which would be of very ill consequence, that I myself should be thought right, which is of very little consequence. I would be the first to recant, for the benefit of others and the glory of myself; for, as I take it, when a man owns himself to have been in an error, he does but tell you in other words that he is wiser than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publishing of that book of Dennis, which otherwise I should never have known. It has been the occasion of making me friends, and open abettors, of several gentlemen of known sense and wit, and of proving to me, which I have till now doubted of, that my trifles are taken some notice of by the world in general, else I should never be attacked thus in particular. And I have read that it was a custom among the Romans, while the general rode in triumph, to have slaves in the streets that railed at him and reproached him, to put him in mind that, though his services were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had still faults enough to keep him humble.

I have two letters from Mr. Steele, the subject of which is to persuade me to write a musical interlude, to be set next winter by Clayton,[1] whose interest he espouses with great zeal. His expression is, Pray oblige Mr. Clayton, that is me, so far as, &c. The desire I have to gratify Mr. Steele has made me consent to his request, though it is a task that otherwise I am not very fond of.

I delivered the enclosed to the lady.[2] She seemed not to approve of Mrs. N[elson]'s writing to the gentleman, since, if sense of honour and a true knowledge of the case which you have already given him are too weak to move him, it is to be thought nothing else ever will. I cannot but join with you in a high concern for a person of so much merit (as I am daily more and more convinced by her conversation that she is), whose ill fate it has been to be cast as a pearl before swine;

[1] Clayton was a musical composer. He brought out the opera of Arsinoë in 1705; and in 1707 set Addison's Rosamund to music. Steele had engaged with him in a project to give concerts in York Buildings.

[2] Mrs. Weston.

and he who put so valuable a present into so ill hands shall, I own to you, never have my good opinion, though he had that of all the world besides. God grant he may never be my friend, and guard all my friends from such a guardian.

The saying all this so freely and inconsiderately to you may be a proof with what openness I unfold my whole heart in confidence of your friendship, which I shall ever look upon as a great blessing, and study to return with all that gratitude and sincerity which is a duty from one who is infinitely obliged a thousand ways, and can only testify how much he thinks himself so, one way—which is that poor vulgar way of assuring you he will always continue, dear sir, your most faithful affectionate friend and obliged servant.

I have heard of the good health of all at Whiteknights, though it is a great while since I could wait upon them. Mr. Dancastle returns you, with all heartiness, his humble service; and I entreat your whole family to accept of mine.

8. POPE TO CARYLL.

EPITAPH ON JOHN LORD CARYLL.[1]

A manly form; a bold, yet modest mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resigned;
Honour unchanged, a principle profest;
Fixed to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:
An honest courtier, and a patriot too;
Just to his prince, and to his country true:
All these were joined in one, yet failed to save
The wise, the learn'd, the virtuous, and the brave;
Lost, like the common plunder of the grave!

Ye few, whom better genius does inspire,
Exalted souls, informed with purer fire!
Go now, learn all vast science can impart;
Go, fallen nature, take the heights of art!
Rise higher yet: learn ev'n yourselves to know;
Nay, to yourselves alone that knowledge owe.
Then, when you seem above mankind to soar,
Look on this marble, and be vain no more!

[1] John titular Lord Caryll died Sept. 4, 1711. Pope afterwards took the first six of these lines for an epitaph to Sir William Trumbull, and having remodelled the rest, applied them, in his Epistle to Jervas, to the Countess of Bridgewater.

I have a little poetical present to make you, which I dare not trust by the post, and could be glad you would please to direct me a way to send it to you; for I am a little apprehensive of putting it into Lewis's [hand]s, who is too much a bookseller to be trusted with rhyme or reputation.[1] * * * What application that was which was made to Mr. Steele on my account I cannot imagine, unless it was made from yourself; for, indeed, I know no other friend who would have been so generous for my sake, and I know nothing you would not attempt to oblige those you once profess a kindness to. I desire your whole family to accept my most humble service, and am, with all sincerity, dear sir, your ever obliged friend and servant.

9.[2] CARYLL TO POPE.

May 23, 1712.

I am very glad, for the sake of the widow, and for the credit of the deceased, that Betterton's remains[3] are fallen into such hands as may render them reputable to the one, and beneficial to the other. Besides the public acquaintance I long had with that poor man, I also had a slender knowledge of his parts and capacity by private conversation, and ever thought it pity he was necessitated by the straitness of his fortune to act, and especially to his latest hours, an imaginary and fictitious part, who was capable of exhibiting a real one, with credit to himself, and advantage to his neighbour.

I hope your health permitted you to execute your design of giving us an imitation of Pollio.[4] I am satisfied it will be doubly divine, and I shall long to see it. I ever thought church-music the most ravishing of all harmonious composi-

[1] A part of the leaf at the bottom of the sheet is here worn away. The poetical present may have been the Rape of the Lock, which it appears from the next letter that Caryll read in manuscript.

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and he who put so valuable a present into so ill hands shall, I own to you, never have my good opinion, though he had that of all the world besides. God grant he may never be my friend, and guard all my friends from such a guardian.

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tions, and must also believe sacred subjects, well handled, the most inspiring of all poetry.

But where hangs the *Lock* now?—though I know, that rather than draw any just reflection upon yourself of the least shadow of ill-nature, you would freely have suppressed one of the best of poems. I hear no more of it: will it come out in Lintot's Miscellany or not?[1] I wrote to Lord Petre upon the subject of the Lock, some time since, but have as yet had no answer, nor indeed do I know when he will be in London. I have, since I saw you, corresponded with Mrs. W[eston]. I hope she is now with her aunt,[2] and that her journey thither was something facilitated by my writing to that lady as pressingly as possible, not to let anything whatever obstruct it. I sent her obliging answer to the party it most concerned; and when I hear Mrs. W[eston] is certainly there, I will write again to my lady, to urge as much as possible the effecting the only thing that in my opinion can make her niece easy. I have run out my extent of paper, and am your, &c.

10.[3] POPE TO CARYLL.

May 28, 1712.

Dear Sir,—It is not only the disposition I always have of conversing with you, that makes me so speedily answer your obliging lines, but the apprehension lest your charitable intent of writing to my Lady A[ston] on Mrs. W[eston]'s affair should be frustrated by the short stay she makes there, which from all I can learn will not be above a fortnight. She went thither on the 25th with that mixture of expectation and anxiety with which people usually go into unknown or half-discovered countries, utterly ignorant of the dispositions of the inhabitants, and the treatment they are to meet with. I only wish it may be such as is due to her merit, and then I think it must be as good as ever woman found. The unfortunate of all people are

[1] Lintot's Miscellany must have been published at the date which Pope assigns to this letter, or a couple of days afterwards at latest, for Mr. Bedingfield acknowledged the receipt of copies for Lord Petre and Mrs. Fermor on the 26th of May.

[2] Mrs. Weston's aunt, Catherine Gage, was the second wife of Lord Aston.

[3] Part of this letter was given in the edition of 1735.

the most unfit to be left alone; yet we see the world generally takes care they shall be so, by abandoning them; whereas if we took a right prospect of human nature, the business and study of the happy and easy should be to divert and humour, as well as pity and comfort, the distressed. I cannot, therefore, excuse some near allies of mine for their conduct of late towards this lady, which has given me a great deal of anger as well as sorrow. All I can say to you of them at present is, that they have not been my relations these two months.[1] The consent of opinions in our minds is certainly a nearer tie than can be contracted by all the blood in our bodies, and I am proud of finding I have something congenial with Mr. Caryll in me. Will you permit me, dear sir, in friendship to confess to you, that all the favours and kind offices you have shown towards me have not so strongly cemented me yours, as the discovery of that generous and manly compassion you manifested in the case of this unhappy lady? Nothing, without flattery, ever touched me more than the sentiment you expressed on my first opening that matter in your coach as we passed on the road. Forgive my saying thus much, in consideration of my suppressing so much more, which I could vent on this subject.

I am afraid to insinuate to you how much I esteem you. Flatterers have taken up the style which was once peculiar to friends only, and an honest man has now no way left to express himself by besides the common one of knaves. So that true friends now-a-days differ in their address from flatterers much as right mastiffs do from spaniels, and show themselves by a dumb surly sort of fidelity, rather than by the complaisant and open manner of kindness. This last, however, is what you use to me, and which I account for the best way, though I should suspect it in most others. Will you never leave commending my poetry? In fair truth, sir, I like it but too well myself already. Expose me no more, I beg you, to the great danger of vanity, the rock of all men, but most of young men; and be kindly content for the future, when you would please me thoroughly, to say only you like what I write.[2]

[1] His half-sister and her husband, Mr. Rackett, were friends of "the tyrant."

[2] Here the letter stopped which Pope printed in 1735. When he republished it in the quarto he added

you seem to make for not writing sooner, as if I pretended to so ridiculous a dominion over your time, or expected you to be very punctual where you are not in debt. One might as well be displeased at the sun for not shining out every day we would wish him to do so, though he be always serviceable to us when most he seems retired, as at a friend, who is ever in a kind disposition towards us, for not manifesting it every day by writing. But if the inclination of a friend towards us, and his bare good will and benevolence be ever to be acknowledged, how much more that convincing rhetoric of action and protection, which you so gallantly slur over with the gay term of *wrestling for a friend.* But consider, sir, your person and limbs are not absolutely your own; there is a lady has her part in them, who would lament much more if but a nerve of yours were sprained, than all the friends I have would ever do though my brains were beat out; for, to tell you the plain truth, this is the opinion I entertain of almost all those who are generally styled such in the world—our nominal, unperforming friends. As for my own part, whom have I been ever able to oblige? whom have I ever served to that degree? by what right or merit can I pretend to expect a signal service from any man? I am seriously far from imagining that because people have twice or thrice been civil to me, they are bound always to serve me; the prior obligation was mine, not theirs. Or, if they like my poetry, that because they *laugh with me,* they will *cry for me.* But I must be content to take my fortune, with all my own sins upon my own head. Sir Plume blusters,[1] I hear; nay, the celebrated lady herself is offended, and, which is stranger, not at herself, but me. Mr. W[eston], they say, is gloomy upon the matter,[2]—the tyrant meditates revenge; nay, the distressed dame herself has been taught to suspect I served her but by halves, and without prudence. Is not this enough to make a man for the future neither presume

[1] Sir George Brown, who was introduced in the Rape of the Lock under the name of Sir Plume, and is represented as a silly coxcomb.

[2] It might be inferred from this expression that Mr. Weston, like Miss Fermor, was offended at the Rape of the Lock. There was no connection, however, between the cases, and they are coupled together by Pope as being equally instances, in his opinion, of the injustice with which he was treated.

to blame injustice or pity innocence? as in Mr. Weston's case; to make a writer never be tender of another's character or fame? as in Belinda's; to act with more reserve and write with less?

I have another storm, too, rising from the bigot, the most violent of animals, on the score of not having altered some true lines in the second edition of the Essay on Criticism. Yet, as to the two first quarrels, I can be satisfied in my conscience of having acted with honour; and as to the last, I dare stand to posterity in the character of an unbigoted Roman Catholic and impartial critic. I dare trust future times, and lie down contented under the impotence of my present censurers, which, like other impotence, would naturally vex and tease one more the less it can do. As to my writings, I pray God they may never have other enemies than those they have yet met with—which are, first, priests; secondly, women, who are the fools of priests; and thirdly, beaus and fops, who are the fools of women.

You see I write in some heat, but I would not do so if I had not a great [idea] of the friendship of him to whom I write. This frankness, the [less] discreet it is, is the more an act of trust in me to you. My [temper] is really a little soured by all this, and yet more by a piece of s[curvy] news Mr. Southcote yesterday sent me, that the rascally scri[bbler], the Flying Post, has maliciously reflected upon Mr. Caryll, on [account] of his crossing the seas at this time.[1] Whether he is yet returned I know not; but if he be, I beg you to offer him my utmost service, if he can think me capable of any, with the only weapon I have, my pen, in reply to, or raillery upon, that scoundrel, and in whatever method he thinks most proper. I am on fire to snatch the first opportunity I ever had of doing something, or at least endeavouring to do something, for your father and my friend. I hope he is not now to be told with

[1] Mr. Caryll went over to France to arrange the affairs of his deceased uncle. This journey for a catholic and Jacobite was open to suspicion, and the Flying Post was noted for its especial violence against the adherents of the Pretender. "The author," Swift wrote in 1713, "has thrice a week for above two years together published the most impudent reflections upon all the present ministry, upon all their proceedings, and upon the whole body of tories."

what ardour I love, and with what esteem I honour him, any more than you how sincerely and affectionately I shall ever be, dear sir, your most faithful and obedient and obliged humble servant.

The verses you inquire about were never written upon you anywhere else than in the letter I sent you. It was a mere piece of raillery as you will see, if you have not yet done justice upon them, being only Mrs. N[elson]'s[1] verses on your lady altered in a whimsical way, and applied to yourself. My most humble service attends the whole family. I have given order to Lewis to send two of my Essays to Ladyholt.

12.[2] POPE TO CARYLL.

BINFIELD, *Nov.* 19, 1712.

DEAR SIR,—I am more joyed at your return and nearer approach to us than I could be at that of the sun, so much as I wish him this melancholy season, and though he brings along with him all the pleasures and blessings of nature. But it is his fate, too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night-birds was that jail-bird, the Flying Post, whom I think you are best revenged upon, as the sun in the fable was upon those bats and beastly birds above mentioned, only by shining on, by being honest and doing good. I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune to be impotently slandered, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of—envy and calumny. To be uncensured, and to be obscure, is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say that it was never in my thoughts to offer you my poor pen in any direct reply to such a scoundrel, who, like Hudibras, need fear no blows but such as bruise, but only in

[1] Mrs. Nelson had lately written some lines on Lady Mary Caryll, whom she describes, in a letter, as "one of the noblest ornaments of her sex."

[2] The first part of this letter was published by Pope as addressed to Addison. In the edition of 1735, it is dated July 20th, 1713, and in the quarto July the 30th.

some little raillery in the most contemptuous manner thrown upon him, not as in your defence expressly, but as in scorn of him *en gaieté de cœur*. But indeed your opinion that it is entirely to be neglected would have been my own at first, had it been my own case; but I felt some warmth at the first motion which my reason could not suppress here, as it did when I saw Dennis's book against me, which made me very heartily merry in two minutes' time. It was well for us that these sparks' quarrel was to our persons. One does not like your looks, nor the other my shape. This can do us no harm; but had these gentlemen disliked our sense or so, we might have had reason to think so very well of our understandings, as to become insufferably proud and conceited upon their disapprobation.

I must not omit here to do justice to Mr. Thomas Southcote, whose zeal in your concern was most worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the slanderer that he deserves. I think that in these days an honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends, when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other, that they have the satisfaction of seeing them looked upon no better than themselves.

We are all very much obliged to you for the care of our little affair abroad, which I hope you will have an account of, or else we may have great cause to complain of Mr. A[rthur]'s[1] or his correspondent's negligence, since he promised my father to write, as he pressed him to do, some time before your journey.[2] He has received the 5*l.* bill, but it seems the interest was agreed at 5*l.* 10*s.* per cent. in the bond,[3] which my father lays his commands upon me to mention, as a thing he doubts not you forgot. I plead this excuse for suffering any consideration so dirty as that of money to have place in a letter of friendship, or in anything betwixt you and me.

I enclose a few lines upon the subject you were pleased to

[1] The banker of King Street, London.

[2] The journey to Paris.

[3] Pope's father lent Caryll 200*l.* upon bond on the 1st of June, 1710, at 5½ per cent.

propose, only to prove my ready obedience, for it is such a bastard as you will scarce, I fear, be willing to father, especially since you can make so much handsomer things of your own whenever you please. Some little circumstances possibly may require alteration, which you will easily mend. You see my letters are scribbled with all the carelessness and inattention imaginable: my style, like my soul, appears in its natural undress before my friend. It is not here I regard the character of a wit. Some people are wits all over, to that degree that they are fools all over. They are wits in the church, wits in the streets, wits at a funeral, nay, the unmannerly creatures are wits before women. There is nothing more wrong than to appear always in the *Pontificalibus* of one's profession, whatever it be. There is no dragging your dignity about with you everywhere, as if an alderman should constantly wear his chain in his shop. Mr. Roper,[1] because he has the reputation of keeping the best pack of fox-hounds in England, will visit the ladies in a hunting dress. And I have known an author, who for having once written a tragedy has never been out of buskins since: he can no more suffer a vulgar phrase in his own mouth than in a Roman's; and will be as much out of countenance if he fail of the true accent in his conversation, as an actor would were he out upon the stage. For my part there are some things I would be thought besides a wit,—as a christian, a friend, a frank companion, and a well-natured fellow, and so forth; and in particular I would be thought, dear sir, your most faithful and obliged friend and servant.

My most hearty service waits on Mr. Caryll, with whose correspondence I think myself highly favoured, and the whole good family.

I have an odd request to you, that if you ever thought any

[1] He was of Eltham in Kent, but was connected by marriage with Caryll's neighbours—the Butlers of Sussex. He afterwards rented Ladyholt, and in 1718, on the decease of young Caryll, took a lease of his stables and kennel at Finden. The announcement of the death of Mr. Roper in the Historical Register for 1723, is in keeping with Pope's description: "February 27, [Edward] Roper, Esq., of Eltham in the county of Kent, died of the hurt he received by a fall from his horse, as he was hunting a fox. He was 84 years of age, and had all his life been a keen sportsman."

of my epistles worth preserving, you will favour me with the whole cargo, which shall be faithfully returned to you. I never kept any copies of such stuff as I write, but there are several thoughts which I throw out that way in the freedom of my soul, that may be of use to me in a design I am lately engaged in, which will require so constant a flux of thought and invention that I can never supply it without some assistance, and it is not impossible but so many notions, written at different times, may save me a good deal of trouble.[1] Pray forgive this, and keep my secret, which is of consequence. Yours.

13. POPE TO CARYLL.

Binfield [*Nov.* 29, 1712].[2]

Dear Sir,—Just after I had despatched my last to you, I received the favour of another of your letters, which gave me an account of the affair you so obligingly took upon you to inform us of. Mr. Arthur having been pressingly desired by my father to cause an attested copy to be delivered to Mr. Whitford, it is surprising enough that they did not,—our chief satisfaction depending on that. Since we have nothing to show for our right but Mr. Arthur's note, without the attestation, my father thinks he cannot give a procuration to another without discharging Mr. Arthur's, *ipso facto*, till he has this security,—so is as much at a loss as ever, though it was impossible, as we are all sensible, for any one to perform more effectually what we desired, than you have so kindly done, or to give us a fuller satisfaction in the point, since they would not comply with our request.

Though you have no great opinion of Mr. Tickell's verses to the Spectator, I believe you will think his poem upon the Peace to have its beauties, especially in the versification. There are

[1] There can be no question that this engagement was to become a contributor to the Guardian, the first number of which appeared on the 12th of March, 1713.

[2] An extract from this letter is given as addressed to Steele in the edition of 1735, from whence we derive the date, which internal evidence shows to be substantially correct; for Tickell's verses and Pope's comment upon Adrian's lines were both published in the Spectator of the 10th of November.

also several most poetical images and fine pieces of painting in it, particularly the lines in p. 13 of the child's emotion at sight of the trophies at Blenheim, and the description of the fields after the wars, in p. 5, beginning *Content to see the honours*, &c. The four excellent verses in p. 12, *Our own strict judges*, &c., and the artful introduction of the praise of several noblemen by fancying coins will be struck of them in gold of Indies, are strokes of mastery; and lastly, the description of the several parts of the world in regard to our trade, which has interfered with some lines of my own in the poem called Windsor Forest, though written before I saw his. I transcribe both, and desire your sincere judgment whether I ought not to strike out mine, either as they seem too like his, or as they are inferior.

Fearless the merchant now pursues his gain,
And roams securely o'er the boundless main;
Now o'er his head the Polar Bear he spies,
And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies;
Now swells his canvas to the sultry line,
With glitt'ring spoils where Indian grottoes shine,
Where fumes of incense glad the southern seas,
And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze.

The following are mine.

Now shall our fleets the bloody cross display
To the rich regions of the rising day,
Or those green isles, where headlong Titan steeps
His hissing chariot in th' Atlantic deeps;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole,
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by balmy gales.

Pray use me as a friend in impartially giving your opinion in this matter, as you did in the verses of Adrian, which I took very kindly. I only sent it as my private notion to Mr. Steele,[1] which yet I doubted of, as you see by the last lines of the letter itself, not in the least doubting that he would publish

[1] The concluding words of Pope's letter to Steele were, "If you think me right, be pleased to insert this in the Spectator," and therefore when he says "that he only sent it as his private notion," he must mean that he did not expect to be made publicly responsible by name.

me as the author of it by name. The supposition you draw from the suspicion that Adrian was addicted to magic, seems to me a little uncharitable,—that he might fear no sort of Deity, good or bad,—since in the third verse he plainly testifies his apprehension of a future state, by being solicitous whither his soul was going. As to what you mention of his using gay and ludicrous expressions, I have owned my opinion that the expressions are not so, but that diminutives are as often in Latin taken for expressions of tenderness and concern. *Anima* is no more than *my soul; animula* has the force of *my dear soul.* To say *virgo bella* is not half so endearing as *virgunculu bellula;* and had Augustus only called Horace *lepidum hominem,* it had amounted to no more than he thought him *a pleasant fellow.* It was the *homunciolum* that expressed the love and tenderness that great emperor had for him, and perhaps I should myself be much better pleased if I were told Mr. Caryll called me his *little friend,* than if he complimented me with the title of a great genius, or the like. I am, my dear sir, your most obedient servant and affectionate friend.

I beg you will believe your thoughts are ever most entertaining to me, and will be doubly useful in case I should be engaged in writing: therefore I desire to have them at all times. I had sent with this a letter to Mr. John Caryll, but that the headache is very severe upon me. I should not complain thus, quite across a country too, according to Mrs. Blewet's[1] maxim, that no one ever valued another for being sick; nor if I had profited as I should by Mrs. Catherine Caryll's example,[2] who can suffer in such a manner, that those who are nearest her cannot perceive it. Such an example is of greater force than all Tully's discourse *de dolore tolerando* a thousand times over: but I find from too many instances that I am incapable of amending either by example or precept.

[1] Mrs. Blewet was a first cousin of Mr. Caryll, and sister to Mrs. Cope. She was in pecuniary distress in 1694, owing to an imprudent match; and Mr. Secretary Caryll in directing his sister, the Abbess of Dunkirk, to have £20 paid her, says, "I very much pity the weakness, in every kind, of our niece Blewet. I think she is the first of the name in the memory of man that has been so married, and I hope she will be the last."

[2] The daughter of Mr. Caryll.

14.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.

Dec. 5, 1712.

DEAR SIR,—You have at length complied with the request I have often made to you, for you have shown me I must confess several of my faults in the light of those letters.[2] Upon a review of them I find many things that would give me shame, if I were not more desirous to be thought honest than prudent. So many things freely thrown out, such lengths of unreserved friendship, thoughts just warm from the brain without any polishing or dress, the very *déshabille* of the understanding. You have proved yourself more tender of another's embryos than the fondest mothers are of their own, for you have preserved everything that I miscarried of. Since I know this, I shall be in one respect more afraid of writing to you than ever at this careless rate, because I see my evil works may again rise in judgment upon me. Yet in another respect I shall be less afraid, since this has given me such a proof of the extreme indulgence you afford to my thoughts. This, dear sir, let me assure you, that the revisal of those letters has been a kind of examination of conscience to me, so fairly and faithfully I have set down in them from time to time the true and undisguised state of my mind. But I find that these which were intended as sketches of my friendship, give as faint imperfect images of it as the little landscapes we commonly see in black and white do of a beautiful country: they can represent but a very small part of it, and that deprived of the light and lustre of nature. I perceive that the more I endeavoured to render manifest the real affection and value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by representing less and less of it, as glasses which are designed to make an object very clear generally contract it into a smaller compass. Yet, as when people have a just idea of a thing first upon their own knowledge, the least sketches or traces of it serve to refresh the remembrance, and are not displeasing on that score, so I hope it is the knowledge you have of the esteem

[1] The first half of this letter was printed by Pope in the edition of 1735.

[2] His own letters, which Caryll had returned at his request.

I have for you, that is the reason you do not dislike my letters. They will not be of any great service to the design I mentioned to you. I believe I had better steal from a richer man and plunder your letters, which I have kept as carefully as I would letters patent, since they entitle me to what I more value than titles of honour. You have some cause to apprehend this usage from me, if what some say be true, that I am a great borrower. However, I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challenged me for it, and those who say it are such whose writings no man ever borrowed from, so have the least reason to complain. Their works are granted on all hands to be but too much their own. Another has been pleased to declare that my verses are corrected by other men. I verily believe their's were never corrected by any man. But indeed if mine were not, it was not my fault. I have endeavoured my utmost that they should. These things are only whispered. Therefore I will not encroach upon my brother Bayes' province and pen whispers.[1]

But some other calumnies I might think of more importance, which have been dispersed in a neighbouring family I have been always a true friend to. I find they show a coldness, without inquiring first of myself concerning what they have heard of an old acquaintance from a new one. I shall fairly let them fall, and suffer them to be deceived for their credulity. When flattery and lying are joined and carried as far as they will go, I drop my arms of defence, which are of another kind, and of no force against such unlawful weapons. A plain man encounters them at a great disadvantage; as the poor naked Indians did our guns and fire-arms. *Virtute meâ me involvo*, as Horace expresses it; I wrap myself up in the conscience of my integrity, and sleep after it as quietly as I can.

Be pleased to send the enclosed to your son, whom I really love, because he is so much your son. I waive the ceremony of sealing it, for, as I am sure your hearts are open to each other, I doubt not but everything else may. I was

[1] "Now, sir," says Bayes in the Rehearsal, "because I'll do nothing here that was ever done before, instead of beginning with a scene that discovers something of the plot, I begin this play with a whisper."

very much put in mind of you both, by a passage in the Spectator I chanced to read yesterday. It is my third volume, No. 192, which I desire you to turn to. By the way, I could be glad to know whether you take in the Spectators or not. The poem of Windsor Forest has undergone many alterations, and received many additions since you saw it, but has not yet been out of my hands to any man, so was not what Mr. Steele mentioned.[1] I expect your opinion frankly of the question I asked in my last.[2]

I beg of you to write to me as often as, with ease to yourself, you can so far oblige me, and particularly that you will not fail to acquaint me some little time before you go to London this winter, that I may enjoy your conversation for some time there; or if you go not yourself, if Mr. J. Caryll does. Till I hear I will defer my journey thither. Dear sir, I entreat you will ever believe this of me, whatever else may not be allowed me, that I am a christian and a catholic, a plain friend without design or flattery, and your most obliged, faithful, and affectionate servant.

My most humble service to Mrs. Caryll, Lady Mary, and Mrs. Catherine. Mr. Dancastle returns you his, with, I dare say, an unfeigned respect.

15.[3] POPE TO CARYLL, JUN., AT FINDEN.

BINFIELD, *Dec.* 5, 1712.

DEAR SIR,—While you are pursuing the sprightly delights of the field, springing up with activity at the dawning day, rousing a whole country with shouts and horns, and inspiring animals and rationals with like fury and ardour; while your blood boils high in every vein, your heart bounds in your

[1] In the Spectator of the 10th of November:—"Mr. Pope has inclosed for my perusal an admirable poem, which I hope will shortly see the light."

[2] Whether or not he should omit the passage in "Windsor Forest."

[3] This letter was first published by Mr. Roscoe, from the original, which was then in the possession of the late Mr. Dawson Turner.

breast, and as vigorous a confluence of spirits rushes to it at the sight of a fox as could be stirred up by that of an army of invaders; while the zeal of the chase devours the whole man, and moves him no less than the love of our country or the defence of our altars could do; while, I say (and I think I say it like a modern orator, considering the length of my period, and the little sense that is to follow it), while you are thus employed, I am just in the reverse of all this spirit and life, confined to a narrow closet, lolling on an arm-chair, nodding away my days over a fire, like the picture of January in an old Salisbury Primer. I believe no mortal ever lived in such indolence and inactivity of body, though my mind be perpetually rambling—it no more knows whither than poor Adrian's did when he lay a-dying. Like a witch, whose carcass lies motionless on the floor, while she keeps her airy sabbaths, and enjoys a thousand imaginary entertainments abroad, in this world and in others, I seem to sleep in the midst of the hurry, even as you would swear a top stands still, when it is in the whirl of its giddy motion. It is no figure, but a serious truth I tell thee, when I say that my days and nights are so much alike, so equally insensible of any moving power but fancy, that I have sometimes spoke of things in our family as truths and real accidents, which I only dreamt of; and again, when some things that actually happened came into my head, have thought, till I inquired, that I had only dreamed of them. This will show you how little I feel in this state either of pleasure or pain. I am fixed in a stupid settled medium between both.

But possibly some of my good friends, whom we have lately spoke of in our last letters, may give me a more lively sense of things in a short time, and awaken my intellects to a perfect feeling of myself and them. I therefore have some reason to hope no man that calls himself my friend, except it be such an obstinate refractory person as yourself, will do me the injury to hinder these well-meaning gentlemen from beating up my understanding. Whipped wits, like whipped creams, afford a most sweet and delectable syllabub to the taste of the town, and often please them better with the dessert than all the meal they had before. So, if Sir Plume should take the pains to

dress me,[1] I might possibly make the last course better than the first. When a stale cold fool is well heated, and hashed by a satirical cook, he may be tossed up into a kickshaw not disagreeable. What you mention of the satisfaction I may take in seeing an enemy punish himself, and become ridiculous in attacking me, I must honestly tell you is, and can be, none to me. I can hate no man so much as to feel a pleasure in what can possibly do my person no good,—his exposing himself. I am no way the wiser for another's being a fool, and receive no addition of credit from another's loss of it. As to the other case, which you own would give a man the spleen—the being misconstrued by the very people we endeavour to serve—I have ever made it my first maxim, never to seek for anything from a good action but the action itself, and the conscious pleasure of a sincere intention. As some proof that this is my real thought, I was not ignorant of such misconstruction even during the time I pressed the most to serve that lady.[2] It may perhaps be often a blessing of God that a man wants the fortune and power he wishes for, which, if he had, he would employ possibly in some sort of services to others which might be fatal to himself.

I beg you to believe I am very sensible of your good-will towards me, which you express so much in taking notice of everything which I seem concerned about. I could be very glad to be with you and Mr. Stafford[3] at Finden, though I verily believe you would run away from me as fast as your horses could carry you. Besides, two accidental reasons make me very desirous of knowing Mr. Stafford; one, that he is much your friend, and the other, that I have particular obligations to his father. I have a general one, which is likewise a very strong inducement, that universal good character which I find he has even among people that scarce commend any man. I make him no compliment when I say that I have heard the vain commend him for his modesty, and the drunkard for his temperance; and a man in these days must have

[1] This passage confirms the received opinion that Sir George Brown threatened personal violence to the author. —ROSCOE.

[2] Mrs. Weston.

[3] Afterwards the second Earl Stafford, on the death of his uncle in 1719.

excellent qualities indeed, who gains the esteem of the world without complying with its vices and follies. I am, with all truth, most heartily, dear sir, your affectionate and obliged servant.

My humble service to Mr. Richard Caryll,[1] who I hear is with you at Finden.

16. POPE TO CARYLL.

Dec. 21, 1712.

Dear Sir,—I think a compliment is the worst-natured thing a man can with honesty be guilty of to a friend whom there is but two civil ways of abusing, raillery and compliment; and of these compliment is the civilest and unfairest. Yet, though I think I never was in a worse humour than at the writing my last, I do not recollect that I used this play towards you, as you accuse me when you call compliments my Popish tricks. It had been more just and less severe upon your friend had you called them catholic tricks, since they must be granted to be in a manner universal. But if I said anything so openly true in your praise as to seem in your eyes what most things said to your praise I know will do, I beg your pardon, and promise you faithfully for the future to do you as much injustice in my words as you do yourself in your thoughts. What Cæsar says of his wife, that it was not sufficient she should be really chaste, but must not be so much as suspected, one may apply to friendship. It should not only be free from what is really compliment, but from the very shadow of it. I will not therefore tell you how great a misfortune I account it that I cannot wait upon you at Ladyholt, nor how much I am obliged by that invitation. My ill state of health ever since the cold weather began renders vain any such pleasing thoughts as of the enjoyment of your fireside. I cannot express how thoroughly I am penetrated by the sharpness of it. I feel nothing alive but my heart and head; and my spirits like those in a thermometer mount and fall through my thin delicate contexture

[1] Young Caryll's uncle.

just as the temper of air is more benign or inclement. In this sad condition I am forced to take volatile drops every day; a custom I have so long continued that my doctor tells me I must not long expect support from them, and adds that unless I use some certain prescriptions, my tenement will not last long above ground. But I shall not prop it, as decayed as it is, with his rotten fulciments. If it falls, as the honest Hibernian said of the house, I care not; I am only a lodger.

The severity of the cold has turned my studies to those books which treat of the descriptions of the Arctic regions, Lapland, Nova Zembla, and Spitzberg. Deserts of snow, seas of ice, and frozen skies might administer some odd kind of shivering satisfaction, or as the vulgar have it, cold comfort, in the comparison with my own case. This, I say, some people would imagine who are of opinion that the knowledge of others' sufferings alleviates our own; but I never could conceive this sorry and inhumane consolation, nor am one degree the less chill for all I read on these subjects.

To fill this paper and to avoid all imputation of compliment I shall here put together several beautiful winter pieces of the poets, which have occurred to my memory on this occasion. It may not perhaps be disagreeable to you to compare what lively images nature has presented in different views to some of the greatest geniuses for description which the world ever bred. I shall confine myself to one circumstance only, that of snow, which is thus described by Homer, Iliad xii., as I find it translated to my hand; for Greek characters might possibly be taken for cyphers, should this letter be intercepted by any zealously affected to the Government.

HOM.: ILIAD XII.[1]

Thus on a wintry day, the flaky snow
Incessant falls, when Jove the treasure opens
Of snowy tempests, and of hoary frosts:
He scatters o'er the world a fleecy deluge;
A depth of snow conceals the mountain tops,
The verdant meadows and the manur'd fields,

[1] By Broome, in his portion of the prose translation of the Iliad, which he undertook in conjunction with Ozell and Oldisworth, and which was published in 1712.

The banks of rivers, and the Ocean's shores,
While the wide main receives into its bosom
A snowy inundation from the skies.

ILIAD XIX.

As when the freezing blasts of Boreas blow,
And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow,
From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies.

VIRGIL : GEO. III., V. 352.

Neque ullæ
Aut herbæ campo apparent, aut arbore frondes :
Sed jacet aggeribus niveis informis, et alto
Terra gelu latè, septemque assurgit in ulnas.
Semper hyems, semper spirantes frigora cauri.
Tum sol pallentes haud unquam discutit umbras :
Nec cum invectus equis altum petit æthera, nec cum
Præcipitem Oceani rubro lavit æquore currum.
Interea toto non secius aëre ningit :
Intereunt pecudes ; stant circumfusa pruinis
Corpora magna boûm.

HOR. : LIB. I., ODE IX.

Vides ut *altâ* stet nive *candidum*
Soracte, nec jam sustineant *onus*
Sylvæ *laborantes ?*

We have a fine description wrought up from thence with amplification by Mr. Congreve, as follows :—

Big with the offspring of the north,
The frozen clouds bring forth ;
A shower of soft and fleecy rain
Falls, to new clothe the earth again.
And see how by degrees
The universal mantle hides the trees,
In hoary flakes that downward fly,
As if it were the autumn of the sky,
Whose fall of leaf would theirs supply.
Trembling the trees sustain the weight, and bow
Like aged limbs, that feebly go
Beneath a venerable head of snow.

MILTON : PAR. LOST.

So the clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face ; the low'ring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow or show'r.

Mr. Philips has two lines, which seem to me what the French call very *picturesque*, that I cannot omit to you.

> All hid in snow, in bright confusion lie,
> And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.[1]

These are the scenes the season presents to me, and what can be more ridiculous than that in the midst of this bleak prospect that sets my very imagination a-shivering, I am endeavouring to raise up round about me a painted scene of woods and forests in verdure and beauty, trees springing, fields flowering, nature laughing.[2] I am wandering through bowers and grottoes in conceit, and while my trembling body is cowering over a fire, my mind is expatiating in an open sunshine.

> Videor pios
> Errare per lucos, amœnæ
> Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.

As to the question you ask me, that the Temple of Fame was the poem mentioned in the Spectator, I thought I told you in my last, Windsor Forest will come out first; but I do not yet know when.

I had not mentioned to you or any other what I apprehended of the misconstruction of some of my neighbours, but that I could not tell but that something of that nature might be whispered to you, as it has been to them. More men's reputations I believe are whispered away, than any otherways destroyed. But I depend upon the justice and honesty of your nature, that you would give me a hearing before you pass the verdict. What I am certain of is that several false tales have been suggested, and I fear many believed by them, since they never opened themselves to me upon the subject. But I shall make a further trial, till when it would not be just to give a further account. I have sent the letters to Lewis sealed up. Believe, dear sir, I am so sincerely a friend to your whole family, that it is equally past my power of concealing it or expressing it.

[1] The couplet is from the beautiful poetical epistle which Philips addressed to Lord Dorset from Copenhagen. It was printed in the Tatler, No. 12, May 7, 1709.

[2] In his poem on Windsor Forest, which he was revising for the press.

I hope this ill weather will put off your journey to London till after Christmas. When I know you are going, I will be so good-conditioned to myself as to meet you there, being ever yours.

17. POPE TO CARYLL.

Binfield, *Jan.* 8, 1712-13.

Dear Sir,—I am extremely concerned I had no hint of your journey to London a little beforehand, for I should have put hard to have met you, though I have been indeed much indisposed of late,—rather weak and faint than sick. In this condition nothing raises me so much to life as the presence of a friend; and if you yet stay in town after Monday, and give me by the post next Saturday but the hopes of having one glimpse of you, from your hurry of business, I will come infallibly. Or if you have any prospect of visiting the town again in a month or thereabouts, I will defer it till then, and wait upon you in the meantime at Whiteknights. I have many things to say to you, many hearty wishes to give you, and yet a great many more which I can never be able to say. This is no compliment, upon the faith of an honest man who has been much traduced of late, and may, it is possible, be yet more so. What I complained of to you I find was only a little lechery of tongue in a lady, which must be allowed her sex, nor would be any concern to me if every married man were but as wise as Mr. Caryll. It is a common practice now for ladies to contract friendships as the great folks in ancient times entered into leagues. They sacrificed a poor animal betwixt them, and commenced inviolable allies, *ipso facto*. So now they pull some harmless little creature into pieces, and worry his character together very comfortably. Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Englefield[1] have served me just thus, the former of whom has done me all the ill offices that lay in her way, particularly with

[1] Mrs. Englefield, the wife of Henry Englefield of Whiteknights, brother to Mrs. Blount of Mapledurham, was the daughter of Benjamin Poole, a barrister or solicitor of good fortune. Mr. Englefield died suddenly in February, 1720, and his widow, in 1732, married Mr. Webb, a schoolfellow of Pope.

Mrs. W[eston] and at Whiteknights. I have undeniable reasons to know this, which you may hereafter hear; nor should I trouble you with things so wholly my concern but under the sacred seal of friendship, and to give some warning lest you might too readily credit anything reported from the bare word of a person of whose veracity and probity I wish I could speak as well as I can of her poetry and sense.[1] For the rest, I know many good-conditioned people are subject to be deceived by tale-bearers, and I cannot be angry at them though they injure me. The same gentleness and open temper which make them civil to me, make them credulous to any other. And it would be to no purpose to expostulate with such; it is a fault of their very nature, which they would relapse into the next week. Every man has a right to give up as much as he pleases of his own character, and I will sacrifice as much of mine as they have injured, to my ease, rather than take inglorious pains of a chattering *éclaircissement* with women, or men, of weak credulity. Ovid, indeed, tells us of a contention there was once betwixt the Muses and certain magpies, but I do not much care to moralise the fable in my own example. You will find by this hint that I have some share in a scribbler's vanity, or at least some respect for myself, which if it be ever pardonable to show, it is certainly when others regard us less than we deserve from them. However, I am perfectly contented, as long as you, and a few such as you, entertain no ill opinion of me; who I am confident are above such weak credulity of every tale or whisper against a man who can have no other interest in your friendship than the friendship itself.

[1] It, as Mr. Carruthers conjectures, the anonymous complimentary verses to Pope in Tonson's Miscellany of 1709, were written by Mrs. Nelson, the much-lauded bard had a personal motive for thinking well of her poetical ability; and as he quarrelled with her, he had equally a personal motive for depreciating her moral worth. Her propensity to make mischief is, however, confirmed by a letter, addressed in 1717, to Lady Mary Caryll, by Mr. Gordon of the Scotch College at Paris, in which he tells her that Mrs. Nelson has been the cause of such divisions between the Abbess of a monastery in the Faubourg St. Antoine and her nuns, that the breach is never likely to be healed. "Some," he adds, "speak in favour of Mrs. Nelson and the Abbess, others in favour of the nuns, but more are for the last, who are like to gain their point by obliging Mrs. Nelson to leave their house."

And believe me, dear sir, no one living more truly values yours, or shall, in all things he is able, more gratefully return it than your ever obliged friend and most humble servant.

After what I have told you, I need not enjoin your silence as to this affair, for I design no more than to be a civil acquaintance at Whiteknights.

18. POPE TO CARYLL.

London, *Feb.* 1712–13.

Dear Sir,—I have just stolen myself from a tumult of acquaintance at Will's, into my chamber, to employ the pleasing melancholy of an hour's reflection alone. There is an agreeable gloominess which, instead of troubling, does but refresh and ease the mind, and has an effect upon it not unlike the relief a sudden cloud sometimes gives the eye, when it has been aching and too much distended with the glaring of a summer's day. In one of these moments I have passed over the pleasures I have tasted in your company. I remember Horace, in one of his Odes, to express the friendship Septimius bore him, addresses him as one who would travel the world over in his company, and makes this the chief part of the character by which he recommends him to posterity. Tibullus, who, if we may give credit to his own account of himself, loved Messala as well as I do Mr. Caryll, fell sick in his journey with his friend, and desired to be remembered only by this circumstance, when the prospect of death was before him.

Hic jacet immiti consumptus morte Tibullus,
Messalam terrâ dum sequiturque mari.

An epitaph which would very well have agreed with me, had it been my fate to have perished in the flames in your company betwixt Old and New Windsor.

I have had lately the entertainment of reading Mr. Addison's tragedy of Cato. The scene is in Utica, and the time the last night of his life. It drew tears from me in several parts of the fourth and fifth acts, where the beauty of virtue

appears so charming that I believe if it comes upon the theatre we shall enjoy that which Plato thought the greatest pleasure an exalted soul could be capable of, a view of virtue itself drest in person, colour, and action. The emotion which the mind will feel from this character, and the sentiments of humanity which the distress of such a person as Cato will stir up in us, must necessarily fill an audience with so glorious a disposition, and sovereign a love of virtue, that I question if any play has ever conduced so immediately to morals as this.[1]

I have just sent the poem of Windsor Forest to the press, which I will take care to order some copies of to Ladyholt.[2] I was at the same time both glad and ashamed to find, when we were at Old Windsor, that you had more lines than one of that poem by heart. But I must own your partiality to me makes me love myself the better.

I will endeavour, if I can bring it about with any conveniency, to pay a visit to the lady at Hammersmith, who, I know, would receive me much better and think me more her friend and servant, if I come to her in a coach of my own. But I have a real value for her, and shall therefore venture, though in a stage coach. As for Sappho[3] I must confess I never shall be able to esteem her, though I may give all that is due to her poetry, and therefore question whether I shall ever dissemble so far as to visit her, but am sure I shall never be so unjust to myself as to dispute with her, though she invite me to a learned debate in terms never so pathetic.

Pardon my desultory manner of scribbling, for it is with difficulty I snatch half an hour to write in. I have ten different employments at once that distract me every hour. Five or six authors have seized upon me, whose pieces, of quite different natures, I am obliged to consider, or falsify the trust they repose

[1] "When Mr. Addison," said Pope, as reported by Spence, "had finished his Cato, he brought it to me, desired my sincere opinion on it, and left it with me for three or four days. I gave him my opinion sincerely, which was 'that I thought he had better not act it, and that he would get reputation enough by only printing it.' This I said, as thinking the lines well written, but the piece not theatrical enough." It seems impossible to reconcile the conversation recorded by Spence, with the judgment pronounced in the letter to Caryll.

[2] Windsor Forest was published in March, 1713.

[3] Mrs. Nelson.

in me; and my own poem to correct too, besides an affair with Mr. Steele, that takes up much consultation daily,[1] and add to all this a law business which my father uses me in. Guess if I have time upon my hands; and if the labours of the head outweigh those of the body, you will own no one can well be more busy than I. Yet I must not forget to pay my most humble thanks for Lady Mary's obliging thought on my account as a lover of painting, the pursuit of which is another of my employs. I beg her ladyship to accept my humble service, as well as your whole good family, which I shall ever pray for after the best manner I am able to pray for anything; and I beg you, dear sir, to believe none love you more unaffectedly and entirely than your most faithful, obedient, humble servant.

I shall continue here till Easter. A line from you as often as you can will please me above all things.

19.[2] POPE TO CARYLL.

LONDON, *April* 30, 1713.

DEAR SIR,—I think it very happy for me that the circumstances of our friendship are so much changed since I first knew you, as it now requires an excuse when I do not write to you, no less than it once required one when I did. I can assure you, dear sir, nothing less than the pardon you freely promised me when last I saw you, in case of such omission on my part, could have made me satisfied so long without accosting you by way of letter. I have been almost every day employed in following your advice in learning to paint, in which I am most particularly obliged to Mr. Jervas, who gives me daily instructions and examples. As to poetical affairs, I am content at present to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer, which is, as the world goes, not very usual. Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome itself in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the foolish

[1] The consultations with Steele may have been about the Guardian, to which Pope was now contributing.

[2] A portion of this letter in the edition of 1735 makes the letter to Trumbull of the same date.

industry possible has been used to make it a party-play, yet what the author once said of another may be the most properly in the world applied to him on this occasion:—

> Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
> And factions strive who shall applaud him most.[1]

The numerous and violent claps of the whig party on the one side the theatre were echoed back by the tories on the other, while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find their applause proceeded more from the hand than the head. This was the case too of the prologue writer, who was clapped into a stanch whig, sore against his will, at almost every two lines. I believe you have heard that, after all the applause of the opposite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who played Cato, into the box, between one of the acts, and presented him with fifty guineas, in acknowledgment, as he expressed it, for his defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator. The whigs are unwilling to be distanced this way, as it is said, and therefore design a present to the said Cato very speedily. In the meantime they are getting ready as good a sentence as the former on their side. So, betwixt them, it is probable that Cato, as Dr. Garth expressed it, may have something to live upon after he dies.

The play was published but this Monday,[2] and Mr. Lewis tells me it is not possible to convey it to you before Friday next. The town is so fond of it, that the orange wenches and fruit-women in the park offer the books at the side of the coaches, and the prologue and epilogue are cried about the streets by the common hawkers. But of all the world none have been in so peculiar a manner enamoured with Cato as a young gentleman of Oxford, who makes it the sole guide of all his actions, and subject of all his discourse. He dates everything from the first or third night, &c., of Cato: he goes out of town every day it is not played, and fell in love with Mrs. Oldfield for no other reason than because she acted Cato's daughter.

[1] Addison's Campaign.

[2] Meaning the Monday just past, which fell on the 27th of April.

But I find myself just at the end of my paper, and have only room to assure you that I should write with more ceremony and care, if I loved and esteemed you less, and to entreat the continuance of your obliging letters and wonted favours to, dear sir, your ever obliged, affectionate, humble servant.

I shall go to Binfield next week, from whence I intend to accost Mr. John Caryll by way of epistle. In the meantime be pleased to assure him and the whole family how truly I am their servant.

20.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.

London, *June* 12, 1713.

Dear Sir,—I have been prevented in the design of writing to you by several who have told me you would certainly be here in a few days. But I find this happiness, like most others, still farther off the nearer we fancy we approach them. I therefore resolved no longer to delay the pleasure I always take in assuring you how faithfully I am yours.

As I hope, and would flatter myself, that you know me and my thoughts so entirely as never to be mistaken in either, so it is a pleasure to me that you guessed so right in regard to the author of that Guardian you mentioned, but am sorry to find it has taken air that I have some hand in those papers, because I write so very few as neither to deserve the credit of such a report with some people, nor the disrepute of it with others. An honest Jacobite, that we met on the 10th of June, spoke to me the sense, or nonsense, of the weak part of his party very fairly and innocently—that the good people took it very ill of me that I write with Steele, though upon never so indifferent subjects. This I know you will laugh at, as well as myself, yet I doubt not but many little calumniators and persons of soured dispositions will take occasion hence to bespatter me. I confess I scorn narrow souls of all parties; and if I renounce my reason in religious matters, I will never do it in any other affair. But enough of this trifle.

[1] A couple of paragraphs from this letter are woven, in the edition of 1735, into the undated letter to Addison.

One word, however, of a private trifle. Honest Mr. Englefield has not shown the least common civility to my father and mother by sending, or inquiring of them from our nearest neighbours, his visitants, or any otherwise, these five months. I take the hint as I ought in respect to those who gave me being, and he shall be as much a stranger to me as he desires. I ought to prepare myself by such small trials for those numerous friendships of this sort which in all probability I shall meet with in the course of my life.

I shall stay in town yet this fortnight, or thereabouts, in which time if you come, you will find me in the close pursuit of the advice you gave me three months since, painting at Mr. Jervas's in Cleveland Court, by St. James's. I generally employ the mornings this way, and the evenings in the conversation of such as I think can most improve my mind, of whatever party or denomination they are. But as I ever must set the highest value upon men of truly great, that is honest principles, of equal capacities, so it is no compliment to assure you I shall persist in my old way of preferring your company to all other, whensoever you will give me the opportunity of enjoying it. The best way I know of overcoming calumny and misconstruction is by a rigorous perseverance in everything we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can ensue from it. It is partly from this maxim that I depend at all times upon your friendship, because I believe it will do justice to my intentions in everything; and give me leave to tell you, that, as the world goes, this is no small assurance I repose in you. I have long since been exalted in my real esteem of you, above all compliment or ostentatious professions, and I beg you to believe me with the same openness that I style myself, dear sir, your most faithful and ever affectionate humble servant.

My most hearty service to Mr. John Caryll in particular.

ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM.[1]

Poor, little, pretty fluttering thing!
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy doubtful wing,
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?

[1] The first version is by Prior.

Thy hum'rous vein, thy pleasing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot,
And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what!

THE SAME BY ANOTHER HAND.

Ah, fleeting spirit! wandering fire,
That long hast warm'd my tender breast,
Must thou no more this frame inspire?
No more a pleasing, cheerful guest?

Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
To what dark, undiscovered shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying,
And wit and humour are no more.

CHRISTIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM.[1]

1.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Dost thou quit this mortal frame?
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying;
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
Let me languish into life.

2.

My swimming eyes are sick of light,
The less'ning world forsakes my sight,
A damp creeps cold o'er ev'ry part,
Nor moves my pulse, nor heaves my heart.
The hov'ring soul is on the wing;
Where, mighty Death! oh, where's thy sting.

[1] In the edition of Pope's correspondence published by Cooper in 1737, there is a letter with the date of 1712, containing a copy of this ode, which the poet professes to have sent to Steele "just warm from the brain, as it came to me the first moment I waked this morning." But what he alleges he sent to Steele "just warm from the brain" in December, 1712, is plainly a later and much improved version of the draft which he only sent to Caryll, in January, 1713. Nay, the inferior Caryll copy first appeared anonymously in 1730, in the Miscellany of Pope's friend Lewis, while the far finer Steele copy, though ostensibly composed at his request that it might be set to music, did not see the light till 1736, when it was published in Lintot's edition of Pope's works. These circumstances were pointed out in the Athenæum of May 8, 1858; and when coupled with the fact that Pope was addicted to manufacturing a fictitious correspondence, it may reasonably be inferred that the pretended Steele copy was not in existence in 1730, and that what the poet put forth as struck off at a heat one morning in December, 1712, was the result of an elaborate revision some twenty years or more later.

3.

I hear around soft music play,
And angels beckon me away!
Calm as forgiven hermits rest,
I'll sleep, or infants at the breast,
Till the trumpet rends the ground,
Then wake with pleasure at the sound.

I desire your opinion of these verses, and which are best written. They are of three different hands.

21.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.

June 23, 1713.

DEAR SIR,—Though I was always assured that men of true sense can never be punctilious, yet I cannot deny but I found a pleasure in hearing you had twice written to me, though the letter you mention sent by Mr. Englefield's servant never came to Binfield nor to my hands. Your last is the more obliging, as it hints at some little niceties in my conduct which your candour and affection prompt you to recommend to me, and which, so trivial as things of this nature seem, are yet of no slight consequence to people whom everybody talks of, and everybody as he pleases. It is a sort of tax that attends an estate in Parnassus, which is often rated much higher than agrees with the proportion of the small possession an author holds. For, indeed, an author who is once come upon the town, like a whore that is come upon the town, is enjoyed without being thanked for the pleasure, and sometimes ill-treated even by those very persons who first debauched him. Yet, to tell you the bottom of my heart, I am no ways displeased that I have offended the violent of all parties already; and at the same time I assure you conscientiously, I feel not the least malevolence or embittered resentment against any of those who misrepresented me, or are dissatisfied with me. This frame of mind is so easy, that I am perfectly content with my condition. You must not think it any defect in friendship that I talk so

[1] A portion of this letter forms the introduction to the undated letter to Addison in the edition of 1735.

much of myself to you, when, according to the way of the world, I ought to be tendering respects to you; for what makes me do this, is the persuasion I have that you interest yourself not a little in my concerns, which is, in one word, the strongest assurance that can be given of my sense of your affection. Let us pretend what we will, no mortal loves any man so well as that man who he thinks loves him most. As, therefore, I have not the vanity to believe any one here is so truly my friend as yourself, so, without flam or compliment, no company here can detain me agreeably from the enjoyment of yours in the country. This is so natural a reason that I hope you will credit it. To confirm you yet farther how nearly my friendship and interest are allied, I have a kindness to beg of you—that you would please to engage either your son, or some other correspondent you can depend upon at Paris, to take the trouble of looking himself into the books of the Hôtel de Ville, to be satisfied if our names be there inserted for 3030 livres at ten per cent. life rent, on Sir Richard Cantillion's life, to begin Midsummer, 1705; and again, in my father's name for my life, for 5220 livres at ten per cent. also, to begin July, 1707. I should not trouble you with this inquiry, but for my father's ease, who by any solicitations we yet could urge cannot obtain an attested copy of the contract from Cantillion, or Mr. Arthur, who lays the neglect on his correspondent.

I wholly agree with you in your opinion of the Guardian in general, only I must do Mr. Steele the justice to assure you those he writes himself are equal to any he has wrote. The grand difference is caused by the want of Mr. Addison's assistance, who writes as seldom as I do,—one a month or so. By the way, that on Tom Durfey was his, as the receipt for an epic poem was your servant's. Your judgment on the three copies of verse I sent you is what you need not doubt I think good, because the last of them was my own.

Dear sir, excuse my neglect of method and style. These are what a friend and honest man may neglect; and I assure you faithfully that the true reason I neglect my expression when I write to you is because I am, beyond all expression, entirely your affectionate obliged friend and faithful servant.

22.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.

Aug. 14, 1713.

DEAR SIR,—I have been lying in wait for my own imagination this week and more, and watching what thoughts of mine came up in the whirl of fancy that were worth communicating to you in a letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling head can produce nothing of that sort; so I must e'en be contented with telling you the old story, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience that nature and truth, though never so low or vulgar, are yet pleasing when openly and without artifice represented; insomuch, that it would be diverting to me to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconsistencies and tautologies, just as it thought them. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conscious I write with more unreservedness than ever man wrote, or perhaps talked, to another. I trust your good-nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you so well, that I would rather you should pardon me than esteem me, since one is an act of goodness or benevolence, the other a kind of constrained deference.

You cannot wonder my thoughts are scarce consistent, when I tell you how they are distracted. Every hour of my life my mind is strangely divided. This minute, perhaps, I am above the stars, with a thousand systems round about me, looking forward into the vast abyss of eternity, and losing my whole comprehension in the boundless spaces of the extended creation, in dialogues with Whiston[2] and the astronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles, even grovelling with T[idcombe] in the very centre of nonsense. Now am I recreating my mind with the brisk sallies and quick turns of wit which Mr. Steele in his liveliest and freest humours darts about him; and

[1] This letter, with slight variations, is, in the edition of 1735, addressed to Addison, and is dated December 14th, 1713.

[2] Whiston frequented Will's coffee-house. He was a friend and disciple of Sir Isaac Newton, and was well versed in his master's discoveries.

now levelling my application to the insignificant observations and quirks of grammar of Mr. C[romwell] and D[ennis].

Good God! what an incongruous animal is man! How unsettled in his best part, his soul; and how changing and variable in his frame of body!—the constancy of the one shook by every notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blast of wind. What an April weather in the mind! In a word, what is man altogether but one mighty inconsistency? Sickness and pain are the lot of one half of us; doubt and fear the portion of the other! What a bustle we make about passing our time, when all our space is but a point! What aims and ambitions are crowded into this little instant of our life, which, as Shakspeare finely words it, is *rounded with a sleep*,—our whole extent of being no more, in the eyes of Him who gave it than a scarce perceptible atom of duration. Those animals whose circle of living and date of perception is limited to three or four hours, as the naturalists assure us, are yet as long lived and possess as wide a scene of action as man, if we consider him with an eye to eternity. Who knows what plots, what achievements a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of dust, within his life of some minutes? And of how much less consideration than even this is the life of man in the sight of that God who is from ever, and for ever!

Who that thinks in this train but must see the world and its contemptible grandeur lessen before him at every thought? It is enough to make one remain stupified in a poise of inaction, void of all desires, of all designs, of all friendships. But we must return, through our very condition of being, to our narrow selves, and those things that affect ourselves. Our passions, our interests, flow in upon us, and unphilosophise us into mere mortals. For my part, I never return so much into myself as when I think of you, whose friendship is one of the best comforts I have for the insignificancy of myself. I am with the utmost sincerity, without the senseless ostentation of compliments, dear sir, your most faithful and obliged friend and servant.

I am again at Mr. Jervas's, where I hope for the pleasure of a line from you. My faithful service and sincere good wishes always attend your whole family.

23. POPE TO CARYLL.

LONDON, *Aug.* 31, 1713.

DEAR SIR,—They say virtue rewards itself, yet every one is well enough pleased to receive some temporal blessings from it. So, though the pleasure of writing to you always pays itself, yet I cannot but wish still to have the favour of a line from you. Some testimony now and then, that one is in the good graces of a friend, encourages no less our ardour for him, than those testimonies that we are [in favour] with Heaven enhance our zeal and devotion to it. I hope a letter of mine, not quite a fortnight since, reached your hands, though I am uncertain whether you were then at Grinstead or at Ladyholt. I must tell you fairly, sir, I am much more concerned and impatient to be informed of every motion you make, and every employment you are engaged in, than of the advances of any foreign armies or any domestic negotiations whatever. A letter of yours has infinitely more charms to me, than the newest mail to the most ardent semi-politician. Bickerstaff's upholsterer[1] was never in half that solicitude on a post-night to know how the world went, as I am how affairs pass in one single family of yours, where there is not a member or individual that does not challenge a particular regard for me. The welfare of them all is to me of much more importance, than to the Government that of all or any branch of the most illustrious House of Hanover.

I can give you little account of the state of the literati in this place. Mr. Steele, you know, has carried his election, though it is said a petition will be lodged against him, and he is of that opinion himself. Some people say, that passage in Scripture may be applied to him upon the resignation of his place,[2] *I have left all and have followed you;* but whether or

[1] A character drawn by Addison in No. 155 of the Tatler. The upholsterer is absorbed in foreign news to the neglect of his own business, and is ruined in consequence. "This paper," says the author, "I design for the peculiar benefit of those worthy citizens who live more in a coffee-house than in their shops, and whose thoughts are so taken up with the affairs of the allies that they forget their customers."

[2] Steele had resigned his office of Commissioner of Stamps, which an

no *his reward will therefore be great* is hard to determine. I made him my compliments in wishing he might become a pensioner.

Now, sir, as it is usual in newspapers, after the account of all material transactions, to descend to more trivial particulars,—as, for instance, after the miseries of the Catalonians,[1] to tell who and who are married,—so I beg leave here to give you some notices of myself, who am so entirely immersed in the designing art, the only sort of designing I shall ever be capable of, that I have not heard a rhyme of my own jingle this long time. My eyes have so far got the better of my ears, that I have at present no notion of any harmony, besides that of colours. But I have been hitherto as unsuccessful in uniting them as the grand ministers have in uniting the kingdoms of England and Scotland, though I can indeed, like them, make a shift just to stick carnations and dirt together. They tell us, when St. Luke painted, an angel came and finished the work; and it will be thought hereafter, that when I painted, the devil put the last hand to my pieces, they are so begrimed and smutted. It is, however, some mercy that I see my faults; for I have been so out of conceit with my former performances, that I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, two Duchesses of Montague, one Virgin Mary, the Queen of England, besides half a score Earls and a Knight of the Garter. I will make essays upon such vulgar subjects as these, before I grow so impudent as to attempt to draw Mr. Caryll; though I find my hand most successful in drawing of friends, and those I most esteem, insomuch that my masterpieces have been one of Dr. Swift, and one of Mr. Betterton. When I talk of friends

Act of 1694 rendered incompatible with a seat in Parliament, and from which he would anyhow have been dismissed upon his joining the opposition in the House of Commons. As the whigs were out of power when he left his chief means of subsistence to follow them, the step was thought very hazardous by his literary friends; but if any reliance is to be placed on a pamphlet written against him in 1713, entitled The Character of Sir Richard Steele, his party paid him a pension twice as large as the salary he had relinquished.

[1] After the peace of Utrecht the Catalonians, deserted by the allies, still refused to submit to the rule of Philip V., and they were treated with extreme cruelty by the army which was sent to subdue them.

I cannot but think of Mr. Tooker, who is with you, and whom I beg to be assured of my most hearty service. Be pleased to entreat Mr. John Caryll to accept it, and to believe me ever his and his father's most obliged and most affectionate friend and servant.

Scriptus et in tergo, necdum finitus Orestes.

24.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.

CLEVELAND COURT, *Sept.* 20, [1713].

DEAR SIR,—I am just returned from the country, whither Mr. Rowe did me the favour to accompany me and to pass a week at Binfield. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn could not but entertain me; but I must acquaint you there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to that gentleman, which renders it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness and chagrin which generally succeeds all great pleasures. I have been just taking a solitary walk by moonshine in St. James's Park, full of the reflections of the transitory nature of all human delights, and giving my thoughts a loose into the contemplation of those sensations of satisfaction which probably we may taste in the more exalted company of separate spirits, when we range the starry walks above, and gaze on this world at a vast distance, as now we do on those. The pleasures we are to enjoy in that conversation must undoubtedly be of a much nobler kind, and not unlikely may proceed from the discoveries each soul shall communicate to another of God and of nature; for the happiness of minds can surely be nothing but knowledge. The highest gratification we receive here below is mirth, which at the best is but a fluttering unquiet motion that beats about the breast for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty. So little is there in the thing we so much talk of, and so much magnify—keeping good company. Even the best is but a less shameful art of losing time.

[1] The greater part of this letter is among the letters to Edward Blount, in the edition of 1735, where it is dated, February 10, 1715-16.

What we call science here, and study, is little better. The greater number of arts to which we apply ourselves are mere groping in the dark; and even the search of our most important concerns in a future being is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain haste to be knowing sooner than we can, what without all this solicitude we should know a little after. We are but curious impertinents in the case of futurity. It is not our business to be guessing what the state of souls is, but to be doing what may make our own happy. We cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous. If this be my notion of a great part of the gravest of sciences, divinity, you may easily imagine how little stress I lay upon any of the lighter arts. I really make no other use of poetry now, than horses do of the bells that jingle about their ears (though now and then they toss their heads as if they were proud of them), only to travel on a little more merrily.

I have nothing new in hand, that I may answer your question, nor if I had, would the theatre be in my thoughts; for I am perfectly of your opinion as to writing that way, though I could be glad to hear what particular reasons you may have to strengthen me in that opinion. I heartily desire some opportunity of our conferring together, and am very sorry not to be able to embrace that which you so kindly offer me of waiting upon you and your good family at Ladyholt, all of whom I entreat to be assured of my most faithful humble service. I shall yet continue here till the winter, in hopes of seeing you when your business is so favourable to my desire as to bring you to town, and in the meantime of hearing from you—a pleasure which is ever the greatest in the world to, dear sir, your most faithful and most obliged friend and servant.

My master[1] returns you with all respects his most humble service.

[1] Jervas the painter.

25.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.

London, *Oct.* 17, 1713.

Dear Sir,—You tell me that when you lay ill in town, my company could mitigate your anguish, and if I would answer in the same style, I should say it is a peculiar felicity to you now in your illness, that you have but one persecution to endure since you are not troubled with me. It is the unfortunate consequence of a compliment, that a man, for hearing a great deal more than his due said of him by another, must afterwards say a great deal less than his due of himself. But, sir, to set this whole matter right, I must tell you honestly, that if it be a satisfaction to me to be with you when you are ill, it is a happiness when you are well; and I do believe, since you could bear me at that time, you can do it at any other. In all sincerity, I am as much concerned at any pain you suffer as the nearest friend you have; so that your late long silence, though I begun to complain of it in my heart, was of advantage to me, in letting me know so late of your indisposition; and I thank your friendship which suffered me to be easy while you were ill.

As to your queries, I cannot imagine whence it comes to pass that the few Guardians I have written are so generally known for mine. That in particular which you mention I never discovered to any man but the publisher, till very lately; yet almost everybody I met with told me of it. The true reason that Mr. Steele laid down the paper was a quarrel between him and Jacob Tonson. He stood engaged to his bookseller in articles of penalty for all the Guardians; and by desisting two days, and altering the title of the paper to that of the Englishman, was quit of his obligation, these papers being printed by Buckley. As to his taking a more politic turn[2] I cannot any way enter into that secret, nor have I been let into it, any

[1] A portion of this letter is introduced into the undated letter to Addison in the edition of 1735. The absurdity of Pope telling the intimate friend and fellow-labourer of Steele the true reason why the latter had discontinued the Guardian was of itself sufficient to betray the fact that the letter could not be genuine, and, coupled with other inconsistencies, induced the poet to omit the passage in the quarto of 1737.

[2] Politic for *political*.

more than into the rest of his politics, though it is said he will take into these papers, also, several subjects of the politer kind, as before. But I assure you, as to myself, I have quite done with them for the future. The little I have done, and the great respect I bear Mr. Steele as a man of wit, has rendered me a suspected whig to some of the over-zealous and violent. But, as old Dryden said before me, it is not the violent I design to please; and in very truth, sir, I believe they will all find me, at long run, a mere papist. As to the whim upon Dennis, Cromwell thought me the author of it, which I assured him I was not, and we are, I hope, very far from being enemies. We still visit, criticise, and drink coffee as before. I am satisfied of his merit in all respects and am truly his friend.[1]

I will inquire for the German of whom I had the seals (though I have forgot the house I was at), and send you the seals you desire. Let me know if you would have them set, or that care left to your own fancy.

I shall be rejoiced beyond expression when I see you here. It is no flam, but the most homefelt truth in the world, that I entirely love you for a thousand qualities, which in this age are very rarely, if anywhere else, to be found, or if anywhere else, not to be found at least by me. What poetical news I have to tell you shall be deferred till our meeting. I shall be still at Mr. Jervas's—who gives you his most humble service—except for a fortnight at Binfield, which some poetical affairs of mine require. I therefore beg to know a week, or two rather, before you come up, that I may manage accordingly. I had

[1] There can be little doubt that the whim upon Dennis was the "Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris, concerning the frenzy of Mr. J—n D—is," in which the grave elderly gentleman bears a strong resemblance to Cromwell. Although Pope here denies that he wrote the pamphlet, yet when, in 1735, he published an extract from the letter to Caryll, in which he offered his pen in his defence, and applied the passage to Addison, he added in a note that the defence to which he alluded was this very Narrative of Dr. Norris. The note was repeated in 1737, in his acknowledged edition of the Letters, and was thus an open confession that the Narrative was his own work. The question whether his private denial or his public avowal was false, seems to be decided by the consideration that he could never have ventured to lay claim in print to another man's production. To this must be added that Pope's contemporaries always spoke of it as his undoubted work, that his literary confidant, Warburton, did the same, and that no second person was ever named as the author.

some hopes given me of seeing Mr. John Caryll speedily in town. I beg you to assure him I am truly his, and to believe me entirely your most faithful, affectionate, obliged servant.

I have herewith sent you all the Guardians I had any hand in.

26. POPE TO CARYLL.

BINFIELD, *Dec.* 15, [1713].

DEAR SIR,—I had sooner accosted you by way of letter, but that Mrs. Blount told me at Mapledurham you had again returned the last week to town, which I had not left as I did, but upon the supposal I should not have seen you there again so soon; but hearing nothing farther, I believe it was a groundless report. I came into these parts by the way of Reading, to have the opportunity of seeing my old acquaintance at the place above mentioned, and at Whiteknights. I have since experienced the effect of your favour to me in making frequent use of the palfrey you equipped me with. I believe the most effectual means in the world to make a friend often mindful of one is to sort one's present to his occasions. To present a book, as I have done sometimes, to a man who never reads, or a gun to one who never shoots, is a great error in the discerning faculty. Your present was of that nature, that I cannot so much as stir, but I must think of you.

The last day you were in London, I heard you were so kind as to stay at Common Garden Coffee-house a considerable time expecting me. The truth was this: I was invited that day to dinner to my Lady Winchelsea,[1] and after dinner to hear a play read, at both which I sat in great disorder with sickness at my head and stomach. As soon as I got home, which was about the hour I should have met you, I was obliged to go directly to bed.

I have been employed, since my being here in the country,

[1] Anne, wife of Heneage, fifth Earl of Winchelsea, was the daughter of Sir William Kingsmill. She wrote a tragedy and other poems, and probably the play which Pope was condemned to hear read was of her own writing. She addressed him a complimentary copy of verses, which are prefixed to the quarto edition of his works published in 1717.

in finishing the additions to the Rape of the Lock, a part of which I remember I showed you. I have some thoughts of dedicating that poem to Mrs. Fermor by name, as a piece of justice in return to the wrong interpretations she has suffered under on the score of that piece.

I say nothing to you of the affair of my subscriptions for Homer,[1] since I am sure in my dependance on the utmost of your interest. I would only recommend the promoting it with what speed is convenient, since I know the danger there is of letting an affair of this nature cool too much. As to the task itself I am about to undertake, I confess I begin to tremble at it. It is really so great an one, that a disappointment in the subscription will not occasion me any great mortification, considering how much of life I am to sacrifice if it succeeds.

You will excuse the careless freedom with which I write. I know too well the charity of your disposition to doubt of all the indulgence in the world from it. It is certainly the truest maxim in nature, that no people are to be so little feared, or so easy to be satisfied with the common course of our actions and addresses, as those of the highest pitch of understanding. The knowledge of this renders me very easy and quiet in the intercourse I have with some persons, whom I should approach with fear and trembling but for this consolation. I should not else talk at random, or sleep, in the company of Mr. Addison and Dr. Swift, nor write so fast as my ink can flow to Mr. Caryll.

I have just room to entreat you to assure your good family, and Mr. John Caryll in a most particular manner, of my most sincere service. I should esteem it a great piece of good-nature in him, if the diversions of the field will allow him time to favour me sometimes with a line or two. The only reason I have not troubled him of late is, that I knew his obliging temper would force him to write, even though perhaps it was a trouble to him. I am, dear sir, with more truth a thousand times than ceremony, your most faithful and affectionate servant.

[1] Pope's proposals for the translation of the Iliad were issued in October, 1713.

27. POPE TO CARYLL.

LONDON, *Jan.* 9, 1713 [1713-14].

DEAR SIR,—Though I believe I am one of the last who has congratulated yourself and Mr. Caryll upon the birth of his first-born,[1] yet this I dare assure you both, that no man is more rejoiced at that blessing, except the father, unless you will require me to speak more correctly, and say, except the grandfather too. I ought also to felicitate you in particular, that you are so early arrived to the dignity of a patriarch, and that you can bear that venerable name without the stooping in the shoulders, and that length of beard, which I have observed to denote one of those sires in all the representations of them hitherto. I cannot flatter your son so far as to say anything fine upon the beauty of the babe, or the near resemblance it has to his own lineaments, not having yet had the pleasure of conversing with the nurse upon that agreeable subject. But I am told here, that few statues of Phidias or Praxiteles themselves made so good a figure the first month of their appearing.

I am thoroughly sensible of your most righteous endeavours to serve me in my new capacity of a Greek translator, and I hope, by the assistance of such solicitors as Mr. Caryll, to make Homer's works of more value and benefit to me than ever they were to himself. What I have in particular to desire further is, that you will send me the subscriptions by the first sitting of the Parliament,[2] at which time it will be necessary for me to know exactly what number we have secure,—there being then to be printed a list of those who already have subscribed or shall to that time, upon the credit and figure of which persons a great part of the success with the town will inevitably depend. I now think it pretty certain that I shall be warmly supported on all sides in this undertaking.

As to the Rape of the Lock, I believe I have managed the dedication so nicely that it can neither hurt the lady nor the author.[3] I writ it very lately, and upon great deliberation.

[1] Born Dec. 13, 1713.

[2] Parliament met on the 18th of Feb.

[3] The "full edition," as it was called, of The Rape of the Lock, was published on the 2nd of March. The original poem had given rise to

The young lady approves of it, and the best advice in the kingdom, of the men of sense, has been made use of in it, even to the Treasurer's.[1] A preface which salved the lady's honour, without affixing her name, was also prepared, but by herself superseded in favour of the dedication. Not but that, after all, fools will talk, and fools will hear them.

I wish you could inform me by the most convenient opportunity how the matter stands as to the foreign affair. I suppose you had no concern in the *rentes viagères*. This misfortune will go near to ruin me, it being more especially my concern than my father's.[2] I shall revenge myself on the mighty monarch, by giving the more spirit to what Homer says of the injustice of kings. I was beginning to think I would go and live upon Mr. John Caryll, but have lost all my hopes since he has a child, unless he will maintain me as his huntsman. Believe me, dear sir, under all circumstances whatever, and in all respects whatever, with the last sincerity and deference, your most obliged and most faithful friend and servant.

My most humble service attend all your good family, even from the grandsire to the grandson. I shall be in London all the winter.

some scandalous and unwarrantable talk against Miss Fermor, and what Pope calls the nice management of the dedication consisted in the assertion "that the human persons were as fabulous as the airy ones;" that all the incidents of the poem were fictitious, except the loss of the lady's hair; and that the character of Belinda resembled her in nothing but beauty.

[1] The Earl of Oxford.

[2] An edict was issued in October, 1713, reducing the interest upon the debts contracted by the French Government since the year 1702, to four per cent.; and the annuities granted between 1702 and 1710 were reduced a fourth. The elder Pope, in July, 1707, had invested 5220 livres in an annuity on his son's life, at 10 per cent., which is what makes the poet say that it was more his concern than his father's. His notion that the loss would go far to ruin him arose from a report that the annuities posterior to 1706 were to be reduced one half, whereas this provision applied only to those which were granted since 1710. As some compensation for so arbitrary a measure the creditors were promised more punctual payment, and a remission of the *dîme* or income-tax.

28. POPE TO CARYLL.

Feb. 25, 1714.

DEAR SIR,—I had but just a glimpse of Mr. Caryll, and an expectation of meeting him another time, of which he disappointed me. I fell ill just after, kept my chamber a day or two, and went to wait on him the first morning I could, which was that on which he left London. I had else given him the trouble of taking these two books[1] with him, though the poem will not be published this week. In this more solemn edition, I was strangely tempted to have set your name at length,[2] as well as I have my own; but I remembered the desire you formerly expressed to the contrary, besides that it may better become me to appear as the offerer of an ill present, than you as the receiver of it.

Mr. Gay's poem[3] was left by him with Lewis as soon as he printed it, but was accidentally mislaid, as Mr. Lewis told me, whom I desired forthwith to send it. Mr. Gay is much your humble servant.

I agree with you in your opinion of the French translation of the Essay on Criticism, no less than I do in what you say of the Crisis.[4] I believe Mr. Steele has hurt himself more every way than his worst enemies would have done. I had never read the book till your order reached me, for you are sensible I am the least a politician in the world, though, by the way, some modern rumours have been thrown about, which would have represented me as more concerned in party affairs than I ever dreamed on; insomuch that I had the honour to be named in the London Gazette for an enemy to the *Grande Société* at Button's.[5] But it was laughed at by the chief of my whig

[1] Two copies of the Rape of the Lock.

[2] The poem was written at Caryll's request, and this was intimated in a line in which only the initial and final letter of his name was given: "This verse to C——l, Muse! is due."

[3] The Fan.

[4] The Crisis was a feeble pamphlet in which Steele had insinuated that the protestant succession was in danger under a tory ministry. The House of Commons voted it a seditious libel and expelled the author.

[5] Pope, as a catholic, would be suspected to be a Jacobite, and Button's was the resort of the whigs.

friends and my tory friends. Not being of God, it could not stand.

As to my particular affair at present which you are so kindly negotiating in the country, the favour I beg is, that you will send me, with what speed you can conveniently, a list of every person who has actually paid you his subscription, or whom you can engage for on his promise to pay you; for I must print a catalogue of all who have already subscribed, in a very short time, and it would be of equal ill consequence either to omit any that have paid, or add any that have not. I wait only for these names to send the catalogue to the press.

I shall now be very much taken up in this work, which will keep me a poet (in spite of something I lately thought a resolution to the contrary) for some years longer. I hope in the summer to bring the old blind bard along with me to Ladyholt, where I shall be furnished with much better accommodation to translate his work than he was when he writ it. In all sincerity, I cannot express to you how earnestly I wish for another taste of those agreeable entertainments I have more than once enjoyed with you, and what a pleasure it will be to me to assure every one of your good family in particular how much I am theirs, and, dear sir, your most obliged and affectionate friend and faithful servant.

29. POPE TO CARYLL.

March 12, 1714.

Dear Sir,—Nothing could have mortified me more, amidst all the mortification I undergo this Lent, than your reproach of my silence, but that I knew it to be undeserved; for upon my word I answered your kind letter within a post after Mr. Caryll left the town, and accompanied it with two books of the Rape of the Lock, which Mr. Lewis undertook should reach your hands, and sent to one Mr. Brown's in order thereto. At the same time he promised to enclose the Fan,[1] which had lain in his hands some weeks forgot. He engaged to send the Rape

[1] The word is Farce in the original, and is no doubt an error of the transcriber.

of the Lock this post (for I just now came from his shop) which has in four days' time sold to the number of three thousand, and is already reprinted, though not in so fair a manner as the first impression, which I before designed you. But I hope Mr. Lewis may recover that packet. In the letter I entreated the farther favour of you to send me as soon as you could a list of the names of those subscribers you had procured, who either had paid the money, or whom you could be sure of, in order to insert them in the printed catalogue now just about to be published.

I was resolved not to omit one post the vindication of myself, in a point so tender to me, as anything must be which can seem a neglect of you. But I have but three minutes to thank you in for all your favours, for it is now very late. I beg you to believe that not even sickness itself, which has of late been very familiar with me, can make me forget Mr. Caryll at that time when I would gladly forget myself, and could almost be satisfied there were no such thing in the world as, dear sir, your most faithful and most affectionate humble servant.

I hope in a little time to get into the country, for it begins to be necessary to me, my headaches increasing daily.

30.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.

March 19, 1714.

DEAR SIR,—After having given you the trouble of reading two of my letters very lately, I cannot refrain from sending you a third in a more particular manner to thank you for the industry you have used upon my account, as well as for the effects of it on those subscribers you gave me the list of. I think you have been very successful in procuring so many, and too kind in listing so many out of your own family.[2] It will be a satisfactory piece of vanity to me to have all the world

[1] A portion of this letter was introduced, in the edition of 1735, into the letter to Congreve, dated March, 1714-15.

[2] There were four Carylls among the subscribers—Mr. Caryll, his son, Lady Mary, and Richard Caryll.

know, and read in this list, how partial the Carylls have been to me. I must own, many of the names in the catalogue I shall exhibit, are of so great a figure, that I should not be much mortified even if I failed in my attempt, while posterity will see at least, if I was no good poet, I was the happiest poet that ever appeared upon record, in the good opinion of such a number of such persons.

Yesterday Mr. Steele's affair was decided in his expulsion from the House. I am sorry I can be of no other opinion than yours, as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not only been punished by others, but suffered much even from his own party in the point of character, nor, I believe, received any amends in that of interest as yet, whatever may be his prospects for the future. This gentleman among a thousand others is a great instance of the fate of all who are carried away by party spirit of any side. I wish all violence may succeed as ill, but am really amazed that so much of that vile and pernicious quality should be joined with so much natural good-humour as I think Mr. Steele has.

I thought, when I sat down to-night to write, to have only thanked you, but find I am most at a loss for expressions when I want them most. Let me then tell you I find myself just at the same pitch of affection to you, as I was before you did me this last kindness; that I know you will do me the next I shall ask of you as readily; that I shall never more pay you a compliment; and that you are never to desire but always to demand as your right, preferably to any man else, whatsoever you please of, dear sir, your most obliged affectionate friend and servant.

My most faithful service to the whole family, which I more wish to see than any in England.

I shall be at Binfield in three weeks.

31. POPE TO CARYLL.

April 19, 1714.

Dear Sir,—I began to think it very long since I had the pleasure of a line from you, when I heard of the accident which disabled your hand. I am perfectly convinced you can never be in the wrong, and that I have always been so whenever I but began to imagine you could. I sooner believe the Pope may err than that you are capable of erring. So implicitly for the future shall I believe in you, and I hope my faith will make me safe in your friendship. I am sensible I should say something of your hand upon this occasion, as that it is a very unjust and unmerited doom that a hand which gives every one so much pleasure should feel so much pain, or that the hand should be bound up at this instant, which ever till now was open to all men, or the like. But I am, in good earnest, of late too much a man of business to mind metaphors and similes. I find subscribing much superior to writing, and there is a sort of little epigrams I more especially delight in, after the manner of rondeaus, which begin and end all in the same words, viz. Received, and A. Pope. These epigrams end smartly and are each of them tagged with two guineas. Of these, as I have learned, you have composed several,[1] ready for me to set my name to, as indeed I never knew you give out in anything that was either very ingenious or very friendly. I am told you are expected here, and it is no small mortification to me to be expected at home, where I am obliged to be in two days. I fully purpose, if you invite me a second time in the proper form, to see Ladyholt in two or three months, and save the lives of some innocent birds by keeping you a few hours in the day from taking the field. In the meantime I trouble you with a printed proposal of mine, wherein you will find those names inserted which you procured me. As to the money, when you come to town be pleased to leave it with Mr. Jervas, who will give you receipts for each subscriber signed with my

[1] Caryll had procured thirty-eight subscribers to Pope's translation of the Iliad.

hand. I beg the kindness of a word from you to Binfield, at your first conveniency. Be assured, dear sir, nothing is at all times so welcome to your most unfeigned friend and ever affectionate humble servant.

32.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.

May 1, 1714.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter found me at Binfield, very busy in my grand undertaking,[2] to which I must wholly give myself up for some time, unless when I snatch an hour to please myself with a distant conversation with you and one or two more, by writing a line or two. I am much afraid I ought not to trust myself at Ladyholt so soon as you mention. The pleasures of that place will take up my head too much to suffer even poetry to enter into competition with them, and Homer himself will have too powerful a rival in Mr. Caryll. If I knew your time of returning to Grinstead, I believe I could be more easy for a month after the heat of the work was over, though not more happy. It is no comfortable prospect to be reflecting, as else I must, that so long a siege as that of Troy lies upon my hands, and the campaign above half over before I have made any progress. I must confess the Greek fortification does not appear so formidable as it did, upon a nearer approach; and I am almost apt to flatter myself that Homer secretly seems inclined to correspond with me, in letting me into a good part of his designs. There are, indeed, a sort of underling auxiliars to the difficulty of the work, called commentators and critics, who would frighten many people by their number and bulk. These lie entrenched in the ditches, and are secure only in the dirt they have heaped about them with great pains in the collecting it. But I think we have found a method of coming at the main works by a more speedy and gallant way than by mining under ground, that is, by using the poetical engines, wings, and flying thither over their heads.

[1] The greater part of this letter is published in the edition of 1735 as addressed to Addison, and is dated January 30, 1713-14.

[2] The translation of Homer.

While I am engaged in the fight, I find you are concerned how I shall be paid, and are soliciting with all your might that I may not have the ill fate of many discarded generals, to be first envied and maligned, then perhaps praised, and lastly neglected. The former, the constant attendant upon all great and laudable enterprises, I have already experienced. Some have said I am not a master in the Greek, who either are so themselves or are not. If they are not, they cannot tell; and if they are, they cannot without having catechised me. But if they can read (for I know some critics can, and others cannot), there are fairly lying before them and all the world some specimens of my translation from this author in the Miscellanies,[1] which they are heartily welcome to. I have also encountered much malignity on the score of religion, some calling me a papist and a tory, the latter because the heads of the party have been distinguishingly favourable to me; but why the former I cannot imagine, but that Mr. Caryll and Mr. E. Blount have laboured to serve me. Others have styled me a whig, because I have been honoured with Mr. Addison's good word, and Mr. Jervas's good deeds,[2] and of late with my Lord Halifax's patronage. How much more natural a conclusion would it be to any good-natured man to think a person who has been favoured by all sides has been inoffensive to all. This miserable age is so sunk between animosities of party and those of religion, that I begin to fear most men have politics enough to make the best scheme of government a bad one, through their extremity of violence, and faith enough to hinder their salvation. I hope, for my own part, never to have more of either than is consistent with common justice and charity, and always so much as becomes a christian and honest man—that is, just as much as you. Though I find it an unfortunate thing to be bred a papist, when one is obnoxious to four parts in five as being so too much, and to the fifth part for being so too little,

[1] The Arrival of Ulysses in Ithaca, and the Garden of Alcinous, from the Odyssey, in Steele's Miscellany, 1714; and the Episode of Sarpedon in Tonson's Miscellanies, 1709.

[2] In the edition of 1735 Pope omitted the names of his catholic friends, Caryll and Blount, and substituted Congreve and Craggs for Addison and Jervas.

I shall yet be easy under both their mistakes, and be what I more than seem to be, for I suffer for it. God is my witness, that I no more envy the protestants their places and possessions than I do our priests their charity or learning. I am ambitious of nothing but the good opinion of all good men of all sides, for I know that one virtue of a free spirit is more worth than all the virtues put together of all the narrow-souled people in the world. If they promise me all the good offices they ever did, or could do, I would not change for them all one kind word of yours. I am entirely, dear sir, your obliged and faithful friend and servant.

What you are so kind as to mention of writing to Mr. Stonor,[1] you will oblige me in. As to the rest who know me so well personally, I beg they may be left to themselves. I writ to my bookseller to change the title of the Earl of Seaforth as you directed.

33.[2] POPE TO CARYLL.

June 8, 1714.

THE question you ask in relation to Mr. Addison and Philips, I shall answer in a few words. Mr. Philips did express himself with much indignation against me one evening at Button's Coffee-house, as I was told, saying that I was entered into a cabal with Dean Swift and others to write against the whig interest, and in particular to undermine his own reputation and that of his friends Steele and Addison: but Mr. Philips never opened his lips to my face, on this or any like occasion, though I was almost every night in the same room with him, nor ever offered me any indecorum.[3] Mr. Addison

[1] Mr. Thomas Stonor of Oxfordshire was a catholic gentleman of large estate, and a person of that name was among the subscribers to the Iliad. It seems that Caryll had offered to apply to him and others on Pope's behalf.

[2] This letter rests on the authority of the edition of 1735. It is there addressed "To the Honourable ——," but is followed by a letter headed "To the same," which is among the Caryll MSS.

[3] This seems to allude to a report that Philips had hung up a rod at Button's, with which he threatened to chastise Pope.—ROSCOE.

came to me a night or two after Philips had talked in this idle manner, and assured me of his disbelief of what had been said, of the friendship we should always maintain, and desired I would say nothing further of it. My Lord Halifax did me the honour to stir in this matter, by speaking to several people to obviate a false aspersion, which might have done me no small prejudice with one party. However, Philips did all he could secretly to continue the report with the Hanover Club,[1] and kept in his hands the subscriptions paid for me to him, as secretary to that Club. The heads of it have since given him to understand that they take it ill; but upon the terms I ought to be with a man whom I think a scoundrel I would not ask him for this money, but commissioned one of the players, his equals, to receive it. This is the whole matter; but as to the secret grounds[2] of this malignity, they will make a very pleasant history when we meet. Mr. Congreve and some others have been much diverted with it, and most of the gentlemen of the Hanover Club have made it the subject of their ridicule on their secretary. It is to this management of Philips that the world owes Mr. Gay's Pastorals.[3] The ingenious author is extremely your servant, and would have complied with your kind invitation, but that he is just now appointed secretary to my Lord Clarendon,[4] in his embassy to Hanover.

[1] The Hanover Club consisted of persons who were zealous for the Hanover in preference to the Stuart line. The subscriptions were those of the members to the translation of Homer. "I suppose," says Dr. Johnson, "it was never suspected that Philips meant to appropriate the money. He only delayed, and with sufficient meanness, the gratification of him by whose prosperity he was pained."

[2] These grounds were Mr. Pope's writing the ironical comparison between his own and Philips's pastorals in the Guardian. It was taken for a serious criticism by Steele (who received it from an unknown hand), and, indeed, by all at Button's except Mr. Addison, who saw into the joke immediately, and the next time he met Mr. Pope, he told him into what a ridiculous position he had put his friends, who had declared their dislike of having Philips so extolled at the expense of another of the club, which was the language Steele had before held with Mr. Pope when he first received the papers.—WARBURTON.

[3] The Pastorals of Gay were intended by an exaggeration of rusticity to ridicule the Pastorals of Philips.

[4] Lord Clarendon went as ambassador to the Elector of Hanover in

I am sensible of the zeal and friendship with which, I am sure, you will defend your friend in his absence, from all those little tales and calumnies which a man of any genius or merit is born to. I shall never complain while I am happy in such noble defenders, and in such contemptible opponents. May their envy and ill-nature ever increase, to the glory and pleasure of those they would injure; may they represent me what they will, as long as you think me what I am, your, &c.

*

34. POPE TO CARYLL.

Binfield, *June* 29, 1714.

Dear Sir,—I have formerly told you that I take it for granted, whenever I omit to write to you longer than I ought, you will not fail to attribute it to anything in nature rather than to a neglect in my friendship. And indeed the pleasure I always find in corresponding with you is too great to be interrupted or delayed by any less cause than close business or sickness. Both these have conspired to prevent my sending a line till now. Just after I saw your servant in London I ran into the country with all the peevishness of a disappointed creature, who had really no aim so urgent to carry me to town as a hope of meeting you. I travelled in an open chaise, so exposed to the sun (in my face all the way) that I think I shall covet less to see Italy for the future. It threw me into a kind of fever which I have hardly yet recovered.

I shall attempt to say nothing extraordinary upon the favour you last did me. I look upon money to be one of the least things I am obliged to you for, and I should be heartily ashamed to thank you for forty guineas[1] after I had enjoyed your friendship with silent satisfaction for many years. I begin to look upon myself to have a title to you by long possession, like some of those old servants and tenants who expect your kindness on no other account than because you have long been

the tory interest. Though the intelligence had not then arrived, Queen Anne was dead before he delivered his credentials, and both his mission and the hopes of his party came suddenly to an end.

[1] The subscription money collected by Caryll.

good to them. But I cannot forbear telling you, in the openness of my heart, what an infinite pleasure it was to me to find you snatching the first opportunity you ever had of serving my worldly interests, with so distinguished an alacrity and so warm a pursuit. If other poets had but a few such friends the whole tribe would grow wealthy in a trice. I protest I am sorry you are not a first minister, for I am satisfied if you were, my fortune were made in as little time as you have been getting subscriptions; and I am sure it would be with less trouble to you, because I know so well how much more difficult it must be to a man of your temper to ask of others than to give yourself.

May I venture, too, without being thought [guilty] of affectation, to say it was not the least of my designs in proposing this subscription, to make some trial of my friends on all sides? I vow to you, I am very happy in the search, contrary to most people who make trials; for I find I have at least six tory friends, three whig friends, and two Roman Catholic friends, with many others of each who at least will do me no harm. I have discovered two dangerous enemies whom I might have trusted, besides innumerable *malevoli*, whom I will not honour so far as to suppose they can hurt anybody. They say it is in the conduct of life, as in that of picquet—one shows most skill in the discarding part of the game. I have, besides all this, learnt a good deal of particular people's dispositions and humours by this odd way, and could point out to you several who would make excellent courtiers, if the science of courts required nothing but an artful way of breaking one's word. And all this, too, without asking one man a question myself, or seeming to aim at any great discoveries. Thus I have been the reverse of a politician, who seems only to aim at knowing the world, but really designs purely to get money, whereas I, by seeming to aim at getting money, have found a by-way to know the world. Yet, after all, the best piece of knowledge I can brag of is, that I know you to be my friend, and myself to be, dear sir, entirely yours.

Mr. Dancastle made me open the covering of this to assure yourself and the united families of Ladyholt of his faithful service. Mine is always understood.

35. POPE TO CARYLL.

Binfield, *July* [13, 1714].[1]

Dear Sir,—You mention the account I gave you a long while ago of the things which Philips said in his foolishness, but I cannot tell from anything in your letter, whether you received a long one from me about a fortnight since. It was principally intended to thank you for the last obliging favour you did me, with regard to the subscriptions, and perhaps for that reason you passed it in silence. I there launched into some account of my temporal affairs, and intend now to give you some hints of my spiritual. The conclusion of your letter draws this upon you, where you tell me you prayed for me. Your proceeding, sir, is contrary to that of most other friends, who never talk of praying for a man after they have done him a service, but only when they will do him none. And I find the person who has done me a kindness must be told of it by others; those who have not will say they have themselves. I tell you, therefore, once more, I am obliged to no Roman Catholic but yourself, Mr. Edward Blount, and Mr. Thomas Southcote.

Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human sciences, which I assure you I am daily more and more convinced of; and indeed I have for some years past looked upon all of them no better than amusements. To make them the ultimate end of our pursuit is a miserable and short ambition, which will drop from us at every little disappointment here, and even in case of no disappointment here will infallibly desert us hereafter. The utmost fame they are capable of bestowing is never worth the pains they cost us, and the time they lose us. If you attain the top of your desires that way, all those who envy you will do you harm, and of those who admire you, few will do you good. All unsuccessful writers are your declared enemies, and probably some successful ones your secret enemies; for those hate no more to be excelled than these to be rivalled. And then at the upshot, after a life of perpetual application, to reflect that you have

[1] The greater part of this letter appeared in the edition of 1735, from whence we derive the exact date.

been doing nothing for yourself, and that the same or less industry might have gained you a friendship that can never deceive or end, a satisfaction which praise cannot bestow, nor vanity feel, and a glory which, though in one respect like fame, not to be had till after death, yet shall be felt and enjoyed to eternity. These, dear sir, are unfeignedly my sentiments, whenever I think at all; for half the things that employ our heads deserve not the name of thoughts,—they are only stronger dreams or impressions upon the imagination. Our schemes of government, our systems of philosophy, our golden words of poetry, are all but so many shadowy images and airy prospects, which arise to us but so much the lovelier and more frequent, as we are more overcast in the darkness, wrapt in the night, and disturbed with the fumes of human vanity.

The same thing that makes old men willing to leave this world, makes me willing to leave poetry,—long habit and weariness of the same track. Homer will work a cure upon me. Fifteen thousand verses are equivalent to four-score years, to make me old in rhyme, and I should be sorry and ashamed to go on jingling to the last step, like a waggoner's horse, in the same road, to leave my bells to the next silly animal that will be proud of them. That man makes a mean figure in the eyes of reason who is measuring of syllables and coupling rhymes, when he should be mending his own soul and securing his own immortality. If I had not this opinion I should be unworthy even of those small limited parts which God has given me, and unworthy the friendship of such a man as you. I am, dear sir, most affectionately yours.

Sir, you will oblige much my father and me, in acquainting us how the affair of the rents in the Hôtel de Ville stand at present, since the alteration; and if there be any different consideration had to foreigners who put in money there from those of France. Mr. Arthur leaves us entirely in the dark in a matter that so much concerns us. Have those whose contracts were altered yet received the new ones? Or is any of the rent lately paid? My father's extreme uneasiness must be my apology for this trouble. You guessed right at the cause of Ph[ilips]'s animosity.

36.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.

July 25, 1714.

I have no better excuse to offer you, that I have omitted a task naturally so pleasing to me as conversing upon paper with you, but that my time and eyes have been wholly employed upon Homer, whom I almost fear I shall find but one way of imitating, which is in his blindness. I am perpetually afflicted with headaches that very much affect my sight; and indeed since my coming hither I have scarce passed an hour agreeably, except that in which I read your letter. I would seriously have you think you have no man who more truly knows to place a right value on your friendship than he who least deserves it on all other accounts than his due sense of it. Yet let me tell you, you can hardly guess what a task you undertake when you profess yourself my friend; there are some tories who will take you for a whig, some whigs who will take you for a tory, some protestants who will esteem you a rank papist, and some papists who will account you a heretic.

I find, by dear experience, we live in an age where it is criminal to be moderate; and where no one man can be allowed to be just to all men. The notions of right and wrong are so far strained, that perhaps to be in the right so very violently may be of worse consequence than to be easily and quietly in the wrong. I really wish all men so well, that I am satisfied but few can wish me so; but if those few are such as tell me they do, I am content, for they are the best people I know. While you believe me what I profess as to religion, I can bear anything the bigoted may say; while Mr. Congreve likes my poetry, I can endure Dennis and a thousand more like him; while the most honest and moral of each party think me no ill man, I can easily support it, though the most violent and mad of all parties rise up to throw dirt at me.

I must expect an hundred attacks upon the publication of my Homer. Whoever in our times would be a professor of learning above his fellows, ought at the very first to enter the

[1] This letter, which is not in the Caryll MSS., is printed from the edition of 1735.

world with the constancy and resolution of a primitive christian, and be prepared to suffer all sorts of public persecution. It is certainly to be lamented that if any man does but endeavour to distinguish himself, or gratify others by his studies, he is immediately treated as a common enemy, instead of being looked upon as a common friend, and assaulted as generally as if his whole design were to prejudice the state and ruin the public. I will venture to say no man ever rose to any degree of perfection in writing but through obstinacy, and an inveterate resolution against the stream of mankind. So that, if the world has received any benefit from the labours of the learned, it was in its own despite. For when first they essay their parts, all people in general are prejudiced against new beginners, and when they have got a little above contempt, then some particular persons, who were before unfortunate in their own attempts, are sworn foes to them only because they succeed. Upon the whole one may say of the best writers, that they pay a severe fine for their fame, which it is always in the power of the most worthless part of mankind to levy upon them when they please. I am, &c.

37.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.

Binfield, *Aug.* 16, 1714.

Dear Sir,—I think it very long since I had the pleasure and satisfaction of a line of yours. I sent you an epistle three weeks ago, soon after another of mine wherein I entreated the solution of a question from my father concerning a foreign affair of his. I have been told you had some thoughts of a journey this latter season, which I could be glad to be informed of, that I may regulate my motions accordingly, for the chief happiness I hoped for this autumn was to have passed a week or two at Ladyholt. The task I undergo, though of weight enough in itself, has met with a voluntary increase in my prosecution of it, by the enlarging my design of the notes and observations; and the necessity of a certain number of books

[1] Large extracts from this letter are introduced, in the edition of 1735, into the letter of August 27, 1714, to Edward Blount.

about me has confined me very much here, though I could not but take a trip to London on the death of the Queen,[1] moved by the common curiosity of mankind, who leave their business to be looking upon other men's. I thank God that, as for myself, I am below all the accidents of state changes by my circumstances, and above them by my philosophy. [Common charity of man to man and universal] good-will to all are the points I have most at heart; and I am sure that those are not to be broken for the sake of any governors or government. I am willing to hope the best, and what I more wish than my own or any particular man's advancement is that this turn may put an end entirely to the divisions of whig and tory, that those parties may love each other as well as I love them both, or at least hurt each other as little as I would either, and that our own people may live as quietly as we shall certainly let theirs—that is to say, that want of power itself in us may not be a surer prevention of harm than want of will in them. I am sure, if all whigs and all tories had the spirit of one Roman Catholic that I know, it would be well for all Roman Catholics; and if all Roman Catholics had ever had that spirit, it had been well for all others, and we had never been charged with so wicked a spirit as that of persecution. It is indeed very unjust to judge of us in this nation by what other members of our communion have done abroad. Our church triumphant there is very different from our church militant here, if I may call that a church militant which is every way disarmed. The greatest fear I have under the circumstances of a poor papist is the loss of my poor horse;[2] yet if they take it away, I may say with the resignation of Job, though not in his very words, *Deus dedit, Diabolus abstulit.* I thank God I can walk. If I had a house and they took it away, I could go into lodgings. If I had money and they took

[1] Queen Anne died the 1st of August.

[2] According to an Act of the 1st of William and Mary, no Roman Catholic or reputed Roman Catholic could keep a horse above the value of five pounds. The activity of the partisans of the Pretender upon the death of Queen Anne compelled the Government to adopt stringent measures towards disaffected persons, and a proclamation was issued on the 6th of December, 1714, "for putting the laws in execution against papists and non-jurors."

it away, I could write for my bread, as much better men than I have been often suffered to do. If my own works would not do, I could turn writing-master at last and set copies to children. I remember what Horace said of fortune:—

Si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et meâ
Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.

Whatever befals me I only desire to keep my own integrity, and your love. The rest I leave to Heaven.

I beg the favour of a letter, and am, with the most real and most lasting esteem and affection, dear sir, your obliged faithful friend and servant.

Dear sir, just after writing this yours came to my hands and was extremely welcome, even though it acquainted me of our misfortune,[1] which I am very sorry Mr. John Caryll shares with me. Yet, under any misfortune, the knowledge that you remember me as a friend will be one of my best consolations.

I am very sorry not to be in London for the only reason you give me to wish myself there, to wait upon Lady Mary, which I should think the greatest happiness next to waiting upon you. Since you think to be alone, I am inclined to defer my visit to you till towards winter, that I may be able to stay longer, if you will give me leave. It is thought almost necessary to my health to go to the Bath, which I will not however do, unless I am assured of your company afterwards. Believe me more than I can express, dear sir, yours.

38. POPE TO CARYLL.

BATH, *Sept.* 25, 1715[2] [1714].

DEAR SIR,—I deferred my returning an answer to your most kind letter till I came to this place, which I thought would have been before this time, but my companion, Dr.

[1] The misfortune was the information that the edict which reduced the interest upon the French national debt made no difference between natives and foreigners.

[2] The year in the Caryll MS. must be an error of the transcriber; for though Pope was at Bath in the autumn both of 1714 and 1715, this letter describes a first visit.

Parnell, retarded my journey till now. I am this evening arrived extremely weary, and new to all the wonders of the place. I have stared at the Bath and sneaked along the walks with that astonished and diffident air which is natural to a modest and ignorant foreigner. We have scarce any company of figure, no lampoons dispersed, and not a face that promises any. As for my own part, my genius was never turned to that sort of satire, and if I had never so much natural malice, a laborious translation would extinguish all such impetuous emotions. I should be in Dryden's case, of whom it was said,

> He turned the malice of a spiteful satire
> To the safe innocence of a dull translator.

So that, upon the whole, I walk about here as innocently, and as little dreaded, as that old lion in satire, Mr. Wycherley, who now goes tame about this town. I named you to him, and he speaks such things of you, to give him his due, as may be heard by your friend with satisfaction. He that dares to despise the great ones of this age, to deny common sense to ministers of state, their small portion of wit to the poets who live by it, and honesty to the maids of fourteen, dares not refuse Mr. Caryll his due.

How well the manner of life which all people are obliged to here will agree with my disposition I cannot tell. How far the necessary care of my health may coincide with a duty as indispensable to me at this time, that of finishing my year's task, or how far Homer may be the worse for my being better, are things I am under some doubt about. I hope to give a more reasonable account of myself when I pass a week or two at Ladyholt, where I propose to contrive it so as to meet you rather than at Grinstead, on account of the fear I have of that air in the winter. I see I scarce write common English or grammar at this time, and therefore ought to conclude. I have ten people round me at a tavern table, and more noise than will agree with my brains, especially when my head aches, as it does after this day's journey. But I would not longer omit to take the occasion of assuring you of the old story, which will be a true one as long as I live, that I am unfeignedly, dear sir, your most faithful, obedient, affectionate servant.

39. POPE TO CARYLL.

Oct. 26, 1715[1] [1714].

DEAR SIR,—I have not had the satisfaction of a line from your hands since I wrote from Bath. I am now at Binfield, and shall be in London in a week to set Homer forwards in the press. Several little affairs will detain me there a fortnight or three weeks, at the expiration of which I will wait upon you as soon as you will permit me, though if you shall be at Ladyholt betwixt this time and Christmas, I could be glad it might be there I might have the pleasure, both on account of my fears for my health in the air of Grinstead,—for I am yet in a very poor state of convalescence,—and because I might have the benefit of riding upon dry ground; for I intend to visit you on the palfrey you gave me, which is yet my best vehicle. I hear your whole family is gone abroad, and though I shall lose a pleasure in every one of them, yet I can make myself amends in enjoying so much more of you. I have a thousand histories and adventures to tell you, which will be perfectly new, concerning myself and others,—the secret story of states and poets intermixed, the policies of government and wit, and how fools are rendered equally serviceable to both. Some things I believe will not displease you, as they tend to making a friend of yours a better christian, &c. I write this in a hurry, having a learned friend or two at my elbow, jogging me to write other things; and Homer has daily demands upon me by way of notes and explanations. But let my thoughts be under never so great distractions, they will always be partly employed upon you, and putting me in mind how much I ought to be, dear sir, your most faithful affectionate friend and obedient servant.

A letter directed to Mr. Jervas's, in Cleveland Court, certainly finds me, wherever I am, in a post or two. I am extremely concerned for the death of Mr. Bedingfield, which I but just now heard of.[2]

[1] Here again the year in the MS. is erroneous, for as Pope mentions in the letter that he has heard that the whole of Caryll's family is gone abroad, the event must have been recent, and they started on their journey October 13, 1714. They did not return till August, 1715.

[2] The Carylls and the Bedingfields were related, Mr. Caryll's mother having been a daughter of Sir Henry Bedingfield.

40. POPE TO CARYLL.

London, *Nov.* 19, [1714].

Dear Sir,—I am perfectly ashamed of the long omission I have been guilty of, in deferring to write to you. You will allow me to be a very busy fellow, when I tell you I have been perpetually waiting upon the great, and using no less solicitation to gain their opinion upon my Homer, than others at this time do to obtain preferments. As soon as I can collect all the objections of the two or three noble judges, and of the five or six best poets, I shall fly to Ladyholt, as a proper place to review and correct the whole for the last time, in which I shall have a peculiar advantage, from a daily conversation and consultation with so good a critic and friend as yourself. I fully purpose to be with you at the beginning of December, and to stay till Christmas, or the time when you shall make your journey to Whiteknights.[1] I think to travel on horseback, and could be glad to know if you should do so, or make use of your coach in your journey. As I leave this town on purpose, I beg, if any accident may hinder your being at Ladyholt, that you will be so kind as to acquaint me soon of it. I hoped to have been with you by this time, but the affair you guess about publishing the book has employed more time in adjusting preliminaries than I expected.

The state of poetry is too low to deserve the least account—only my friend Mr. Gay has writ a little thing which he sends you with his service.[2] The thing they have been pleased to

[1] Pope paid this visit to Caryll, and that they returned together appears from Caryll's account-book: "Dec. 22. I went this day, with Mr. Pope, to Whiteknights. We lay at Odiham."

[2] An advertisement in the Daily Courant of November 20, 1714, announces the publication of Gay's "Letter to a Lady, occasioned by the arrival of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales." The Prince accompanied George I. when he came, in the middle of September, to take possession of the English crown, and the Princess followed shortly afterwards. The author of the Letter had made her acquaintance when he acted as secretary to Lord Clarendon in his brief embassy to Hanover. Gay openly avows in his congratulatory poem that he expected a place; but as he went to Hanover under tory auspices, and had just before dedicated his Shepherd's Week to the Jacobite Lord Bolingbroke, the only reward that he received for many years from the new royal family, who were in alliance with the whigs, was a little occasional countenance.

call a Receipt to make a Cuckold,[1] is only six lines, which were stolen from me, as follows:

Two or three visits, with two or three bows,
Two or three civil things, two or three vows,
Two or three kisses, and two or three sighs,
Two or three *J——'s !* and *let me dies*,
Two or three squeezes, and two or three touzes,
Two or three hundred pounds lost at their houses,
Can never fail cuckolding two or three spouses.

I am, with all truth and grateful affection, dear sir, your faithful friend and servant.

The book of Count Gabalis is genuine. Who translated it, I know not—I suppose at the instigation of none but the bookseller who paid for it.[2]

41.[3] POPE AND GAY TO CARYLL.

March 3, 1714 [1715].

DEAR SIR,—You travel like the sun, who, even while he retreats from us, darts back some rays of comfort.[4] Your epistles in Mr. Gay's behalf were sent, attended with a competence of tickets,[5] to my Lord Waldegrave and Mr. Plowden. The effect of them I do not yet know. You have obliged my friend and me beyond all power and even decency of expression, and each of us ought to thank you for the other.

The farce has occasioned many different speculations in the town. Some looked upon it as a mere jest upon the tragic poets;

[1] It had just appeared among Poems and Translations published by Pemberton.

[2] The advertisement states that it was "made English from the Paris edition, by Mr. Ozell." The booksellers had calculated on the interest that had been excited by the announcement of Pope in the dedication to the Rape of the Lock, that the aërial beings of his poem were borrowed from the work of the Count de Gabalis.

[3] A portion of this letter is incorporated in the edition of 1735 into the letter of March 19, 1714-15, addressed to Congreve.

[4] Caryll had left London on the 21st of February.

[5] Tickets for Gay's benefit night on the performance of his What d'ye Call it, which was first acted on the 23rd of February.

others as a satire upon the late war. Mr. Cromwell, hearing none of the words and seeing the action to be tragical, was much astonished to find the audience laugh, and says the Prince and Princess must doubtless be under no less amazement on the same account.[1] Several Templars, and others of the more vociferous kind of critics, went with a resolution to hiss, and confessed they were forced to laugh so much that they forgot the design they came with. The Court in general has in a very particular manner come into the jest, and the three first nights—notwithstanding two of them were Court nights—were distinguished by very full audiences of the first quality. The common people of the pit and gallery received it at first with great gravity and sedateness, some few with tears; but after the third day, they also took the hint, and have ever since been loud in their claps. There are still some grave sober men who cannot be of the general opinion, but the laughers are so much the majority, that Mr. Dennis and one or two more seem determined to undeceive the town at their proper cost, by writing some critical dissertations against it—to encourage them in which laudable design, it is resolved that a preface shall be prefixed to the farce in the vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

I have but just room to assure you of my most hearty service and lasting acknowledgments; for Mr. Gay, who has wrought all the above said wonders, challenges part of the paper. Believe me at all times, dear sir, your most affectionate faithful friend and servant.

He will have made about 100*l.* of this farce.

London, *March* 3, 1727 [2] [1714-15].

Sir,—Now my benefit night is over, it should be my first care to return my thanks to those to whom I am mostly obliged; and the civilities that I have always received from you, and upon this occasion too, claims this acknowledg-

[1] In consequence of their imperfect acquaintance at that time with the English language. Johnson states that Gay owed their patronage of his farce to his poetical letter on the arrival of the Princess.

[2] The year is an obvious error, as Gay's letter was written on the same sheet of paper with that of Pope.

ment. The What d'ye Call it met with more success than could be expected from a thing so out of the way of the common taste of the town. It has been played already five nights, and the galleries, who did not know at first what to make of it, now enter thoroughly into the humour, and it seems to please in general better than at first. The parts in general were not so well played as I could have wished, and in particular the part of Filbert, to speak in the style of the French Gazette. Penkethman did wonders; Mrs. Bicknell performed miraculously, and there was much honour gained by Miss Younger, though she was but a parish child.[1] I hope next week to have the honour to send you this dramatic performance in print, and I shall always think myself very happy when I have an opportunity of showing myself your most obliged, faithful, humble servant.

42[2] POPE AND GAY TO CARYLL.

[*March*, 1715.]

DEAR SIR,—The calamity of your gout is what all your friends, that is to say, all that know you must share in. Mr. Gay and myself have often wished ourselves with you, in the capacity of comforters, or Merry Andrews, which you should like best,—a task we are the fitter for, as we have, since you left town, been employed in that way by a fellow-sufferer of yours, Mr. Harcourt,[3] who is now laid up with your distemper. We desire you, in your turn, to condole with us, who are under a persecution, and much afflicted with a distemper which proves mortal to many poets,—a criticism. We have, indeed, some relieving intervals of laughter, as you know there are in some diseases, but the attacks are renewed, and it is the opinion of divers good guessers that the last fit will not be more violent

[1] *Filbert* was performed by Johnson, *Jonas Dock* by Penkethman, *Kitty* by Mrs. Bicknell, and *Joyce*, "Peascod's daughter, left upon the parish," by Miss Younger. Both the ladies are named among Pope's friends in Gay's Welcome from Greece.

[2] The letter to Congreve of April 7, 1715, in the edition of 1735, is made up of passages from this letter and the next.

[3] The Hon. Simon Harcourt.

than advantageous to us; for poets assailed by critics are much like men bitten by tarantulas, they dance on the faster the deeper they are stung, till the very violence and sweating makes them recover.

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath played the precursor to the coming of Homer, in a treatise called Homerides.[1] He has since risen very much in his criticisms, and after assaulting Homer, made a daring attack upon the What d'ye Call it.[2] Yet is there not a proclamation issued forth for the burning of Homer and the Pope by the common hangman, nor is the What d'ye Call it yet silenced by the Lord Chamberlain. They shall survive the conflagration of his father's works, and live after his father is damned; for that the Bishop of Salisbury already is so is the opinion of Dr. Sacheverell and the Church of Rome.[3]

It remains that I should, in a brief and perspicuous manner, acquaint you with the news of this place. The Bishop of Oxford expects the bishopric of Sarum;[4] Mr. Gay expects a present from the Princess; we are invited this day to dinner at my Lord Lansdowne's; we are invited to see the lions at the Tower gratis, by a lord who expects to have a new lodging given him by the Parliament.[5] Mr. Steele declares the farce should not have been acted if he had been in town.[6]

[1] It was published the 7th of March, 1715, and was entitled "Homerides: or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Doggrel."

[2] In one of his papers called The Grumbler, long since dead.—POPE, 1735.

[3] Dr. Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, died March 17, 1715.

[4] The Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Talbot, was translated to Salisbury, March 19, 1715.

[5] The lord, whose name is suppressed by Pope from caution, may have been Lord Lansdowne himself, who was committed to the Tower in the September following.

[6] The licence "to keep a company of comedians," which at the close of Queen Anne's reign was granted to Mr. Collier, a tory member of Parliament, was bestowed by the whigs, at the accession of George I., upon Steele, which enabled him, though he took no active part in the management, to control the performances at Drury Lane. His objection to the What d'ye Call it must have been the parody it contained of particular passages of his friend Addison's tragedy. Notwithstanding that Gay in the next letter affects to ridicule the idea, and misrepresents for this purpose the Key to his farce in which the charge was made, Pope has pointed out, in his own copy of the pamphlet, that the speech of Peascod—"When I am dead you'll bind my grave with wicker"—which the authors of the Key supposed to refer to a couplet in the play of the Earl of Essex, was

The new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields have thoughts of acting it without his consent.[1] The rest is no news, being that we are, everlastingly, your most obliged and most faithful affectionate servant.

Sir,—I received your obliging letter, but could wish that honour had not been done mè, since it put you to pain in the writing of it. I have given the book[2] as you ordered to Lewis, to be sent to you the first opportunity. When anything of mine is sent to your retirement I cry out,

Hei ! mihi quod Domino non licet ire tuo.

43. GAY AND POPE TO CARYLL.

London, [*April*, 1715].

Sir,—Mr. Pope is going to Mr. Jervas's, where Mr. Addison is sitting for his picture. In the meantime, amidst clouds of tobacco at William's Coffee-house,[3] I write this letter. We have agreed to spend this day in visits. He is to introduce me to a lord and two ladies, and on my part, which I think will balance his visits, I am to present him to a duchess. There is a grand revolution at Will's Coffee-house. Morrice has quitted for a coffee-house in the City, and Titcombe is restored, to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a great loss for a person to converse with upon the Fathers and Church History. The knowledge I gain from him is entirely in painting and poetry ; and Mr. Pope owes all his skill in astronomy, and particularly in the revolution of eclipses, to him and Mr. Whiston, so celebrated of late for his discovery of the longitude in an extraordinary copy of verses which you heard when

in reality a burlesque of the passage in Cato, where he says, speaking of his son,

"When I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine."

[1] When Rich was turned out of Drury Lane he built a theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was completed about the time that George I. ascended the throne, and the new king, at the intercession of the younger Craggs, granted the proprietor a patent to act plays.

[2] The conclusion is by Gay. The pain to which Caryll was put in writing was owing to his gout, and the book was a copy of the What d'ye Call it.

[3] William's coffee-house was near St. James's.

you were last in town.[1] Mr. Rowe's Jane Grey is to be played in Easter week, when Mrs. Oldfield is to personate a character directly opposite to female nature—for what woman ever despised sovereignty? Chaucer has a tale where a knight saves his head by discovering that it was the thing which all women most coveted. Col. Frowde[2] puns upon his play, and declares that most of the ladies of Drury Lane will not accept of a crown when it is offered them, unless you give them a supper into the bargain, and wonders how people can admire the uncommonness of the character. Mr. Pope's Homer is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which cause the sheets to be long a-drying. This gives Mr. Lintot great uneasiness, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the curate of his parish to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on the faster.[3] There is a sixpenny criticism lately published upon the tragedy of the What d'ye Call it,[4] wherein he with much judgment and learning calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave. His grand charge is against the Pilgrim's Progress being read, which, he says, is directly levelled at Cato's reading Plato. To back this censure, he goes on to tell you that the Pilgrim's Progress being mentioned to be the eighth edition makes the reflection evident, the tragedy of Cato being just eight times printed. He has also endeavoured to show that every particular passage of the play alludes to some fine part of the tragedy, which he says I have injudiciously and profanely abused. Sir Samuel Garth's poem upon my Lord Clare's house, I believe will be published in the Easter week.[5] My Lord Peterborough, I hear, is banished the

[1] Called an Ode on the Longitude, in Swift and Pope's Miscellany —Pope, 1735. This piece, which was by Gay himself, is as dull as it is disgusting, and was intended to ridicule a work published by Whiston and Ditton in 1714, entitled, A new method of discovering the Longitude by Signals. Gay, Pope, and Swift were all alike ignorant of the subject.

[2] Philip Frowde, the friend of Addison. He contributed to the Musæ Anglicanæ, in 1699, and later in life wrote two tragedies—The Fall of Saguntum, in 1727, and Philotas, in 1731.

[3] The first volume of Homer, which was to have been published in April, did not appear till the 6th of June.

[4] This curious piece was entitled, A complete Key to the What d'ye Call it. It was written by one Griffin, a player, assisted by Lewis Theobald.—Pope, 1735.

[5] Claremont was published in May, 1715.

Court,[1] but I do not know the occasion. Mr. Pope and I have thoughts of doing ourselves the honour of making you a visit in Sussex, as soon as he has ended this year's labour with the bookseller; where I promise myself the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. May the gout be favourable to you, that we may walk together in your park. Mr. Pope will make his conditions before he will venture into your company, that you shall not allow him any of your conversation in the morning. He is obliged to pay this self-denial in complaisance to his subscribers. For my part, who do not deal in heroes or ravished ladies, I may perhaps celebrate a milk-maid, describe the amours of your parson's daughter, or write an elegy upon the death of a hare; but my articles are quite the reverse of his, that you will interrupt me every morning, or ten to one I shall be first troublesome and interrupt you. Let Mr. Pope and Mr. Homer keep company together. I should think that ancient gentleman a good companion in a garret in London, but not in one of the pleasantest seats in England, where I hope next month to have the happiness of good company.

Thus far Mr. Gay, who in his letter has forestalled all the subjects of raillery and diversion, unless it should be one to tell you that I sit up till one or two o'clock every night over Burgundy and Champagne, and am become so much a modern rake, that I shall be ashamed in a short time to be thought to do any sort of business. I must get the gout by drinking, as above said, purely for a fashionable pretence to sit still long enough to translate four books of Homer. I hope you will by that time be up again, and I may succeed to the bed and couch of my predecessor at Ladyholt. Pray cause the stuffing to be repaired and the crutches shortened for me. I have used my author like a mistress, attacked at first with prodigious violence and warmth for a month or two, and then left him every day for any sort of idle companion I could light

[1] Towards the close of Queen Anne's reign, Peterborough joined the tory party, was made a Knight of the Garter, governor of Minorca, and ambassador extraordinary to the King of Sicily. On the accession of George I. he was recalled, and on his arrival in England was ordered not to appear at Court.

upon. It is with great grudging and melancholy that I now reflect I must at last be obliged to do my drudgery at home, and stick to my old task of daily labour.

That I may tell you some news of another besides myself, know that Richard Steele, Esq., is now Sir Richard Steele.[1] What reflections may be made upon this occasion, I leave to you to produce in your next lucubration, which will be received with much pleasure by, sir, your most affectionate faithful friend and servant.

44. POPE TO CARYLL.

Binfield, [*June*, 1715].

Dear Sir, -You will have the humanity, I know, to excuse my having deferred writing till now, when you are told that I have writ several hundreds of verses since my coming hither, which was not a fortnight ago. I have scarce allowed myself the discharge of any common civilities to my neighbours here, or the least amusement to myself. The unwearied diligence I observe at this season in the country people about me affords one good lesson,—that I ought to make hay whilst the sun shines. No fair day in the fancy is to be neglected, considering what a climate, what a right English climate, there is in my head, where few days pass without being clouded or feverish. It is not the worse for me that Gay did not accompany me hither; for whatever the world may think of my love to the Muses, I never keep them company when I can have that of a friend. My Muse is now an old stale wife, and I make bitter dry drudgery of it. This jade of mine, that is so fruitful of abortions, will lie in her month, whatsoever she brings forth, though it were but a sooterkin; for so the state and ceremony of the matter requires. As soon as I am up, I will make them a visit at Ladyholt if Gay will keep his word, and you shall find me as frolicsome again as ever.

I have a little affair of business to add to this letter. You

[1] As Gay spoke of Rowe's Jane Grey—which was produced on Wednesday, April 20,—as about to be performed, and as Steele was not knighted till the 25th, Pope's part of the letter must have been added some time after Gay's was written.

would oblige me if you knew any secure estate, on which I might purchase an annuity for life of about 500*l.*[1] I believe my unfortunate state of health might, in this one case, be of some advantage to me. The kind interest which I know you always take in my fortunes gives me reason to think such an inquiry will be no trouble to you. I desire to hear if you have any thoughts of coming to Mapledurham yet; if it were about a month hence, we might return with you; for I expect Mr. Gay in some weeks, unless matters of more consequence to him prevent. I am, with the truest esteem, dear sir, your most obliged and faithful affectionate servant.

I hope you have your books from Lintot.[2]

45.[3] CARYLL TO POPE.

LADYHOLT, *June* 29, [1715].

DEAR SIR,—The favour of your last followed me about the country till at last it overtook me at Parham (Sir Cecil Bishop's), where I had been near a week agreeably entertained by the good sense of the lady, and wonderfully diverted with the knight's inimitable manner of thinking and talking. Your Homer came down whilst I was there, upon which he ran several extempore divisions, and I believe, had you been privy to them, you would have preferred them before some of Rapin's or Madame Dacier's more deliberate remarks. I am now returned, as you see by the date of my letter; and after a week's stay here, I hope I shall be at liberty to go to Mapledurham. You shall be sure to hear from me after I get thither, in hopes of seeing you there. In the meantime I must tell you that I was truly overjoyed that the indisposition I left you under at London went off so well,[4] and to find by your letter that you are like to be again a man of this world. I hope Mr. Gay and I shall put you to the proof, if, when you and I meet,

[1] Some succeeding letters show that his meaning was not that he wanted to purchase an annuity of 500*l.*, but that he had 500*l.* to lay out upon an annuity.

[2] The copies of the first volume of Homer.

[3] This letter is from the Homer MSS.

[4] Caryll had met Pope in London, in May.

we can agree upon the time. I have tried in two or three places for such an annuity as you mention, but they do not care to deal that way. All are well abroad, and I am in haste, but always, dear sir, your affectionate friend and servant.

46. POPE TO CARYLL.

Binfield, *Aug.* 14, 1715.

Dear Sir,—I make some doubt whether these profane hands, employed as they are in pagan poetry, ought to write to you at present, who have been promoting so godly and even ceremonious a work as that sanctified one of marriage. The genealogies of the Greeks and Trojans have very little to do with propagation of a catholic posterity, which has doubtless lain very near your heart in the offices I hear you have been rendering to Sir H[enry] T[ichborne] and Mr. B[lount];[1] and indeed those old people, though by what I can find little less religious than the moderns, seem to look upon the distinctions of lawful and illegal offspring with less regard than we, as may appear from a passage or two in my present year's task that at this juncture I think the fittest to transcribe for your use and edification. The first is in the fifth book of the Iliad, where a lady, the virtuous wife of Antenor, the wisest counsellor of Troy, is highly extolled by our author for the tenderness she showed to a natural son of her husband's in educating him in her own family among the lawful issue, as one of her own. That I may not trouble you with Greek, take it in words much inferior to the original.

> From Meges' rage the swift Pedæus fled,
> Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed.
> Whose gen'rous consort, Theano the fair,
> Nursed the young stranger with a mother's care.

The other passage is in the eighth book, where a young hero having signalised himself in a very uncommon manner by the

[1] Michael Blount, the brother of Teresa and Martha Blount, had lately married Mary Agnes, the eldest daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Tichborne.

deaths of several enemies, the general, Agamemnon, runs to him in a rapture, blesses his prowess, and talks to him thus:—

> O chief, for ever dear, the monarch cried,
> Thus, always thus, thy early worth be tried!
> Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,
> Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast!
> Sprung from an alien's bed thy sire to grace,
> The vig'rous offspring of a forced embrace!
> Proud of his boy, he owned the gen'rous flame,
> And the brave son repays his cares with fame.

This compliment upon a spurious birth is what few people would pay now-a-days; nor do I think either Sir Harry or you would say anything like it to Mr. B[lount] upon the birth of his first child. But raillery apart, I know you delight in doing good, and though there be some hazard whether a man does any when he helps another to a wife, yet I believe if any man can make marriage a prudent action, it must be by following your advice and example, both before and after it, in all that regards that state. If you could get every man as good a wife as you did for your son, all raillery on this subject would be at an end. The very satirists and wits would be the first to apply to you, and even I myself should entreat you to seek out some shepherdess about the hills of Ladyholt, for the felicity of your humble servant. The mention of good wives makes me desirous of knowing if those that belong to that place are yet coming over,[1]—if you shall live single or double the next winter. Though I cannot say I desire any more company than your own, whenever I entertain hopes of visiting your abode, yet a great many good examples must be of use to me in my unholy circumstances, and therefore it would be a great profit to me to see them with you.

I ought not to have got thus low in my letter before I apologised for my silence till this time. But I am sure your knowledge of my perpetual remembrance and esteem of you is too just to need any apologies on this head: and when we are once in such a general and constant disposition of friendship, one may be said to write always, as well as to pray always, when

[1] From the continent. In the next letter Pope congratulates Caryll upon the return of his family.

one is always inclined to do either. I am just setting out for the Bath, in company with Doctor Arbuthnot and Mr. Jervas. Thence it is not impossible but I may go into Devonshire.[1] A line of yours, directed to Mr. Jervas's, in London, will be sent after me wherever I am, and be in all places the most agreeable thing in the world to one so entirely and sincerely yours.

47. POPE TO CARYLL.

Binfield, *Oct.* 11, 1715.

Dear Sir,—I am newly arrived in the Forest, after my journey from Bath, which was diversified with many agreeable diversions by the way. I could heartily have wished Ladyholt might have been one; but was overruled by my companions into whose hands I was committed, and I was as little in my own power as if they had been the king's messengers. You may justly believe I should never have visited you with more satisfaction than at a time when I should see you in all the shining circumstances of a Paterfamilias, upon the recovery of almost all that is dear to you. Jacob that recovered his son Joseph from the land of Egypt might give one some idea of you. Pray own the truth, did not you begin to *prophesy* when you saw them all about you like the old patriarch? Had you no delightful prospects in your mind of the *nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis!* Well, I am but a single careless man; yet, the deuce take me, if, when I see Ladyholt, I do not wish myself [married]. But indeed when I go anywhere else in the world I am cured of that wish again.

It is really some advantage one receives from knowing the world, that the more one sees of our fellow-creatures, the more willing one grows to part with it and them, which, to own an humble truth to you, is all I ever learned from experience that was to any purpose. If expectation is a jilt, experience is a downright whore, and stares us in the face with such confounded conviction, that it were better to be deceived as at first, unless we can heroically bear to leave this false prostituted thing, the world, for ever. I hope, as a christian, I can.

Having talked of christianity, it is proper, as usual, to join

[1] To visit his friend Edward Blount, at his seat of Blagdon.

it with interest; and so I acquaint you that my father has received yours, and that his son confesses he owed you 20*s.* Prodigal as he is, to spend his father's money before it came to his hand![1]

I shall be closely confined to study this fortnight, after which I intend to try my fortune in London, and to try my bookseller's fortune too, who tells me with great spirit he has got much more this year by politics than he can lose by poetry. My next volume will be then put to the press. As it consists entirely of battles, it may perhaps agree with a martial age; but I foresee the translating of Homer will very much prejudice the poets of this time, who may hereby be prevented from stealing descriptions from him. I am really a lover of peace, and wish myself out of these battles now, as I formerly wished myself in—just like most people in the case of war. To say truth, I am weary of translating; I am weary of poetry itself; I am weary of prose, thanks to my notes. I begin to hate to write at all, even letters; and possibly, in a little time, you will see mine consist of three lines, and underneath (what will be the last thing I shall refrain from writing, professing, and being) dear sir, your most faithful obliged friend and humble servant.

My father desires your acceptance of his most hearty humble service. Your good lady, Mr. Caryll, jun., his good lady Mrs. Catherine Caryll, &c., must always believe me theirs, or be very much in the wrong, which I fancy they never were.

48. POPE TO CARYLL.

[*November* or *December*, 1715.]

Dear Sir,—I should make you a very long and extraordinary apology for having so long been silent, if I were to tell you in what a wild, distracted, amused, hurried state both my mind and body have been ever since my coming to this town. A good deal of it is so odd, that it would hardly find credit; and more so perplexed that it would move pity in you when you reflect how naturally people of my turn love quiet, and

[1] Caryll, as appears from his accounts, had deducted 1*l.* from the interest due to the elder Pope, and sent a draft for 10*l.* instead of 11*l.*

how much my present studies require ease. In a word, the world and I agree as ill, as my soul and body, my appetites and constitution, my books and business. So that I am more splenetic than ever you knew me,—concerned for others, out of humour with myself, fearful of some things, wearied with all. As to my crime in regard to you, the only one I shall ever be guilty of, that of not writing, I can only truly tell you it is what I have been equally guilty of towards all my best friends of late; and I know your candour and indulgence, so long experienced by me, will look with a better eye upon this plain confession of truth, than upon the most artful excuses of respectful compliments.

It is an old thing to tell you how much I love you and all that is yours; how entirely my own heart makes all your interests mine; and how sensible a stroke to it everything must be which affects your quiet or happiness in any kind. Perhaps accident or distance, or private cares, or public calamities, something, in short, or other of what human life inflicts upon us, may prevent the usual frequency of our expressions of that friendship which I am sure to carry with me to my grave. Our guardian angels, whom we never see nor hear, are yet constant in their kindness, and perpetual in their good offices to us; and I hope some beings of far inferior species may at least imitate them in this uninterrupted benevolence to each other. You see I am in a reverie, and will pardon these wild indeterminate ravings of one who must always be thinking of you, whatsoever state or scene of life either of us shall be thrown into. I beg you at all times to believe me as zealous to continue our friendship as I was the first moment I began it, and that as it has increased ever since that time, so it shall never suffer any abatement by any intervals of absence or fortune. This town is in so prodigious a ferment of politics that I, who never meddled with any, am absolutely incapable of all conversation in it. I long for a retreat, and the necessary attendance upon the press while my 1st[1] volume is printing, hinders me from that satisfaction.

[1] From the next paragraph it appears that the whole Caryll family were at Ladyholt when this letter was written; and as all of them, except the father, had gone abroad before Pope commenced printing the first volume of his Homer, and did not return till between two or three months after it was published, the 1st must here be an error of the transcriber for the 2nd.

I heartily wish you are happier at Ladyholt, and that your whole family may enjoy that serenity and lively good humour which I have had the delight of often observing there. I beg them all to accept of my most zealous wishes for their welfare, and most sincere tender of service. I should be glad if I could conclude this letter by telling you any news that is agreeable, or tending to the advancement of politeness or the arts. But even poetry is become none of my pleasures; nor do I know almost any other I can now boast, but that I believe you think me, dear sir, your most affectionate, obedient, faithful, humble servant.

49. POPE TO CARYLL.

LONDON, *Jan.* 10, [1716].

DEAR SIR,—I received some time past your most welcome and friendly letter. It is a true apology I make for not having sooner acknowledged it, that I really intended to have complied with your kind invitation, and made a venturesome trip in the winter to Ladyholt. You see sufficiently the cause that prevents that satisfaction, whenever you look out of your windows or put your nose out of doors. I very much wish the season had not exerted its severity before I had arrived among you; for I could pardon any of its inclemencies, though never so lasting, when they furnish me with a good pretence of staying with you. I sincerely long to enjoy a few more agreeable hours in that conversation I have so often delighted in, with those persons I have so long esteemed, and in that frankness, ease, and good humour which is hereditary to your family. It is my hearty wish Heaven may continue all those blessings you all deserve, and nothing interrupt the intercourse of so many virtues as you can employ towards each other.

As for myself, who am a single, unconcerned, and independent creature in the world, who have no interests at my heart but those of mankind,—a general good-will to all men of good-will,—I shall be content to wear away a life of no importance in any safe obscurity. The old conceits of fame and idle pleasures of poetry are seriously over with me, and I think of nothing but entire indolence, resignation, or something between both, which I want a name for. I am really a greater philosopher

than I have the vanity to describe to you; and perhaps a better christian than is consistent with christian humility to pretend to be.

I have made several offers of visiting Lady Swinburne, but herself and her friends are somewhat delicate as to my waiting upon her in the place where she now is. I have given them to understand, however, how desirous I should be of any occasion of testifying for her that benevolence and regard, which both her own merit, misfortune,[1] and, added to those, your friendship for her, challenge from me. The Mapledurham ladies (if they be any longer called so, since their brother makes so much haste to an alienation of his affections another way) are not so unfortunate in particular, but sensible enough, I can assure you, to be very much so in partaking the afflictions of others. Their behaviour is generous and exemplary on this occasion. I question whether, the time considered, their sorrows are not more seasonable than their brother's loves. To answer your remaining queries, Mr. Plowden's book is in my custody,[2] Gay's poem[3] just on the brink of the press, to which we have had the interest to procure him subscriptions of a guinea a book to a pretty tolerable number. I believe it may be worth 150*l.* to him in the whole.

I beg the whole family of Ladyholt to be assured at all times of my most faithful services, and yourself to believe no man can continue with more ardour than I, your most affectionate obliged friend and humble servant.

[1] Lady Swinburne, the daughter of Anthony Englefield, and sister of Mrs. Blount, was involved in sorrow at this time from the participation of her husband's family in the rebellion of 1715. He himself, moreover, may have been dangerously ill, for he died on the 17th of April. His brothers, Edward and James, were taken prisoners at Preston, and were subsequently found guilty of treason. Edward expired in Newgate, the 7th of December, 1716, and James, who in vain pleaded insanity at his trial, became a confirmed lunatic.

[2] Mr. Plowden was a subscriber to the Iliad, and the book may have been his copy of the first volume.

[3] Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London.

50.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.

March 20, 1715-16.

DEAR SIR,—I find that a real concern is not only a hindrance to speaking, but writing too. The more time we give ourselves to think over one's own or a friend's unhappiness, the more unable we grow to express the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a letter at such a season as this, as to retard a melancholy visit to a person we cannot relieve. And one is ashamed in that circumstance to pretend to entertain people with trifling insignificant affections of sorrow on one hand, or unseasonable and forced gaieties on the other. It is a kind of profanation of things sacred to treat so solemn a matter as a generous voluntary suffering with compliments or heroic gallantries. Such a man as I know you are has no need of being spirited up into honour, or, like a weak woman, praised into an opinion of his own virtue. It is enough to do and suffer what we ought; and men should know that the noble power of suffering bravely is as far above that of enterprising greatly as an unblemished conscience and inflexible resolution are above an accidental flow of spirits or a sudden tide of blood. If the whole religious business of mankind be included in resignation to our Maker, and charity to our fellow-creatures, there are now some people who give us the opportunity of affording as bright an example in practising the one, as themselves have given an infamous instance of the violation of the other. Whoever is really brave has always this comfort when he is oppressed, that he knows himself to be superior to those who injure him; for the greatest power on earth can no sooner do him that injury, but the brave man can make himself greater by forgiving it. If it were generous to seek for alleviating consolations in a calamity of so much glory, one might say that to be ruined thus in the gross with a whole people is but like perishing in the general conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

Methinks, in our present condition, the most heroic thing we

[1] This letter, on the sufferings entailed upon the catholics by the rebellion of 1715, was addressed, in the edition of 1735, to Edward Blount.

are left capable of doing is to endeavour to lighten each other's load, and, oppressed as we are, to succour such as are yet more oppressed. If there are too many who cannot be assisted but by what we cannot give, our money, there are yet others who may be relieved by our counsel, by our countenance, and even by our cheerfulness. The misfortunes of private families, the misunderstandings [of people] whom distresses make suspicious, the coldness of relations whom change of religion may disunite,[1] or the necessities of half-ruined estates render unkind to each other,—these at least may be softened some degree by a general well-managed humanity among ourselves, if all those who have your principles had also your sense and conduct. But indeed most of them have given lamentable proofs of the contrary ; and it is to be apprehended that they who want sense are only religious through fear, and good-natured through shame. These are narrow-minded creatures, that never deal in essentials ; their faith never looks beyond ceremonials, nor their [charity] beyond relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any distressed conscientious French refugee at this instant. What must my concern then be, when I perceive so many anxieties just now springing in those hearts which I have desired a place in, and such clouds of melancholy rising on those faces I have so long looked upon with affection? I begin already to feel both what some apprehend, and what others are yet too stupid to apprehend. I grieve with the old for so many additional inconveniences and chagrins, more than their small remains of life was to undergo ; and with the young for so much of those gaieties and pleasures, the portion of youth, as they will by this means be deprived of. This brings into my mind one or other I love best, and among those the widow and fatherless late of Mapledurham. As I am certain no people living had an earlier and truer sense of others' misfortunes, or a more generous resignation as to what might be their own, so I earnestly wish that whatever part they must bear of these may be rendered as supportable to them as it is

[1] Salmon, in his Chronology, records on the 8th of March, that "about this time, Sir John Shelley, Bart., abjured the Roman Catholic religion ; as did also the Lord Teynham, and took his place in the House of Peers."

in the power of any friend to make it. They are beforehand with us in being out of house and home by their brother's marriage; and I wish they have not some cause already to look upon Mapledurham with such sort of melancholy as we may upon our own seats when we lose them. But I know you have prevented me in this thought, as you always will in anything that is good or generous. I find by a letter of your lady's, which I have seen, that their ease and tranquillity is some part of your care. Upon my faith I believe there is some fatality in it, that you should always from time to time be doing those particular things that make me enamoured of you.

I write this from Windsor Forest, which I am come to take my last look and leave of. We here bid our papist neighbours adieu, much as those who go to be hanged do their fellow prisoners, who are condemned to follow them a few weeks after. I was at Whiteknights, where I found the young ladies I just now mentioned spoken of a little more coldly than I could, at this time especially, have wished. I parted from honest Mr. Dancastle with tenderness, and from old Sir William Trumbull as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the miseries to come upon posterity which he was just going to be removed from.[1]

Perhaps now I have learnt so far as

Nos dulcia linquimus arva,

the next may be

Nos patriam fugimus.

Let that, and all else be as Heaven pleases! For the rest, I shall ever be, dear sir, most faithfully and gratefully yours, and all your family's.

51. POPE TO CARYLL.

LONDON, *April* 20, [1716].

DEAR SIR,—You will think the better of your friend, and judge more truly of that friendship and regard which must be

[1] Sir William Trumbull died December 14, 1716.

constant in him, if you consider he never yet neglected to pay you his acknowledgments from time to time, but when business, hurry, and accident prevented. I have had enough of all three of late to make me forget anything but you. *Imprimis,* my father and mother having disposed of their little estate at Binfield, I was concerned to find out some asylum for their old age; and these cares of settling and furnishing a house have employed me till yesterday, when we fixed at Chiswick under the wing of my Lord Burlington. *Item,* a most ridiculous quarrel with a bookseller, occasioned by his having printed some satirical pieces on the Court under my name.[1] I contrived to save a fellow a beating by giving him a vomit, the history whereof has been transmitted to posterity by a late Grub Street author.[2] I suppose Lewis has sent you the pamphlet, which has much entertained the town. *Item,* new designs with some of my friends for a satirical work, which I must have formerly mentioned to you.[3] But were I to tell you all I should be endless. However, I wrote to you a very long epistle about three weeks ago, which I fear you never received; and fear it the more as I spoke my mind pretty freely in it upon some modern conjunctures.[4] I wish I knew of your receipt of it. My not hearing from you made me hope you had thought of seeing the town shortly. As to my being happy at Ladyholt for a week or two, it is what I earnestly pant after, and Mr. Gay has made several appointments with me to that purpose. But hitherto, not only what I have mentioned on my part, but his illness, has retarded it; we will certainly be disappointed not much longer. In the meantime I beg to hear from you, and in such amicable long letters as you use to favour me with. You see I aim at nothing in mine but to talk with you, and to tell you without ceremony how sincerely and unfeignedly I am, dear sir, always yours.

[1] Court Poems were printed in 1716, by Roberts, who advertised them as by Mr. Pope, though the preface leaves the authorship doubtful between Pope, Gay, and a lady of quality.

[2] "A full and true Account of a Horrid and Barbarous Revenge by Poison, on the Body of Edmund Curll."

[3] The Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus.

[4] The letter of the 20th of March, which may have reached Ladyholt when Caryll, who was much from home at this time, was absent, or when he was too much hurried to reply.

52.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.

AT MAWSON'S NEW BUILDINGS IN CHISWICK,
June 22, 1716.

DEAR Sir,—If a regard both to public and private affairs may plead a lawful excuse in behalf of a negligent correspondent, I have really a very good title to it. I cannot say whether it is a felicity or unhappiness that I am obliged at this time to give up my whole application to Homer, when without that employment my thoughts most turn upon what is less agreeable, the violence, madness, and resentment of modern heroes, which are likely to prove, to some people at least, more fatal than all those qualities in Achilles did to his unfortunate countrymen. It was a greater loss than in this unlucky season I can well support—that of your company when you were last on our side of the world—and I know I ought to have expressed my concern at it much sooner; but I dare trust your good temper and friendship with greater omissions than these, and I believe you have humanity and indulgence enough for your friends to apply to them what a fine writer says of a less generous passion:—

'Tis sure the tend'rest part of love
Each other to forgive.

I seriously long to talk over a thousand things with you, for which I know you will give me the most satisfactory account, and the best and truest advice. In order to which, as well as to obtain a pleasure I shall never lose the relish of, that of the enjoyment of so many agreeable companions as I have found in your family, I fully purpose, the moment my task is over, to amble to your retirement, whether at Grinstead or Ladyholt, though I could wish it were at the last of those places. And as I hope this may be done in less than two months, I beg in the meanwhile to be informed of the precise time of your *démarches*.

Though the change of my scene of life from Windsor Forest to the water-side at Chiswick be one of the grand eras of

[1] In the edition of 1715 this letter is addressed to Edward Blount.

my day, and may be called a notable period in so inconsiderable a history, yet you can scarce imagine any hero passing from one stage of life and entering upon another with so much tranquillity, and so easy a transition, and so laudable a behaviour as myself. I am become so truly a citizen of the world, according to Plato's expression, that I look with equal indifference on what I have lost and on what I have gained. The times and amusements past are not more like a dream to me than those which are present. I lie in a refreshing kind of inaction, and have one comfort at least of obscurity, that the darkness helps me to sleep the better. I now and then reflect upon the enjoyment of my friends, whom I fancy I remember much as separate spirits do us, at tender intervals, neither interrupting their own employments nor altogether careless of ours, but, in general, constantly wishing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their company. To grow indifferent to the world is to grow philosophical or religious (whichsoever of those turns we chance to take, or others to give to what we do), and indeed the world is such a thing as one that thinks pretty much must either laugh at, or be angry with. But if we laugh at it they say we are proud, and if we are angry with it they say we are ill-natured. So the most politic way is to seem always better pleased than one can be—greater admirers, greater lovers, and, in short, greater fools than we are. So shall we live comfortably with our families, quiet with our neighbours, favoured by our masters, happy with our mistresses. I have filled my paper, and am, dear sir, sincerely yours.

53. POPE TO CARYLL.

CHISWICK, *June* 7, 1717.

DEAR SIR,—Though I have heard nothing from you since my last, I conclude you may be as busy as I, and then, I can assure you, you are sufficiently employed. I left the town for ease and study in the country, if I may be allowed to call Chiswick so, and have not yet been able to read three hours, or think one. The company that find me out here, and the various

employments Mr. Lintot engages me in of correcting the press, overlooking verses, and managing with my subscribers, have robbed me of all pretence to quiet and philosophy. At length my works are out, of which I will not say a word to you, though an author may reasonably be allowed to be at least as full of his works, when they come out in a new edition, as a lady of a new suit of clothes. The preface will tell you everything to a tittle that I think of them. The third volume of Homer, too, is published, but I cannot tell certainly how to send you either, till I receive your directions. If you [will name] any person or place to whom, or where, the books may be delivered, as well as those which were subscribed for by your interest, you shall be carefully obeyed by Mr. Lintot or myself. Be pleased to direct to Mr. Jervas's.

I may now think of seeing Ladyholt, though not a line of my next year's task is writ. As to Gay, he is just upon the wing for Aix-la-Chapelle, with Mr. Pulteney, the late secretary.[1] Mrs. Patty Blount talked some time since of paying her duty to her godmother;[2] but neither she nor anybody else can be more desirous of seeing you all than myself. I just heard Lady Mary Caryll was in town, when I was obliged to go to Chiswick, and have since been never able to stay above a few hours in London. I am really in St. Paul's condition, distracted with many businesses. I expect this instant Mr. Harcourt, who is to pass some days with me. Mr. Edward Blount and Sir Henry Bedingfield follow next. I am engaged to Mr. Stonor's afterwards (there, you have all my catholics at once, except the Mrs. Blounts, who have me always); then my Lord Burlington and Duchess Hamilton, upon ten or twenty parties. I had made one with Lord Jersey last week to have run away and seen the Isle of Wight and Stanstead. He thought it a mere ramble; but my design lay deeper to have got to you. But the late sitting of the Parliament hindered this project. In short, if I stay at home I shall do nothing. I must go abroad to follow my business, and if Ladyholt's shades afford me protection, it is there Homer's battles must be fought.

[1] He had been Secretary at War, and was succeeded on the 15th of April by the younger Craggs.

[2] Mr. and Mrs. Caryll were godfather and godmother to Martha Blount.

O qui me gelidis in vallibus Æmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ.

I see I am outrunning my paper, and must beg you to continue the belief of a thing as true as any article of faith, that I am, with the truest sincerity and friendship, most affectionately yours.

54. POPE TO CARYLL.

July[1] 30, [*June* 30, 1717].

DEAR SIR,—That one of us disappointed the other is evident, and which of us it was, the shades of Ladyholt can witness, which saw you there, and not me. Gay is to be excused on account of strange desire to see foreign lands; but I—*Habes confitentem reum*, as the lover says in Petronius; and I ask only as he did, to be permitted to try again and repair my omission. You may be confident, if I do not in anything gratify you, it is downright impotence, and not coldness.

Having got rid of many businesses, Homer yet lies so heavy on my hands, that it is an ill sign he may do so on Lintot's; for, as somebody has observed, people will seldom read in a good humour what a man writ in an ill one.

I discharged as punctually as I could all your commissions touching the books; but could not find Lady Mary during the few days I was in town. Tempest has three of the third volumes; the fourth, Lintot told me, Lady Mary had sent for before. I also sent thither the works in best paper; and if I have mistaken one in the account through the hurry I was in, be pleased to acquaint me, for I would rather send it you myself than have it ordered from Lintot.

I beg my most faithful service may be made acceptable to the worthy gentleman your son, whom I have not seen this age. We were young people when we parted last, and I wish we may meet again, but as much wiser as we are older. But

[1] The month in the MS. must be a mistake, for Pope speaks in the letter of a proposed visit to Grinstead in company with Martha Blount, and to this Caryll refers in his reply of the 16th of July.

to say truth, I despair of it on my own part, unless I have your help and advice, which I observe has always made any one who would take it the better for it. However, if I should, like most of my poetical fraternity, prove incorrigible, I shall at least be sure of one thing which poets love—pleasure, which I could not miss at Grinstead, nor in Brentford High-way, no, nor in Nova Zembla, if you were there. You must be prepared one time or other this summer to send your chariot for this unworthy charge to Epsom. Mrs. Patty Blount has seemed for some months past to have what we call a hankering after her godfather; and whether it be that she has a mind to see what effect the example of a whole christian family can have upon me, or to have some rakish example from my behaviour among you, to countenance her own irregularity,—which of these reasons it be I cannot tell, but she advises me to delay my visit till she can make hers. And this if she does not do soon, I shall think she puts a feint upon me; for Mrs. Blount goes this next week to settle in her new house at London, a place, in my opinion, not very proper at this season for the young lady I speak of, whose health is by no means yet confirmed. In short, whatever she does, I will see you, and that pretty soon, if you continue to give me that encouragement which I have hitherto deserved so little.

You will the more take notice of the length of this epistle, when you know that I have been this month under the directions and operations of an eye doctor, who drops nine drops a day into each eye. I also drink asses' milk, upon which I will make no jokes, though it be a fertile subject. I eat like a horse; that is to say, abundance of salad and herbs. In all things else I am as I was, *videlicet*, a poor papist, and your most faithful affectionate friend and servant.

I should take it as a particular kindness if you know any one who cares to sell an annuity for life of 1000*l.*, which I am inclined to purchase. Such an information, if it falls in your way, will be very obliging.

55.[1] CARYLL TO POPE.

W. Grinstead, *July* 16, 1717.

I have not had a word from your holiness since my last to you, nor any account of the receipt of some pictures that I desired you to get framed and scoured. This, and the earnest desire I have of kissing your toe at Grinstead, or rather a pretty lady's cheek, whom you talked of as a companion in your journey, occasions you the trouble of this, to know the reason why you flag in your good resolutions, or rather in the execution of them. But I enjoy you in spirit, though I cannot in person; for your works are my daily lecture, and with what satisfaction I need not repeat to you. But pray, in your next, tell me who was the unfortunate lady you address a copy of verses to. I think you once gave me her history, but it is now quite out of my head. But now I have named such a person, Mrs. Cope occurs to my mind. I have complied with her desires,[2] though I think a second voyage to such a rascal is the most preposterous thing imaginable; but *mulierem fortem quis inveniet!* It is harder to find than the man Diogenes looked for with a candle and lantern at noonday. Adieu. I am, most abruptly, but most sincerely, yours.

56. POPE TO CARYLL.

[*Aug.* 6, 1717.][3]

Dear Sir,—What has till now delayed my answering your obliging letter, of July 16th, was my intention of doing it personally at Grinstead, and the natural prospect of that pleasure

[1] This letter is among the Homer MSS.

[2] By advancing her fifty pounds to go to Port Mahon to join her husband. The rascality which Caryll alleges against him is confirmed by a writer in the Athenæum, of July 22, 1854, where it is stated that one of the charges brought in 1720 against Colonel Kane, Lieutenant-Governor of Minorca, was his having suffered Captain Cope to remain in the regiment after contracting a second marriage with a person named Eulalia Morell, while his first wife was alive.

[3] The date of this letter is fixed by the reply of Caryll on the 18th of August, in which he speaks of "yours of the 6th instant."

which the hopes of a young lady's company gave me. I do not find myself yet totally deprived of them; and I flatter myself that her letter to Mrs. Caryll may have appointed the time when I may attain so desirable an end by so agreeable means. But at worst, see you I will this summer, though friends and enemies oppose, and though pleasure and business intervene. Homer, with all his gods, has not the force to control me.

That you may see I have no common obstacles hitherto, besides the neighbourhood of your fair cousins, I have been indispensably obliged to pass some days at almost every house along the Thames—half my acquaintance being, upon the breaking up of the Parliament,[1] become my neighbours. After some attendance on my Lord Burlington, I have been at the Duke of Shrewsbury's, Duke of Argyle's, Lady Rochester's, Lord Percival's, Mr. Stonor's,[2] Lord Winchelsea's, Sir Godfrey Kneller, who has made me a fine present of a picture, and Duchess Hamilton's. All these have indispensable claims to me, under penalty of the imputation of direct rudeness, living within two hours' sail of Chiswick. Then am I obliged to pass some days between my Lord Bathurst's, and three or four more on Windsor side; thence to Mr. Dancastle, and my relations[3] on Bagshot Heath. I am also promised three months ago to the Bishop of Rochester for three days on the other side of the water.[4] Besides all this, two of my friends have engaged to be here a week; and into this computation I do not reckon Dr. Arbuthnot and others in town, who have an immediate jurisdiction over me. In a word, the minute I can get to you, I will, though Lintot's accounts are yet to settle, and three parts of my year's task to do. Your pictures I received, and it is not my fault the frames have not been finished before, Mr. Jervas being in Ireland, and none but a servant (none of the wisest, neither, which that nation has produced) left to take care of pictures, sculpture, and their appur-

[1] Parliament was prorogued on the 15th of July.

[2] This was not the Mr. Stonor of Oxfordshire, but another friend of the poet, who resided at Twickenham. Pope, in a letter to Digby, calls him a "very easy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbour."

[3] The Racketts.

[4] At Bromley.

tenances. If you please now to acquaint me whither to direct and send them, it shall be done without delay.

Mr. Edward Blount charged me with his respects to you when I wrote next, and it is some merit that I remember them, when he has been absent from England this fortnight and better.[1] Dr. Garth has published a translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses by several hands, with a preface and dedication of a new fashion. Folio, price 20*s*. I advise you to borrow it.

Your whole family must always think me the greatest rogue in the world, or their most humble servant. I had forgot to tell you in my list of rambles, which, if it goes on at this rate, will shortly exceed in dimension the map of the children of Israel, that I must necessarily go, some time this season, to my Lord Harcourt's, in Oxfordshire; but that I will postpone till I have seen you. I am with more truth and zeal than can be expressed, dear sir, your most affectionate and obliged humble servant.

57.[2] CARYLL TO POPE.

Aug. 18, 1717.

DEAR SIR,—When yours of the 6th instant arrived here, I was got into the East, not among the wise men of that corner, but amidst the fools of Tunbridge. My stay with them was but of two days, but I spent the three preceding ones I think in worse company,—the knaves of the law at our country assizes at Lewes. A cause called me thither which, though I gained, I may brag of like my brother Teague, that it was just nothing at all; nor had I got that, neither, had I not bestirred my stumps.

When my pictures are done, be pleased to order them down to Ladyholt, by the Stanstead carrier, who inns in Gerrard Street. You answer not my question who the unfortunate lady was that you inscribe a copy of verses to in your book. I long to be retold her story, for I believe you already told me

[1] He was much mixed up with the affairs of the catholics, and went abroad for health and quiet.

[2] From the Homer MSS.

formerly; but I shall refer that and a thousand other things more to chat over at our next meeting, which I hope draws near. I presume my wife has fixed on a time with my dear Patty, to whom I pay my humble service, as also to her fair sister. Adieu. I am in more haste, or rather hurry, than usual; but not less, sir, your friend and servant.

58. POPE TO CARYLL.

London, *Aug.* 22, 1717.

Dear Sir,—I had heard of your rambling from your lady (as it is most natural a husband's rambles should be complained of by his lady) in her's to Mrs. Patty. She says that you shall not be long absent from Ladyholt, to which place you very well know I have long had a partiality, and therefore shall endeavour to make it my retirement this autumn. After the list of visits which I gave you in my last, you may reasonably conclude I am neither fond of rambling itself, nor of rambling to any place which is not in a particular manner agreeable to me. The greatest solitude at present is London, where scarce a wheel of a coach is to be heard, or a hawker of news. Guess from thence how dead a scene this is, where the busy and the inquisitive are not to be found.

I send this day your pictures by the Stanstead carrier, as your direction implies. I have put them in such frames as are modish, yet cheap. They come to 8*s.* a-piece. As I have discharged this small office for you, I beg you to do me a familiar or rather domestic piece of service. It is, when a hogshead of good French wine falls into your hands,—whether out of the skies, or whatever element that pays no customs,—that you would favour me with about twelve dozen of it at the price you give.[1] The bottling I must defray over and above to

[1] The county of Sussex was notorious for its contraband trade, which had originated in the practice of exporting wool contrary to the law for the protection of native manufactures by preventing foreigners from purchasing our raw material. Hence the landlords and farmers were united by interest with the smugglers, and long continued to sympathise with them. It was in the immediate neighbourhood of Ladyholt that, in 1748, the horrible murders took place of the two witnesses, Chater and Galley.

you. But that you may not think me grown an exorbitant toper from so large a demand, know that half of the quantity is for your good god-daughter, who scorns to be behindhand with me in any vicious appetite I can pretend to,—and yet, God knows, for your ghostly comfort, may be a saint for all that.

The question I lately begged you to ask concerning any person who would be willing to take a thousand pounds to give an annuity for life, is what I may extend farther to 2000*l.* in proportion, and what I shall look upon as a most particular favour. It is possible some that would not care to take up a smaller sum might engage for a more considerable one, so that I could undertake for either one, two, or between two and three thousand pounds as they might have inclination.

I know you will take part in rejoicing for the victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks,[1] in the zeal you bear to the christian interest, though your cousin of Oxford, with whom I dined yesterday, says there is no other difference in the christians beating the Turks, or the Turks beating the christians, than whether the Emperor shall first declare war against Spain, or Spain declare it against the Emperor.

I must not end without making my services and heartiest wishes attend on your whole family, and entreating you always to continue the belief of a truth so invariable as that I am sincerely, dear sir, your most faithful and most obliged friend and humble servant.

59. POPE TO CARYLL.

London, *Oct.* 6, 1717.

Dear Sir,—I have gone through all my variety of rambles, and am at length where I would always be—at your service, having accomplished every lesser duty first, that I might with

They were made drunk, tied upon horses, and whipped for miles along the road, till Galley fell dead. Chater, who survived, was chained up for three days in a turf-shed, was again brutally treated, and was then led to a well not more than two hundred yards from Caryll's house, and was hanged over the edge. One of the servants at Ladyholt was apprehended upon suspicion of aiding the ruffians to conceal the body.

[1] The capture of Belgrade. In the edition of 1735 this paragraph appears in the letter to Edward Blount of Sept. 8, 1717.

the more leisure attend to the greater, like men that first make their wills, leave legacies of spoons, baubles, and rings, and then prepare to die. I do not know how I shall carry on this metaphor but by saying I am heartily weary of this world here about town, and willing to go to a much better at Lady-holt. I only wait your call with some assurance that you are there, with all the happy people about you, into whose blessed society I hope to arrive. Faith will not do in this case without an actual revelation that I may be sure of enjoying it.

It was keeping ill company that caused a complaint which hindered me till now from doing my duty; and as the allurements and false promises of women usually attend the other, so your god-daughter must be contented to bear a part of the blame. It is but justice in you to allow me the merit of an extraordinary conversion when, as you will shortly see, I part with almost all that is dear to sinful men, and leave the strongest of earthly temptations behind me to fly to you.

I ought not to pass in silence those paragraphs of your letter where you are so good as to promise your endeavours to oblige me in those articles of money[1] and wine. I can say no more than that if charity is to be measured by the want of those who ask it, yours will be very signal upon both these heads.

If you chance to be upon coming to London, I would choose to travel with you down again: otherwise I will take whatever method you think most practicable for my journey at this wintry season. I have nothing to add but the assurance of a constant esteem to all your good family, and that inviolable one of my being at all times, dear sir, your most obliged, most affectionate friend and servant.

Your pictures are very pretty copies from Bassano.

60. POPE TO CARYLL.

[*Oct.* 28, 1717.]

DEAR SIR,—You have humanity enough to believe I can be in no disposition to write to anybody, or have one thought

[1] The annuity, which Pope was anxious to purchase.

that can be entertaining, when I acquaint you that I lost my father five days ago.[1] My poor mother is so afflicted that it would be barbarity to leave this winter, which is the only and the true reason that I am not now at Ladyholt. His death was the happiest to himself imaginable; but I have lost one whom I was even more obliged to as a friend than as a father. You who have sentiments of this and of every virtuous and tender kind will be convinced, that to remember any other friend at this time, as I do you, is a proof of my being very greatly yours.

I beg your prayers on this occasion.

61. POPE TO CARYLL.

Nov. 6, 1717.

Dear Sir,—I was not surprised at your speedy condolence of my father's death, though it looked as if you had received advertisement of it by some angel. I know the first minute any man is afflicted, you are likeliest to know it, and to prove you do so by doing or tendering good offices. I heartily acknowledge your charity to me on this occasion, and the comfort you endeavour to give me for the suddenness of his death. I will say no more on that head, than that I heartily beg of God to give me just such a death, on condition he will in his mercy allow me just such a life.

I am extremely obliged to you for your friendly wishes in regard to myself. As to my present circumstances, they will make me less a poet than I have been, but I think not much more a gentleman. I therefore continue the request I made you, in case you could procure such an annuity as I wrote about. You may be assured nothing could make me trouble you with my affairs but the certainty of a friendship which I have now a habit of experiencing from you. As a farther proof of this frankness, I will so far embrace the kind offer you make of doing me any service at this juncture, as to desire a bill for the small sum that is between us due on the 200*l.*—

[1] He died on the 23rd of October.

this unhappy accident having put us upon some unforeseen expenses, that may disorder the accounts of one so little used to keep any as myself. Dear sir, I cannot tell what further to say to you, unless I repeat eternally my sense of your goodness and favours, which is all summed up in one word, when I give myself so true and so deserved a title as that of your most obliged and most affectionate friend and servant.

My mother is extremely yours; and I at all times your whole family's hearty servant. Be pleased to direct to me at Mr. Jervas's, in Cleveland Court, St. James's.

62.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.

London, *Dec.* 28, [1717].

Dear Sir,—The hopes I have of seeing you shortly here cannot hinder one from the impulse I have to write to you, and the pleasure I take in obeying it. It is the season of the year to wish you a good end of one, and a happy beginning of another. But both these you know how to make yourself, by only continuing such a life as you have been long accustomed to lead,—a life of resignation and innocence. As for good works they are things I dare not name, either to those that do them, or to those that do not. The first are too modest, and the latter too selfish, to bear the mention of things which are become either too old-fashioned, or too private, to constitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the present age. However, it were to be wished people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in case any of them should come into use again. Perhaps the very finest new fashions fall as short of them, as the modern hooped petticoats do of ancient fardingales, which may be properly compared to charities, as they cover a multitude of sins.

I am strangely inclined to think there are at this very day at Grinstead certain antique charities and obsolete devotions

[1] In the edition of 1735 a great part of this letter is addressed to Digby, under the date of December 28, 1724.

yet in being; that a thing called christian cheerfulness,—not incompatible with Christmas pies and plum-broth, whereof frequent is the mention in old sermons and almanacs,—is really kept alive and in practice at the said place; that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good housekeeping in a latitude not more remote from London than forty miles; and lastly, that prayers and roast beef do actually make some folks as happy as a whore and a bottle. Secondly, this season puts me in mind of evening my accounts with heaven and earth. I ought to be as punctual in discharging what I owe to Him, to whom we owe all things, as in expecting an exact payment of what others owe me. A man that goes to bed on a quarter-day without saying his prayers, if justice were done upon him from above, has nothing due to him here below.

When Socrates lay a-dying, one of his last words was, that he owed about ninepence to his friend Æsculapius. Now, to compare myself in the only instance I can to that just man, I owe you for seven dozen of wine and bottles, which when I have accounted for I may rest in peace as to all my debts on this side of the poles.

I beg of you not to forget this material point when you come next to town. Adieu. At Chiswick nothing is talked of but Homer and you. At Bolton Street,[1] you are prayed for in the mornings, commemorated at noons, talked of at nights. Your cardinal's coat is arrived. It blushes like the rosy morn, or your god-daughter's cheek. All happiness to you all.

63. POPE TO CARYLL.

Chiswick, *Jan.* 18, 1718-19, [1718[2]].

Dear Sir,—Since my last to you, I have been much indisposed, and not without some fear that you might be so, from having heard nothing concerning the method of disposing the wine you bought at my request. I writ several posts

[1] The residence of the Blounts.

[2] There can be little doubt that the correct date is 1718, for in January, 1719, Pope had removed to Twickenham.

since to desire your notice two posts before the day it was to come to Wandsworth, at what place, time, &c., I should send to meet it. But I will say no more on that subject, only that I hope it was no indisposition of yours, or any cross accident, but a prudent consideration—a thing I may expect from you at all times, and upon all occasions—that the coldness of the season might prejudice it in the carriage.

I have passed almost all my time here of late, being pretty much sick of the vanities of the town, which agree as little with my constitution as the madness and political [fury] does with my judgment. I took my last leave of impertinence at a masquerade some time ago,—the true epitome of all absurdities, and of all shows to no purpose, the greatest show to the least purpose. I was led thither, as one is to all foolish things,—by keeping foolish company,—after saying which, it would be unmannerly to add, it was that of a great person. But of late the great have been the shining examples of folly, public and private; and the best translation at this time of O tempora! O mores! would be

O kings! O princes![1]

I am now immersed in books, and preparing to tire others as much with my own volumes, as I have been tired with those of others. Innocent amusement after all! I charitably take pains for others' ease, and wake to make you sleep! When I think of the unrighteous labours of wrangling statesmen, and the quarrelsome ones of uncharitable divines, I honour and worship the memory of old Ogilby. So may posterity be just to me and mine, and say that in the fourth year of King George, and in the days of the Bishop of Bangor,[2] Pope writ, and caused no disturbance but to Lintot.

I beg your whole family's acceptance of my most constant services, and from you, dear sir, I only beg the continuance of

[1] The scandalous quarrel between George I. and his son was then the general talk, and the king had forbidden any person to appear at his court who attended the court of the prince.

[2] Dr. Hoadley, who was made Bishop of Bangor in March, 1716. A sermon which he preached in 1717 on the Nature of the Kingdom of Christ, gave rise to the voluminous and angry Bangorian controversy. His opinions on theological subjects had a very secular tendency.

so just an opinion of me, that of my being, with the utmost sincerity, your most obliged and most affectionate servant.

64. POPE TO CARYLL.

Jan. 25, 1717 [1717-18].

Dear Sir,—I trouble you with this to acquaint you of the safe receipt of the hamper, which I was under no small apprehension for, on account of the frost it came in, together with other anxieties. For fear of the like hazard in the rest, I beg you to defer sending it till some time hence. I must now return you a part of my thousand thanks; the remainder you shall have hereafter,—I mean not only the remainder of my thanks, but my debts which are yet wholly unpaid. The kind offer you make me of the choice of another sort, in case this does not fully content me, is very obliging, and though I think this very good, one may be tempted to the natural passion of mankind—variety. As for myself, I am however quite satisfied with this, but having promised a friend a part of it, will consult his taste just for as much as concerns him. The hamper was not corded, but very closely stitched, and I believe the whole cargo in it, though I have not taken out the bottles this cold weather to count them, and though I find there was room in it for near a dozen more. I therefore beg the favour that you will let me know when the cargoes come, what quantity is in each.

I can tell you no news of the world; for I generally live out of it in this deep desert solitude, four miles from London. It is seriously true, that sometimes for a week together I see no company but our own family, and hear not a syllable of what is done so near me. If I did not think myself obliged to be with my poor mother, whose health is so excessively precarious that my life with her is like watching the rising and falling of a taper on its last socket, I should at this time, I faithfully assure you, be at Ladyholt, a place I remember with tenderness, as I do every branch of it with gratitude and respect. I shall ever be, dear sir, with the sincerest affection, yours.

65. POPE TO CARYLL.

Feb. 4, [1718].

DEAR SIR,—I have been overjoyed with a report here of your intention very soon to come to town, which I cannot tell you how very much I wish for. The immoderate hurry I have long been in is near over, and I might hope again to possess my soul in peace, and to possess what is next to one's own soul, a friend in peace. In the meantime I must give you the disturbance of one more letter, rather of business than of friendship, though in truth it be a proof of my friendship when I trouble any man with my business.

The wine you sent deserves the approbation of all who have a good taste, if I have any myself, and as it has strength and body, will grow better yet, like ancient wit, which was made to keep long. I am pretty well convinced that if I have any of either, it must be owing to my friends in as great measure as this wine is owing to you. I beg you to take the opportunity of this open weather to send the rest, and, merely for variety, be pleased to let two or three dozen be of the other sort you mentioned, distinguished by some mark from the rest. There are in this hamper three dozen and a half.

I find, upon stating the final account of the last volume of Homer, that not above ten persons, of all the living subscribers, have refused to continue and send for their third volumes (a thing which I am sure you will be pleased to hear), of which number Sir Harry Tichborne is one, and Will Plowden, Esq., another. I beg, when you see them, you would propose to repay them the subscription money, and take back their first volume, which may be sent me in one of the hampers. I have taken that course with the rest of my deserters, and may do it with evident profit, having a demand for more entire new sets than I can furnish any other way. I also find the two Lady Petres have not yet had the third, but am pretty confident it proceeds only from their not knowing where to send for them, and, therefore, wish you could be at the trouble of directing how they may have them. Pray pardon this, which I believe will be the last imposition of the kind that I shall charge you with, my poetical affairs drawing

towards a fair period. I hope the day will shortly come when I may honestly say :—

> Nunc itaque et versus et cætera ludicra pono,
> Quid *verum* atque *decens*, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

That *cætera ludicra* is very comprehensive: it includes visiting, masquerading, play hunting, sauntering, and, indeed, almost includes all that the world calls living. I hope, in one word, to become a companion more worthy of such as you, more fit to live at Ladyholt, and, to comprehend all, more deserving the two titles I ought to desire in preference to all others,—those of a reasonable man, and of, dear sir, your most faithful real friend and servant.

66. POPE TO CARYLL.

Feb. 18, 1717-18.

DEAR SIR,—The event has surpassed my hopes; the wine I gave for lost is arrived. The next return of the carrier fully paid for all the disappointments of the last day. To which may be properly applied that of the poet—

> Quod optanti divum promittere nemo
> Auderet, volvenda dies, en! attulit ultro.

But now I am singing Io pæans, I ought to confess a horrible omission in not having said or sung something upon Lady Mary's performance, or at least part of the performance, in the *double discovery* lately exhibited at your house.[1] But you are sensible it is not the task of an heroic poet like myself to sing at marriages, burials, and christenings, besides that every song relating to christenings may be thought satirical in this age. Therefore, in plain prose, I wish the fruit may grow ripe, and crown the proudest expectations of the planter, and that the fair tree may burgeon, bud, blossom, and bring forth *in sæcula sæculorum*.

I am lately fallen acquainted with Mr. Hatton.[2] It may [be

[1] Lady Mary Caryll was delivered of twins on the 21st of January.

[2] A watchmaker employed by the Carylls.

called] a seasonable acquaintance, since he is the greatest manager of time in the universe. This measurer of moments, to whom hours are literally precious because they get him money, is not only the most ingenious but also the most civil person I ever met with.

> Scilicet ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
> Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

I believe his very clocks speak in a softer tone than those of others; to say they strike is too boisterous a word. No:—

> From hour to hour melodiously they chime
> With silver sounds, and sweetly tune out time.

He is likewise curious in microscopes, and showed my mother some of the *semen masculinum* with animalculæ in it. He married the daughter of Peter My or Mee,—for historians spell it variously,—keeper of the beautiful park of Ladyholt, and flourished the beginning of the eighteenth century, in Duke Street, near Lincoln's Inn Fields. There is nothing perhaps that more conduces to the honour of eminent persons, whether in arms or arts, than the intimacies and friendships which we trace them to have contracted with the most estimable men of their time. It is for this cause, and to reflect a like honour upon myself, that I transmit to you so studiously this happy incident of my life, in my correspondence and familiarity with Mr. Hatton of Duke Street. But, indeed, I should also add, that this artist's having mentioned your name with esteem, and allowing me to acquaint you how much he is your servant, was not the least reason that made me write even a single line of him. If after his name I may insert one so inferior, be pleased to accept in like manner the faithful respects of, dear sir, your most affectionate and obedient servant.

This last hamper was so out of repair, that some of the bottles are broke.

67.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.

London, *March* 29, [1718].

Dear Sir,—The last important cargo arrived as safely as the rest, and I am now to return you not only all thanks for the trouble, but all due praise for the care and circumspection employed about this affair. I take this, as times go, for a very proper topic of panegyric, since to cheat the public or the prince seems the grand end of all great geniuses in politics, &c. But as wine may be reckoned a part of that by which we live, so the necessity under which all polite people lie of drinking, and of drinking only French wine, must render us blameless in the conscientious point, though criminal in the letter of the law.

If I knew how to entertain you through the rest of this paper, it should be spotted and diversified with conceits on every side. But I have experimentally found, that men of late are as little affected by writing as by preaching, and that it is as possible to nod over a dull letter as a dull sermon. The complimental part of a letter, like that of a sermon, is generally what pleases most, and there, too, you cut me out by a certain old-fashioned virtue—and you know virtues that are old-fashioned are vices, in the same manner as the richest old wardrobes are the most awkward and ridiculous of dressing to us moderns—I mean a virtue, once so reputed, called humility. This hinders at least the half of a well-bred epistle from shining and pleasing. Much good may that virtue do you! But here in town, men, women, and children have done with it; and the rest of the obsolete train are going after it. Charity not only begins, now a-days, but ends at home. Ask Esquire Blount else.[2] And the four cardinal virtues being abrogated as popish, the four princely ones succeed—cunning, rapine, time-serving, and luxury. Whatever you may fancy at Ladyholt, where you live in a state of ignorance, and see

[1] A portion of this letter is introduced in the edition of 1735, into the letter to Digby of December the 28th, 1724.

[2] He was a man of pleasure, embarrassed in his circumstances, and, in the opinion of Pope, behaved ungenerously to his mother and sisters.

nothing but innocence, quiet, religion, and good-humour, the case is as I tell you in London, and everywhere else where people understand the [world], and know how to live with credit and glory. I wish that Heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them sensible which of these is the right—whether upon a due conviction we are to quit factions, and high feeding, and gaming, and whoring, and take to your country way, or you to leave prayers, and fasting, and almsgiving, and reading and exercise, and come into our measures. I wish, I say, that God would direct us all; and am with much veracity, dear sir, your affectionate obliged servant.

I went to wait upon you and Mr. Caryll the day you left the town, about two hours too late. Your picture requires directions how to be sent, unless you would have it stay till I see you in May. Mrs. Patty Blount is picking up a large collection of libels to send you. We are here of opinion that scandal is the only vice of which those of Ladyholt have any taste left.

68.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.

Chiswick, *May* 1, [1718].

Dear Sir,—It is impossible for me to say anything to you which your own sense and your own religious thoughts have not already suggested in your comfort. Those are the strong supports that still must maintain you, that you have ever been a good man and a resigned christian. I can only very truly assure you that I bear a tender part in all things that afflict you, but hope at the same time nothing can afflict you beyond the limits of so well grounded a virtue as your whole life has manifested. In one word, I am most unfeignedly sorry you feel the misfortunes of a man, but am heartily glad you possess the constancy of a christian, who can cheerfully say, *Deus dedit, Deus abstulit.* Dear sir, I am sincerely and tenderly yours.

[1] This is a letter of condolence on the death of Mr. John Caryll. The event is thus recorded in his father's diary:—"April 6, being Palm Sunday, my dear son, never to be forgotten, died of the small-pox. Sweet Jesus, grant me resignation, and to him eternal rest."

69. POPE TO CARYLL.

June, 1718.

Dear Sir,—I received not your kind letter, which gave me notice of your coach, till it was too late to make use of it by several days, having been at Cirencester and Oxford for some time. Just then, upon the publication of my Homer, that affair, and many others since, of which building a house in town[1] is not the greatest, have made me stay here of absolute necessity, and will require a farther care from time to time, notwithstanding which I am bound to go through my year's labours in poetry, with a hundred distractions, that render me as unfit for conversation as writing. I should be ashamed to be absent in the company of such a friend as you; for till I am perfectly my own master, I am really unworthy to be called your servant. The ladies[2] who bring you this letter can vouch for the truth of what I say; who I am sure will not scruple to tell you, I never was so ill company in my life.

The consciousness of this has made me resolve to be alone for some months. As I cannot be so at Chiswick, nor long absent from my mother, and necessarily engaged to study, I am going near Oxford,[3] the seat of the Muses, and at this time of vacation solitary enough. A line from you will find me, directed to Mr. Jervas's as usual, whose people will carefully send it after me. Pray write to me, and if you can, persuade the Mrs. Blounts to do the same. Dear sir, I truly wish you all happiness, or in default of all happiness, all resignation. It is the best amends we can make ourselves for any misfortune here, and the surest means to obtain felicity hereafter. I have loved you long, esteem you still, and wish I could imitate your virtue when I may have occasion to resign anything that is

[1] Before Pope settled at Twickenham he seems to have contemplated building a house in London. In a letter of August 14, 1718, Lord Bathurst warns him against the expenditure in which it might involve him.

[2] The Blounts.

[3] To Stanton-Harcourt, an old house which belonged to Lord Harcourt, and which was in the neighbourhood of his seat at Cokethorpe.

dear to me, which will happen, one time or other, to every honest heart in the world.

To say truth, I think, except for one or two such examples as yours, all family virtues, or regard for those which were once thought tender and obliging ties of relations, friendship or affinity, all these, I say, seem lost and ridiculed. A family now-a-days is a little commonwealth of malignants, where each has a paltry separate interest from the other. The son wishes the death of the father, the younger brothers of the elder, the elder grudges the portions of the sisters. And when any of them marry, then rise new interests and new divisions *in sæcula sæculorum*. It would be no ill praise of your family to say it is the most unlike a family in the world; and one might justly allow Esquire Blount to be the truest son and the truest brother in the nation.

I hope to see you unfashionably good this long time, which is only wishing you long life in other words. I am always, dear sir, your faithful and affectionate servant.

70. POPE TO CARYLL.

Oxford, *Aug.* 11, 1718.

Dear Sir,—I can hardly tell you how uneasy your letter has made me. You write to me in a style that indeed was never properly used to me, that wherein we upbraid forgetful friends. I am sorry you can think my friendship depends upon so trivial [a circumstance] as that of writing every two months. It is what a lame arm or a strained thumb may hinder the best friend in England from doing. If I should tell you I have had both these misfortunes, it might pass for an apology, and yet in effect be worse, since they happened both on my left arm. Or if I should say that I was prevented by two or three fits, and pretty long ones, of illness, two or three journeys, many and continual interruptions of business and company, much application to Homer, and what not—though all this be really true, yet the very best and only honest reason I can give for not writing so long is, that I trusted so much to the certainty you have of my friendship by a prior right, and a longer possession

than all my other friends, that I thought you of all others the safest man to be negligent to.

But now I reflect, I have not been so negligent as I thought; for above a month ago, I writ you a long epistle, which is yet in the hands of the Mrs. Blounts, upon the belief that they were just going to Grinstead. I presume their constant expectation from day to day of a summons from your family made the letter (together with two books which you sent for, and your female Black's picture)[1] lie so long unknown to you.

I was necessitated to come hither to continue my translation of Homer, for at my own house I have no peace from visitants, and appointments of continual parties of pleasure,—things very unseasonable to a man who has such a cruel unproportionable task on his hands. There will be no stirring for me from the country hereabouts, till I have done this whole volume;[2] for here, except this day that I spend at Oxford, I am quite in a desert incognito from my very neighbours, by the help of a noble lord, who has consigned a lone house to me for this very purpose. I could not lie at his own, for the same reason I do not go to Grinstead, because I love his company too well to mind anything else, when it is in my way to enjoy that.

I cannot tell whether the Mrs. Blounts will venture upon a Sussex road so late in the year; but if they do, I really think you ought to pay them with as many entertainments as you have given this whole season, according to the method of the husbandman in the Scripture, since, though they came latest, yet they have, on your account, borne all the sweat and fatigue of the summer in London. I cannot say I shall envy them the venison they shall eat with you, but I shall the partridges; for, being here in the finest setting country in England, we can nowhere procure a dog to help us to any. I beg your whole family to know me for their servant, and you to repent your rashness, and still believe me your faithful affectionate friend.

[1] This may have been the portrait of an old domestic, who is always called "Black Phil" in Caryll's accounts.

[2] An inscription on a pane of glass at Stanton-Harcourt recorded that, "In the year 1718, Alexander Pope finished here the fifth volume of Homer."

71. POPE TO CARYLL.

Sept. 3, [1718].

DEAR SIR,—You shall be convinced it was mere stress of business that so long interrupted my correspondence with you, for the moment that I get a little leisure, my letters return thick upon you. What gives me the subject of this, is a reflection I have had occasion to make here on the common superstitious turn of mankind. A young man and woman were lately destroyed here[1] by lightning, and the country people are hardly in charity with their minister for allowing them christian burial. They cannot get it out of their heads but it was a judgment of God. It is odd enough to consider how people who fancy themselves good christians are so absurd as to think the same misfortunes, when they happen to others, are a punishment of vice, and when they happen to themselves an exercise of virtue. On the contrary, true piety would make us know, that all misfortunes may as well be blessings, and even sudden death itself only a timely and speedy reward of a good life. I therefore hope I have done some service in procuring the following epitaph[2] to be set over the two people I mentioned:—

Think not, by rigorous judgment seized,
  Two hearts like these could e'er expire;
Victims so pure Heaven saw well pleased,
  And snatched them in celestial fire.
Their souls on wings of lightning fly;
So soared Elijah to the sky.

Live well and fear no sudden fate,
  When God calls virtue to the grave;
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
  Mercy alike, to kill or save;
Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

On the contrary, the superstitious man looks on the great Father of all as a tyrant, and in how miserable a state is he,

[1] At Stanton-Harcourt.

[2] This is the second epitaph, or, as Pope called it, the "godly one." Lord Harcourt was apprehensive that the first which the poet composed would not be understood by the rustics.

who lies under perpetual apprehensions of such a power from whom no might can protect, no flight can save, and neither time nor death itself can deliver him. Accordingly he serves his Maker but as slaves do their tyrants, with a gloomy savage zeal against his fellow-creatures, whom he insults and persecutes with all barbarity, whenever they seem never so little deficient in their duty, though at the same time he trembles with the dread of being ill-used himself, notwithstanding all his endeavours of service to their common Lord. Plutarch has set both the vice and folly of superstitions in the best light I have seen. He observes that these wretches are more impious than atheists, since it is worse to conceive an unworthy opinion of God, than not to believe there is one; as I would rather, says he, it were said there was no such [man] as Plutarch, than that he was passionate, revengeful, and implacable. The superstitious man fears most where others are most secure; he is afraid of heaven, and yet flies to it for succour. The atheist, when he falls under misfortunes, adversity, or sickness, complains only of fortune, or accuses the temper of the air, or his own irregularities; but the superstitious accounts every unhappiness an immediate stroke of heaven—nay, thinks it is criminal even to avoid it. In a word, such a wretch must of necessity at once fear God and hate him.

I believe there is not in the whole course of the Scripture any precept so often and so strongly inculcated, as the trust and eternal dependence we ought to repose in that Supreme Being who is our constant preserver and benefactor. I know no man who practises this in a more exemplary manner than yourself, and therefore cannot conclude this letter better, than by desiring you to pray for the same grace for one who has already begun, and doubtless in the course of his life will continue, to want it,—I mean, dear sir, your affectionate friend and servant.

Pray let your own family, and Mrs. Blount's, know that I scorn to use such a phrase as make my compliments to them. I hope you will make your neighbour, Mr. Fuller, if he is in your parts, a better neighbour to them in London. I hear very good things of him as to the catholic interest.

72. POPE TO CARYLL.

Oct. 18, [1718].

Dear Sir,—I find by the Mrs. Blounts that I am obliged to you for a letter which I assure you has not come to my hands. I look upon it as no little loss when I miss of any expression of a friendship like yours, which extends, I know, far beyond the common ones of the world, and is solicitous both for the earthly and heavenly felicity of those you love. A man thus befriended is doubly obliged at once to your moral and christian virtue, and it would be in such an one the greatest ingratitude to you, if he were not in return as well a good man as a good friend. I have always unfeignedly wished for the well-being of your whole family, but I must be allowed to say I wish it still more since I know how much you have obliged that of Mrs. Blount's, to which my best wishes have always been fixed. I thank you for loving them, for it confirms me I have been in the right, and it is a sort of generosity in me not to envy you the pleasure which I find you have given them.

The interest you take in all that belongs to me will make it agreeable news to you that I have in a manner finished the fifth volume of Homer. I have the satisfaction of finding that daring work less and less censured, and the last volumes generally allowed to be better done than the former, which yet no way raises my vanity, since it is only allowing me not to grow worse and worse.

Before I could see my Lord Burlington, who was as much upon the ramble as myself, I heard Mr. Pulteney had agreed for Ladyholt. I writ early to his lordship about it, but had no answer to that particular in his letters.

Talking of business puts me in mind of desiring to know of you whether any payment has been made within this year past of the rents of the Hotel de Ville in Paris, and of putting you in mind how long I have been indebted to you for those gifts of Bacchus which I have ungratefully enjoyed without repaying my benefactor, or asking what I owe you for the wine. I beg, when you think fit, to deduct that account from

the sum there is between us, and to return me only the remainder.

I was but one night in London the last month, when I went to Mr. Tempest's, and sent the next morning to inquire if you were returned from Ingatestone, as I doubted, but had the ill luck to miss of you.[1] I very much desire to see you, and if I have any intimation of your being in town, nothing shall hinder my meeting you. I am always, dear sir, yours most faithfully.

73. POPE TO CARYLL.

[*November*, 1718.]

Dear Sir,—Meeting with the gentleman who has been to wait on you, in relation to Mrs. Cope's affair, I find that her husband is very suddenly to go back to his command, and that her relief will be almost impracticable if not attempted before. The Board of Officers will not meddle in a family concern; and people of skill in these matters assure me that the only method is to procure a writ from the Chancery, *ne exeat regno*, which may be had for a trifle, and will so far distress him as to oblige him to find bail, and bring him to some composition, not to be hindered from going abroad. If once he is over, you will be obliged to a prosecution of more trouble and time, or he will not allow her a groat, as he has declared. I cannot but lay before you this case, which is of the last importance to the poor lady, and indeed must affect any charitable man. The gentleman, who desires to see you to-night at nine at your lodgings, is actuated purely by that humanity which is inherent to his family, and I doubt not the same humanity will prompt you to assist so melancholy a circumstance, as it has been ever the distinguishing character of yourself in particular. I beg you to believe I am at all hours, dear sir, your most faithful and most affectionate humble servant.

[1] Caryll went on the 15th of September to Ingatestone, and returned to London on the 25th.

74. POPE TO CARYLL.

[*Feb.* 1719-20.]

DEAR SIR,—Your desire that I should tell you some news of the *beau monde* or from Parnassus, could not be expressed at a time when I am less capable to comply with it. I have not the least knowledge of any poetical affairs; I have not seen a play these twelve months, been at no assembly, opera, or public place whatever. I am infamously celebrated as an inoffensive unenvied writer, even by Curll himself. My friends have given me over as to all wit and pleasure. I am the common topic of ridicule as a country put; and if, once a month, I trudge to town in a horseman's coat, I am stared at, every question I ask, as the most ignorant of all rustics. But, to tell you the whole truth, besides all this I confess my unpoliteness proceeds directly from choice. I have lain under an impediment to all amusement and pleasure these many months, namely, very great indispositions, and such an alteration in my constitution as rather deserves to be called a ruin than a revolution. I have had no appetite or digestion a vast while. I have perpetual vomitings and nervous distempers upon me, with a dejection of spirits that has totally taken away everything, if I ever had anything, which could be called vivacity or cheerfulness. I have not half the taste I once had of anything pleasing in this world, and those things that trouble me I have double the satisfaction of. I was not a little troubled for poor Mr. Englefield.[1] I have lost one or two more that I loved. I find few left that are worth loving. Yet I assure you if ever I see a virtue spring up, or a good action done, it is the only thing that makes me content to live. I preserve with great constancy all the regards I ever had to

[1] His death is thus announced in the Weekly Journal of February 13th: "Some days since, [Henry] Englefield, Esq., a Roman Catholic gentleman, near Reading, &c., being at a neighbouring gentleman's house, as he was sitting at the table, fell down dead of an apoplexy. He has left an estate of 1200*l.* per ann." Whatever estate he left was much involved. Mrs. Englefield's father, Mr. Poole, says, in a letter to Caryll, that "he died in debt, without leaving anything for his widow and seven children beyond her jointure."

my friends, and in particular to yourself. I rarely see any of them, but often recollect there are some such in the world, and that recollection renders me the better satisfied to be in it. I am very sincerely a well-wisher to your whole family, and at all times, dear sir, yours most faithfully.

75. POPE TO CARYLL.

Twitnam, *March* 3, [1720].

Dear Sir,—I cannot but own you show yourself truly a christian by your forgiving epistle, considering my manifold and really inexcusable offences. The truth is, I have written to nobody since I have so much to do to write to everybody. This looks a little like a riddle, but you will solve it when you reflect a poet writes to everybody in his labours, and pleasures I have had none. If I could have found time for any, I assure you one of the first had been to see you at Grinstead. I have yet a fortnight's work with Homer, a vast deal with masons and gardeners, and a deal of what I think more troublesome than all, in the management of my money affairs; for these new projects of Government have in a manner overturned all my settlements. Among the rest that unfortunately want ready money at this time, your humble servant is not the least in need; therefore your memorandum as to the interest is not unseasonable, though I myself had really forgot there was such a thing in the world between us. I would have you think when I can forget to correspond with you on things far more pleasant and valuable to me than money, such as used to make the subject of our letters, I must not be in a capacity of remembering such trifles. However, that you may not think me so much a hermit, though I am never in town, pray enclose a bill for it on Mr. Wright, or any goldsmith you use.

76. POPE TO CARYLL.

[*April* or *May*, 1720.]

Dear Sir,—I have been in uneasiness for your health for some time past, being informed by Lady Guldeford some weeks

ago of your fit of the gout. The fever I heard nothing of till I received your own letter, and am truly concerned at the long suffering you must have had, as well as danger you have been in. I shall be heartily glad to hear that your recovery is perfected, as soon as you can allow me that satisfaction. Your note on Mr. Wright was received, and I enclose as you desire an acquittance. The question you ask about the fair ladies' gains, and my own, is not easily answered. There is no gain till the stock is sold, which neither theirs nor mine is. So that, instead of wallowing in money, we never wanted more for the uses of life, which is a pretty general case with most of the adventurers, each having put all the ready money they had into the stock, and our estate is an imaginary one only. One day we were worth two or three thousand, and the next not above three parts of the sum. For my own particular, I have very little in; the ladies are much richer than I, but how rich, as you see, there is no telling by any certain rule of arithmetic.[1]

Pauperis est numerare pecus.

I am a little scandalised that you should so much as send a thought after the gains and advantages of this world, who seem to me, and have seemed so long, to be so fairly advanced in the superior prospects of another. For such an one to say he has been always on the losing side, I think is a great impropriety of expression; and nothing would have taken away my objection so effectually as what you confess in the next period of your letter, how much convinced you are of that *faiblesse de l'homme* of which there is so fine a treatise among the *Essais de Morale*.

I am sensible of the kindness of that expression where you assure me of the concern you partook from finding me under a depression of spirits by my last letters. Indeed, I have very ill health, and have fewer spirits to support such a state, than

[1] The speculating ladies were the Blounts. There had been a progressive rise in South Sea Stock during the last twelvemonth, but the gambling mania commenced about the February of this year, and when Pope wrote at the end of April or the beginning of May, the price was from 330 to 340. In July and August the stock was up to 950.

I used to have formerly. It really doubles my indisposition when those of my friends partake them, to whom I wish all that I want; and the best cordial I could have in my own illnesses would be to hear they were well and happy, as I shall always wish yourself and your whole family. I am, dear sir, yours as of old.

My Homer will be delivered out next week. You will see by some laborious indexes what has retarded it so long.[1]

77. POPE TO CARYLL.

TWITENHAM, *Sept.* 19, [1720].

DEAR SIR,—I received your two letters, and am truly concerned to see, by your making use of the young lady's hand, the inability of your own by the gout. I hope and heartily wish your speedy recovery. The extreme hurry everybody is now in about the Stocks[2] must plead the justest excuse that can be made for my not waiting upon you as well as the letter. I am encompassed by workmen, with whom my presence is but too necessary.

I delivered yours to the Secretary[3] with my own hands, and you need not fear the addition of such a character as I know by long experience how to give you. The business of it he said not a word to me about. I am sorry I cannot add to this short letter, for business hinders me from saying a word more than this, that I am always, dear sir, your faithful friend and servant.

78. POPE TO CARYLL.

TWITENHAM, *Oct.* 28, [1720].

DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry at what you say in respect to the Secretary. Since he spoke nothing about the matter to

[1] The two last volumes of Homer were issued to the subscribers on the 12th of May.

[2] Towards the end of August the fall in the South Sea Stock began. On the 13th of September it was down to 590, and before the end of the year it had dropped to 125 and 130.

[3] Mr. Craggs.

me I concluded he had writ to you himself, and if he has not it must be attributed doubtless to the great hurry and multiplicity of his affairs, or else to the immediate change in the value of estates, which fell just then with the Stocks.[1]

Your doctrine of selling out was certainly the most true and important doctrine in the world; and success, which makes everything right, has proved it so. It is not to be denied but every creature that did not sell out must never pretend to any moderation in desires of gain; and really people are become so little affected in that point that very few make any scruple to own as much. Indeed, I think all the morals that were among us are gone,—that is to say, all the pretences to morals. If ever a nation deserved to be punished by an immediate infliction from Heaven, this deserves it, and I think it would be a high presumption upon God's mercy to hope even He will turn all this any way to our good. There is no doubt He *can;* but whoever presumes to guess, much less point out, the way, must surely arrogate too much for any human blindness to make out, or see. For my part, all I *see* is ruin and mischief, and all I *wish* is quiet and resignation.

To give you a friendly part in my private concerns, and those of your other friends, I must just tell you as to myself that I am not hurt by these times or fates, which I think escaping well, and that your relations, the ladies in Bolton Street, are still gainers, even at this low ebb, and may be pretty considerably so if there be but any moderate rise again.

I wonder you never mention my friend Mrs. Cope, who it seems is with you. You know my regard for that lady's person and interest, and I am therefore pleased to think you espouse them. Pray assure her of my best good wishes and service. Adieu, dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant.

[1] It would seem as if Caryll had offered some estate for sale to Craggs, who had made enormous sums during the South Sea mania, and might be desirous of investing his gains in land.

79. POPE TO CARYLL.

Dec. 12, 1720.

Dear Sir,—I had epistolised you long ago but in an expectation of your coming to town, which was given me by several hands. I was lately very happy in an evening's conference with your son,[1] who, like all the rest of the family, has an undoubted right to me; though I took it a little ill he did not make use of it, in making my cottage his habitation during his stay at Twitenham. I was unfortunately at London all but one day, and I cannot express how concerned I am to have missed the satisfaction of both Lady Mary's and his neighbourhood.[2] Nothing can make it up, but your own coming, which your last letter gave me some hopes of; but Mr. Caryll tells me you do not intend as yet to leave the country. My present situation very much resembles Noah's ark, not only on account of the wide watery prospect of all the face of the earth overflowed round about me,[3] but also because I find myself and little family in a manner separated from all the world, without commerce or society, and without that which makes society and commerce,—money. The vast inundation of the South Sea has drowned all, except a few unrighteous men, contrary to the deluge, and it is some comfort to me I am not one of those, even in my afflictions. It is a serious satisfaction to me to reflect I am not the richer for the calamities of others, which, as the world has gone, must have been the case nine times in ten. I protest to you I speak in earnest[4] * * than to have been the greatest gainer with that reflection, and to convince you how much I am in earnest, I am really forced to desire you to order me the little you owe me, if you can, to even it till Christmas, being in more necessity for present money than

[1] Mr. Henry Caryll, who was in the service of the Duke of Lorraine, and had come to England with the Duke's envoy, the Count de Begue.

[2] Lady Mary had no doubt been on a visit to her mother, Lady Seaforth, who resided at Twickenham.

[3] Pope in a letter to Teresa Blount says that the Thames had risen so high that the tops of the walls which flanked his grass-plot were only just visible, an opposite meadow was covered with sails, and gudgeons were pumped up through a pipe in the kitchen.

[4] The transcriber appears here to have missed a line.

I ever yet was. I am much pleased with a thought of Doctor Arbuthnot, who says the Government and South Sea Company have only locked up the money of the people upon conviction of their lunacy, as is usual in the case of lunatics, and intend to restore them as much as is fit for such people, as they see them return more and more to their senses.

I am got to the bottom of my letter before I was aware. There is a pleasure in writing or talking to you which I could indulge, but must have mercy on you. I am constantly and faithfully yours.

80. POPE TO CARYLL.

Feb. 1720-21.

DEAR SIR,—The favour of yours had sooner been acknowledged but for the many distractions I have lately been in through the loss of some of my friends and my own indispositions. I am sensible of the part you bear in any loss I can sustain of any sort, and such as this, indeed, I think of the greatest sort. I must also acknowledge the justice as well as good-will of your reflection, and your wish that we may all be prepared to meet the same fate, which invariably we must undergo. However, even that reflection does not mitigate what living we feel in the loss of others. Nothing seems so natural upon these accidents as the desire that God would prolong the date of the few deserving friends that remain to us, in which number I need not tell you the old title and long right you have to claim in me. I humbly pray for your felicity here and hereafter.

There never lived a more worthy nature, a more disinterested mind, a more open and friendly temper than Mr. Craggs.[1] A

[1] Mr. Secretary Craggs died of the small-pox on February 16, 1721. He was deeply involved in the South Sea scheme, and his father, who was Postmaster-General, was proved to have received from the Directors a bribe of 40,000*l.* stock. He expired in a "lethargic fit" on the 16th of March, the night before the secret committee, appointed by the House of Commons, was to report on his case, and it was supposed that he had taken poison to avoid the disgrace which awaited him. His executors were compelled by an Act of Parliament to refund all the money which he had made since Dec. 1, 1719, and it was then found that he had realised 69,000*l.* by his South Sea transactions.

little time, I doubt not, will clear up a character which the world will learn to value and admire when it has none such remaining in it.

Several idle reports about the Duke of Buckingham's epitaph, with very various and misrepresenting copies, are spread about the town. I remember only this, that what his Grace two years ago repeated to me as his intended inscription had nothing exceptionable in it, in any fair or christian construction.[1]

I cannot express how disappointed I am in seeming again to have lost the hope of seeing you here. My mother's uncertain state of health, which is like the last light of a taper near going out, whose very brightest flashes but show it in more danger of expiring, obliges me to watch her too closely to admit of any views of a longer journey than to London,—whither, by the way, I very rarely go,—or a longer absence than of a day or two at most. Pray assure Mr. Caryll, Lady Mary, and your whole family of the unalterable regard I must always bear to all that belongs to you, and as for yourself, expect no words that can tell you with what esteem I am, yours most faithfully.

81. POPE TO CARYLL.

London, *April* 2, [1721].

Dear Sir,—I am very much pleased at all times with finding myself in your memory. I am sure I shall never lose you from mine, where you will ever possess the place of an old and valued friend. I hope, too, I shall always live in such a manner, and such a constant tenor, agreeable to my oldest professions, both of veracity and principle, as you shall never be ashamed of me, as you have been of some others of our acquaintance, whose miserable defection from their principles renders so contemptible that they cannot, sure, vex or affect you any otherwise than in a mere christian compassion and pity.

Of late your letters pique me. They are writ in a style of suspicion and coldness, as if you doubted my inclinations to

[1] This was a Latin epitaph, said to have been found in his will.

hear from you or to see you. You remind me that Sir John Evelyn's stands as much in my way to your house as ever, when, in truth, I never meant more by telling you of a visit to him, than to make it the half-way house to yours, which was the whole end of the journey I intended. I know that gentleman but little, and accidentally, from his relation to the Harcourt family,[1] and that you have a much stronger and much older title to me and my projects, is a truth you ought not to contest—indeed you ought not. I have had three or four successive misfortunes in regard to yourself and family whenever you happened to come this way. It was a real vexation that I missed since of Lady Mary, and Mr. Richard Caryll: and if I omitted to write on purpose to tell you so, it was because I doubted not but you would know I was sorry without being told so. Indeed of late a number of tiresome businesses of many kinds have taken me even from myself as well as from my friends in general. I am hoping still, but still disappointed, that I shall live composedly again, and be as much my own as I was when first I was so happy as to know you. There wants only that, I assure you, to make me as much yours.

God knows when I can make such a journey as I wish I could to your house. My mother is grown too feeble to be left long alone, and too uneasy when I did leave her a month last year, to let me think of doing it so long again—so that when you rally me about the little debt of interest in saying you will keep it till I come for it, you are a little inclined to a much greater piece of injustice than such trifles can ever be thought among friends, namely in imagining that any motive of interest would sway me in regard to you. Dear sir, believe me truly yours, and think well of me, that is, as a christian should—charitably, forgivingly, and kindly. I have preached to you this holy time upon this one point. In all else, I am well assured you do your duty, and are everything that can be wished by one so much your friend as, dear sir, your most faithful affectionate servant.

[1] Pope's late friend, the Hon. Simon Harcourt, married Elizabeth, the sister of Sir John Evelyn, of Wotton, in Surrey.

82. POPE TO CARYLL.

July 16, 1721.

Dear Sir,—Though it is, indeed, no compliment to tell you your letters are always a pleasure to me, your last was so in a more particular manner, as it acquainted me that you improved in your health. You can improve in nothing else, you are so good already. I should delight myself extremely to imagine those few Spa waters I sent were any way instrumental to it, and wish I had more left, which should have attended this letter. The next thing to that is to tell you that the best of these waters now in England are at Mr. Pigott's, a druggist at the Greyhound, in Newgate Street, whom I recommend to you, if you have any occasion in his way of trade, as a very honest young man of the household of faith, the son of Cornelius Pigott, and one just set up. I will take care to procure and send them to you on the least notice, for I think if you find benefit by the waters, you ought to continue them, and I make it my request that you would do so.

I take it kindly that you say you will make me no other invitation to Grinstead but to assure me I shall be welcome whenever I come. In sincerity I have long wished I could, and Sir John Evelyn's lying in the way, though some motive, yet was no way needful to allure me to a place I like so much as your own. You pique me a good deal in mentioning it. I wish you knew me for what I really am in an ancient and settled respect for you and yours.

I have hopes given me that you will be soon in London, where so soon as you give me notice I will come on purpose to wait on you, and hope I may enjoy your company here without any such interruption as when I saw you last here, which unfeignedly troubled me much. If I were inclined to return evil for evil, and pique in return to what you said of Sir J. Evelyn's, I would say that Lady Seaforth lives still at Twitenham. I am faithfully, dear sir, your affectionate friend, and obliged humble servant.

83. POPE TO CARYLL.

[1722.]

DEAR SIR,—I should have not so long delayed sending the enclosed receipt, but was absent from home when yours arrived, for which I thank you, but will not excuse you from a longer epistle (since I am always sincerely rejoiced to hear from you) when you next have leisure to gratify me so far, though it would please me much better, if you did what I have been made to hope you would,—come and make a visit to Twitnam with Lady Mary. I have told you in my last how much my mother is obliged to Lady Seaforth, who is the best neighbour she has, and the only one she cares to visit since poor Mrs. Stonor's death. Though I can give you no good account of myself as to anything of my own, yet I am very busy in doing justice to a far greater poet,[1] of whose works I am giving a new edition. Besides this, I have the care of overlooking the Duke of Buckingham's papers, and correcting the press. That will be a very beautiful book, and has many things in it you will be particularly glad to see in relation to some former reigns. You will see by this I am not quite idle, though not so much a poet as formerly. Though I live here at this time of the year, in a glut of company, yet I can keep some thinking hours to myself, which I ought to employ (since they are not many) in thoughts of more serious importance than versifying deserves. I hope they will turn to that which one may justly call one's best advantage, and I know your own way of thinking so well that I am sure you will approve of this method of employing my time, much more than if it were spent in poetry. I am unfeignedly, dear sir, ever yours.

84. POPE TO CARYLL.

Oct. 26, [1722].

DEAR SIR,—I am ashamed as well as pleased to receive a most obliging letter from your hands, at the time I should

[1] Shakspeare.

not only by inclination but by promise have written one to you. I never was in a greater hurry and distraction in my life, and faithfully I assure you I intended every day, nay, thrice sat down to write; but I find I am concerned for so many people, and love my friends so well, that everything that befalls them interests me so far in it, as to make me seem to forget the rest. Indeed, dear sir, when I am seeming so to do, I forget none so much as I do myself, and attend no one's concerns so little. I may not pass such a life, as to have that sentence of Seneca the tragedian applied to me—

> Infelix ille!
> Qui notus nimis omnibus,
> Ignotus moritur sibi.

I know I have your good wishes, as against all misfortunes, so against this greatest one above all. And I am truly sensible of your friendship, and truly ready to make the due returns to it on any occasion. I very much condole with my friend whose confinement you mention,[1] and very much applaud your obliging desire of paying him a compliment at this time of some venison, the method of which I have been bold to prescribe to Lady Mary. I must not omit telling you how much I, and all of us, are obliged to that lady for her kind notice and obliging visits while at Twitenham. She is every way of a piece with the rest of your family, and brings all Ladyholt into my mind wherever I converse with her.

The news about our friend Gay must be a mistake occasioned by another of the same name, who is qualified for a member of Parliament.

I must again sincerely protest to you that I have wholly given over scribbling, at least anything of my own, but am become, by due gradation of dulness, from a poet, a translator, and from a translator, a mere editor. Were I really capable at this time of producing anything I should be incapable of concealing it from you, who have been so many years one of

[1] The Bishop of Rochester, who was committed to the Tower on the 24th of August, 1722, for conspiring to bring in the Pretender. He remained in confinement till June, 1723, when, in obedience to the Act of Parliament which sentenced him to banishment, he was conveyed to Calais.

my best critics, as well as one of my best friends. I cannot express how much I wish we were nearer together to enjoy the fruits and pleasures, as well as I feel the warmth and reality, of friendship. Let Lady Mary express it for me, from whom it will both convince and please you more than any cold words at this distance can do from, dear sir, your most affectionate faithful servant.

85. POPE TO CARYLL.

TWITENHAM, [1723].

DEAR SIR,—I sent you a few words to your lodgings in London, but I since understood you had been gone a week before. I fancied any letter might have been forwarded to you from thence, and hoped to hear of you. There was, indeed, no business in it, but only a kind of incentive to your writing, and a renewal of correspondence I ever delighted in. I now accost you again, and had this been dated yesterday, as I intended, it had been as free from business as my last, whereas a thing was posted to-day that makes me acquaint you with a private design of mine, which I now hear of a probability of executing. It is, indeed, a friend's right to tell you anything that relates to my affairs, as knowing the kind interest you take in them, though you were not concerned in them in any other regard. But this will require my drawing together what money I can in order to purchase an advantageous annuity. I could be glad of the principal 200*l.*, which you have in your hands, for this end, as soon as it is convenient for you to pay it, but if it will be any way troublesome let me know by the first opportunity that I may procure it elsewhere, and be pleased to tell me what time you will choose to repay it in, and I will order my matters according to your conveniency. As for the year's interest due at Christmas last, I shall be glad of it now, unless you choose to send the whole in a shorter time than I could press you to do it.

The worthy gentleman our friend, whom we went together to visit,[1] gives you his most hearty services, and has given them

[1] Probably the Bishop of Rochester.

you several times since, as one of my letters told you. I see nothing but melancholy prospects for my friends, and shall be a common sufferer with you; yet, I assure you, much more from my concern for the sufferings of a great number of honest and conscientious men than from my own little part in them. Yet if this bill passes,[1] I shall lose a good part of my income, and in this expectation I am providing the annuity I told you of, to enable me to keep myself that man of honour which I trust in God ever to be. I believe firmly you and I shall never be ashamed of, or for, one another. I know I wish my country well, and if it undoes me it shall not make me wish it otherwise. You see I go on acquainting you with my grievances, as I did upon another occasion when you was last in town. I know I need not put you in mind of doing that, or any other sort of justice or kindness, to one who is so sincerely, and by so long established a title, dear sir, your most faithful affectionate friend and servant.

My mother is extremely your servant. Lady Seaforth has not been here a good while, or I should have given you some account of her. My faithful service to Mrs. Caryll, Lady Mary, and your whole family, with all wishes for all your felicity.

86. POPE TO CARYLL.

[1725.]

Dear Sir,—I was not a little vexed at such a series of ill-luck and of mistakes as happened to me last week. First I missed of being at home, which I would not have done had I known in the least of your calling. Then I was obliged the next day but one to go into Essex with the Duchess of Buckingham. The only four hours I was able to be in town I could not learn where you lodged, and your letter met me at my return, which told me you were gone.

I ordered my agent expressly to leave the book without payment. All I meant was to send you one to read till you ordered

[1] The bill for raising 100,000*l.* by a tax on the Roman Catholics, over and above the double land-tax, to which they were already subject.

the remainder. I also fancied, that since it was possible you might not have got off the four subscriptions I sent you, you might prefer to have but two sets, and so I would have taken the payment you made to Mrs. Cope for the whole in full. Indeed, I cannot imagine how Lady Mary's name was omitted in the list. I sent it myself to the printer, but many such mistakes have been committed,—which I will take effectual care to set right in the last volume,—to the number of thirty or forty. I did purposely omit to set you down for four sets, for the reason I just now mentioned, to excuse you from being taxed too high, which I least of all care my friends should be. Pray assure Lady Mary, for whom I have a just value, of my concern at this. I know you yourself will excuse everything in, dear sir, your affectionate friend and servant.

87. POPE TO CARYLL.

[1725.]

Dear Sir,—I thought it a very long time I did not hear from you, and was going to write again just when I received yours. I shall be much pleased to see you here *en famille*, but pray tell me the time, if you can, it being else a great uncertainty whether I may not be abroad, or have strangers with me; for indeed my house is too like the house of a patriarch in the Old Testament, receiving all comers, whereas I can easily at a little warning contrive it so that nobody shall molest the enjoyment I propose of your company, and heartily desire. I thank you for your offer of venison, and shall be glad of some. Why not send it so as it may make part of your entertainment here when you come?

I send enclosed a receipt, upon sending which to Mr. Jervas's the painter's, you will have the books delivered to the bearer. I thank you for your congratulation upon the conclusion of that laborious book, which, first and last, has cost me as much pains as the Iliad.[1]

What you tell me of Mrs. Cope being at last met by her

[1] The translation of the Odyssey was finished about July, 1725; but the revision and printing were not completed till May, 1726.

brother is a thing I am rejoiced at, even though his affairs may not be as I wish. Yet it will doubtless be some addition of comfort to her besides his company. I wish that too common verse may not be applicable to them:—

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

The last time I heard from her she was extremely dejected, which was about six weeks past. I beg you sometimes to commend me and my service to Lady Mary Caryll. My best wishes attend her and her charge. Your family has had a long and lasting right to mine. Believe me, dear sir, your ever affectionate friend and servant.

88.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.

Nov. 23, [1725].

DEAR SIR,—I was obliged to you for a kind letter before you took your journey, to ask if you could do me any service in your travels;[2] but as I have little or no correspondences abroad, I needed not to give you the trouble you so obligingly offered. I am glad your travels delighted you,—improve you I am sure they could not. You are not so much a youth as that, though you run about with a king of sixteen,[3] and what makes him more a child, a king of Frenchmen. My own time has been more melancholy, spent in a trembling attendance upon death, which has at last seized one of our family, my poor old nurse. My mother is something better, though at her advanced age every day is a climacteric. I am glad you received the second set of the Odyssey, and will shortly send you the whole work complete. Between the cares of myself and my two friends, I believe not only the future, but the present age, will soon allow it to be an exacter version than that of the Iliad, where all the drudgery was my own. When I translate again

[1] Passages from this and the following letter make up the letter which, in the edition of 1735, was addressed to the Hon. Robert Digby, under the date of September 10, 1724, and in the quarto was addressed to Dr. Arbuthnot, with the date of the year omitted.

[2] In July, 1725, Mr. Caryll escorted Lady Mary and her young family to Paris, where she remained till 1736.

[3] Louis XV.

I will be hanged; nay, I will do something to deserve to be hanged, which is worse, rather than drudge for such a world as is no judge of your labour. I will sooner write something to anger it, than to please it.[1]

I would not repeat a matter of interest to you, which I mentioned above a year since, namely, that when it is convenient to you I would be glad to receive the 200*l.*; but I must again repeat, that if it is not, I am very easy while it is in your keeping.

I hope you left Lady Mary well, if you have left her in Paris, for you never named her in your letter. Pray, in what condition of life is Mrs. Cope? She told me of your intention of charity towards her, and I suppose by this time she is in the convent. I am, with all esteem and memory of the long acquaintance with which you have honoured me, sir, your most affectionate obliged servant.

My sincere wishes to all your family.

89. POPE TO CARYLL.

Dec. 25, 1725.

DEAR SIR,—Both an indisposition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a slight one compared with my mother's, because my life is not half the consequence to anybody that hers is to me, have hindered my more speedy reply to your very obliging letter of the beginning of this month. First, to get rid of all the business of it, be assured as to money I am well satisfied that it is in your hands, if you care to keep it. It was no more than a doubt remaining from a former mention of your parting with it, that made me question in my own mind whether you had not a mind to pay it in.

The next article you inquire of, is as little concern to me

[1] Pope did not drudge for the sake of mankind; he drudged for his own advantage. When he talks of spiting the world, he adopts the language of Bayes in the Rehearsal, and even almost goes beyond the burlesque of the satirist: "Were it not for the sake of some ingenious persons I would see 'em all hanged, egad, before I would e'er set pen to paper; but let 'em live in ignorance like ingrates."

as you desire it should—namely, the railing papers about the Odyssey, which I venture to say will be fully answered the moment the work is finished. If I take any notice of such fellows, it must be a wretched work of supererogation. If the book has merit, and since you like it, it must, it will extinguish all such scandal, as the sun puts an end to stinks by shining out.

I wish I had nothing to trouble me more. An honest mind is not in the power of any dishonest one. To break its peace there must be some guilt or consciousness, which is inconsistent with its own principles. Not but malice and injustice have their day, like some poor short-lived vermin, that die of shooting their own stings. Falsehood is folly, says Homer, and liars and calumniators at last hurt none but themselves, even in this world. In the next it is charity to say, God have mercy on them! They were the devil's vice-gerents upon earth, who is the father of lies, and I fear has a right to dispose of his children.

I have had an occasion to make these reflections of late, much juster than from anything that concerns my writings, for it is one that concerns my morals, and,—which I ought to be as tender of as my own,—the good character of another very innocent person, who I am sure shares your friendship no less than I do. You, too, are brought into the story so falsely, that I think it but just to appeal against the injustice to yourself singly, as a full and worthy judge and evidence too. A very confident asseveration has been made, which has spread over the town, that your god-daughter, Miss Patty, and I, lived two or three years since in a manner that was reported to you as giving scandal to many; that upon your writing to me upon it, I consulted with her, and sent you an excusive alleviating answer, but did, after that, privately and of myself, write to you a full confession how much I myself disapproved the way of life, and owning the prejudice done her, charging it on herself, and declaring that I wished to break off what I acted against my conscience, &c.; and that she, being at the same time spoken to by a lady of your acquaintance at your instigation, did absolutely deny to alter any part of her conduct, were it ever so disreputable or excep-

tionable. Upon this villainous lying tale, it is farther added by the same hand, that I brought her acquainted with a noble lord, and into an intimacy with some others, merely to get quit of her myself, being moved in consciousness by what you and I had conferred together, and playing this base part to get off.

You will bless yourself at so vile a wickedness, who very well, I dare say, remember the truth of what then passed, and the satisfaction you expressed I gave you (and Mrs. Caryll also expressed the same thing to her kinswoman) upon that head. God knows upon what motives anyone should malign a sincere and virtuous friendship. I wish those very people had never led her into anything more liable to objection, or more dangerous to a good mind, than I hope my conversation or kindness are. She has in reality had less of it these two years past, than ever since I knew her; and truly when she has it, it is almost wholly a preachment, which I think necessary, against the ill consequences of another sort of company which they,[1] by their good will, would always keep; and she, in compliance and for quiet's sake, keeps more than you or I could wish. To deal with you like a friend, openly, you know it is the whole misfortune of that family to be governed like a ship,—that is, the head guided by the tail,[2] and that by every wind that blows in it.

God is my witness, I am as much a friend to her soul as to her person; the good qualities of the former made me her friend. No creature has better natural dispositions, or would act more rightly or reasonably in every duty, did she act by herself or from herself.

I thank you for your hint about my satirical unguarded stroke on the French. I own it an unguarded one, and meant it but as a jest. I wish for many hours of talk with you on that and many other subjects. I had read Mariamne before our friend sent it, having formerly had some correspondence about the poem on the League with its author.[3] I agree entirely with you on that subject. I know nothing of the writer on the paint-

[1] By "they" Pope means Mrs. Blount and Teresa, the latter of whom in particular he believed to be the author of "the villainous lying tale."

[2] The mother by the daughter.

[3] Caryll, it seems, brought over, as a present from Voltaire, a copy of his Mariamne.

ings, &c. of Rome, whom you inquire of. I thank God that Mr. Congreve who is dead[1] is not my friend of that name. I am glad of what you say of your cousin Cope, though I have heard nothing from her very lately. Dear sir, adieu; my best wishes ever attend you, and more than can be crowded into this paper. Yours affectionately.

90. POPE TO CARYLL.

TWITENHAM, *Jan.* 19, 1725-6.

DEAR SIR,—I had much sooner acknowledged a letter so worthy of you as your last, in which you show so just and honourable a regard to truth—which ought to be above all friends, if the old saying be good, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*—and at the same time to your friends also. I never doubted the entire falsity of what was said relating to you, any more than of what related to myself. I am as confident of your honour as of my own. Let lies perish, and be confounded, and the author of them, if not forgiven, be despised. So we men say, but I am afraid women cannot; and your injured kinswoman is made too uneasy by these sinister practices, which especially from one's own family are terrible. *Miserere mei saltem, amici mei; propinqui mei adversum me steterunt,* are terms she may too justly complain in, though she keeps all in silence, and suffers, not opening her lips.

Talking of one sufferer puts me in mind of another, whom I remember you told me you were willing to assist whenever she was settled abroad. I had, three days since, a long letter from poor Mrs. Cope, from Bar sur Aube en Champagne, where she tells me she has stayed several months, in hopes of her brother's coming there, as he gave her assurance, to live together, but she knows no more of him yet than the first day she arrived, nor hears when or how he can assist her, insomuch that the little money I sent her half a year since was actually all gone then, and she really wanted bread when I remitted her a little more this Christmas. I wish I could serve her further, but really cannot wholly supply her, being out of pocket of every farthing I sent her these last twelve-months.

[1] Colonel Congreve, who died November 18, 1725.

I wish you could remit her something, for I believe she never needed it more than at this juncture.

I have been very ill ever since my journey into Essex [1] last Christmas, but hope now, by the help of a little physic for a few days more, to recover, and live your affectionate servant some years more. I received the ten pounds on your note. I hope it will not be long before you pass some time as usual in this part of the world, and I hope still more that some of that time may be passed at this place, which is as much improved since you saw it, as its owner is worse and more decayed. We may then talk at large over many things, and particularly I wish to hear what charge that can be which you say has been proposed against you in any spiritual, celestial, or terrestrial court; for, indeed, I, who have known you so long, can have no notion of any such. If I live, or if my mother lives in health, or if it pleases God to remove her, I shall once more see Ladyholt. Pray make my compliments to the lady who wrote the last part of your kind letter, and to all your family. Many good New Years to you all. Your ever affectionate servant.

The two friends you inquire after, who are my assistants, are Mr. Fenton and Mr. Broome.

91. POPE TO CARYLL.

[1726.]

Dear Sir,—I had much sooner answered a letter of the nature of your last,—which is not on the one hand more a proof of your christianity than on the other of your friendship, since written at so melancholy a juncture,[2]— but that my own illness, which had been dangerous a little before, was thought more so upon a relapse, out of which, however, it has pleased God to recover me. I am not so fit for him as I hope and confide those are whom he sooner takes to himself, especially when he takes them from parents such as you, to whom the blessings promised

[1] At Down Hall, a house of Lord Oxford, where Prior had formerly resided, and upon which he wrote a ballad.

[2] Mr. Caryll's son Henry died on the 30th of January, 1726.

to such as serve him would surely never be denied to continue, did not his wisdom know it was best otherways. Your own citation from Job says all that can be said on such subjects. *Deus dedit, Deus abstulit.* To which, let me add a very comfortable passage in the Book of the Wisdom of Solomon on occasion of what we call untimely and early death. It is in the fourth chapter of that noble book, from verse 7 to 17.

Another reason, to say true, that made me defer my letter to you, was, that at that season I knew no word could have any effect on a mind like yours. No thoughts could be added to your own, that could be of a reasonable resigning kind, and to have said nothing or little had been, seemingly at least, but an unfriendly return to the notice you had given me of your grief. But I hope that ere now the best physician, next to that immortal one I have been speaking of—I mean Time—has laid his hands and spread some lenitives upon your wound, the only relief which human nature is susceptible of in such deep ones being first a sort of stupefaction, and after a kind of composure, proceeding from the excess of the pain itself. Upon the most violent strokes one rather faints than groans. Heaven in this is merciful, even in the frame of our constitution; but then, how infinitely more in the comfort it opens to us in the view of another, happier life, both to our friends and to ourselves, in which alone is to be found lasting rest, real comfort, and solid enjoyment of any good.

I wish I could ever, as I will endeavour from this time to do, find any person of merit enough to be linked to a family I so much esteem. What I fear may render my wish ineffectual is my very small acquaintance with those of the religion, which I believe you would think essential to such an alliance.[1] I am sure no creature more sincerely desires to be serviceable to you in that or any particular which regards your happiness or contentment.

I rejoice that your charity has been beforehand with my request in relation to Mrs. Cope. Indeed it is a good act, and

1 Whether or not the match was brought about through the agency of the poet, Edward Caryll did marry, in June, 1729, one of Pope's "very small acquaintance" of the religion, the daughter of his neighbour, Nathaniel Pigott, barrister-at-law.

such as doubtless will attract to us the benedictions of Him who will ask us no question sooner at the great day, not even if we believed in him, than if we clothed the naked, gave drink to the thirsty, &c., which he has directly told us will be taken as done to himself.

Be assured my earnest prayers attend you and your family, for I am truly, as always, dear sir, your affectionate faithful friend and servant.

92. POPE TO CARYLL.

August 30, *Tuesday* [1726].

Dear Sir,—I did not intend to have challenged your kind offer of venison till you were the bearer of it yourself, in your way to Essex. But I have hoped for you in vain this month; and yesterday, meeting Dr. Cockbourn, he told me you should not be this way till towards Michaelmas. I will, therefore, be so free as to desire, if it suit with your conveniency, and if this arrive at you time enough, to send me some directed to Mr. Gay's lodgings in Whitehall, over the gate, by Friday night, for I am to have some very particular company on Saturday, to whom I would always help to make myself welcome. But I apprehend the warning I give is too sudden and short. If so, there is no help for it, and the next convenient day will serve, directed to Mr. Jervas's, in Cleveland Court.

I congratulate you on what is done in relation to Lord Seaforth,[1] as I have a true concern for any related to your family. Sir Harry Bedingfield is but just gone to France, and his lady is in town, so that if you would make a stronger compliment to her, you may now do it here. I must insist upon your making as long a stay as you possibly can with me, whenever you come. A few hours will not serve, much less a few hours in the hurry of a traveller, to recollect half the very heads we have to talk upon. I am truly sorry for our valuable friend Mr. Blount, of whose many virtues we had an experience

[1] Lord Seaforth was a participator in the rebellion of 1715. A pardon was now granted him, and he returned to Scotland.

of so many years.[1] As for Mr. Pulteney, he is recovered and now in my neighbourhood.[2] I will make him know the concern you expressed for him this very day, for I have not yet congratulated him.

I am greatly beholden to you for your good wishes as to a patriarch, but yet more for your good opinion of my having any such title to them. I really long to see a true patriarch, *the lappet of whose shoe I am not worthy to loose*, and to observe once before I die the increase of all your herds, flocks, and plantations, &c., at Ladyholt. Believe me, with all respect, dear sir, yours and all yours.

93. POPE TO CARYLL.

Dec. 5, 1726.

Dear Sir,—I send this after you to show your good family that you are not dismissed from my house in the same manner as from other inns on the road,—forgot as soon as you were bid adieu, and out of sight. I hope you found no difficulties or disasters in the way, and I am sure you would find all satisfactions and comforts in each other at the end of the journey. My mother's prayers attended you all, and those I hope might be of more efficacy than her sinful son's, though now you have them too. I now thank you under my hand for the kind token of ancient friendship, expressed in your verses on my late accident.[3]

I want to know what faith you have in the miracle at Guildford;[4] not doubting but as you passed through that town

[1] Edward Blount, who died in July.

[2] Pulteney resided for a time at Ashley, near Walton upon Thames.

[3] As he was returning from dining with Lord Bolingbroke, the carriage was upset in passing through a stream, and Pope received a wound in his right hand.

[4] One Mary Toft, the wife of a cloth-worker at Godalming, pretended to give birth to rabbits. St. André, the well-known surgeon, who attended Pope after his accident, had the credulity to investigate the circumstances, and the still greater credulity to publish a narrative on November 28, in which he expressed his entire belief in the reality of the phenomenon. The woman made a full confession of the imposture on the 7th of December, and St. André put out a superfluous advertisement the day afterwards to state that he was convinced that she had practised a most abominable fraud. Pope and Pulteney wrote a joint ballad on the occasion.

you went as a philosopher to investigate, if not as a curious anatomist to inspect, that wonderful phenomenon. All London is upon this occasion, as it generally is upon all others, divided into factions about it.

Having had for some time past, and again of late, many instances and memorandums of my own mortality as a man, and apprehending the same of my mortality as an author, I have seriously thought of consulting what is to come after me in both regards, and to settle my whole account with posterity. In order to this, I shall endeavour forthwith to call in all such papers of mine as have been preserved too partially by any of my friends, from my childhood to this present; and as no one of that number, I am sensible, has had more partiality to me than yourself, or has had it longer, I will begin by entreating of you to consult my fame, such as it is, and to help me to put out of Curll's power any trifling remains of mine. If, therefore, you have preserved any verses or letters, I beg you to send them to me, as I will desire every man to do whom I know to be my friend. I will review them, and return whatever can do no hurt to either of us, or our memories, or to any other particular man's character. But so much as would serve to bear testimony of my own love for good men, or theirs for me, I would not but keep on all accounts, and shall think this very article more to my reputation than all my works put together.

Dear sir, adieu. All felicity to yours, and be it extended to all you love. My hand has done its best, and has forgot that it has ached this quarter of an hour, for it has been near an hour's work to write this. I am ever, dear sir, your obliged affectionate servant.

94. POPE TO CARYLL.

Dec. [1726].

Dear Sir,—This cold weather has almost a second time disabled my hand; but I am under an obligation to write to you, not only because what you mention requires a speedy reply, but because I would not neglect while I have any, though ever so weak ability. As to the former, dear sir, either

keep or return the principal sum. I am perfectly satisfied with its being in your hands, just as I would if I were so. But if it be more for your own conveniency to pay it, do. Let me but know soon; because, if you do pay it, I can just at this juncture employ it. If not, send me only a note for the interest. But the sooner I know your determination the better, on the account just now mentioned, that I may order my little affairs accordingly.

For the letters, I am obliged to the care you have taken in the indorsement and order you mention. However, I beg once more to see them. You cannot conceive the pain which Cromwell's partiality to those things, which only could occasion their coming into public, has given me. I have desired the same thing of Mrs. Blount,[1] with whose late worthy husband I entertained so long a correspondence, and of all others.

Dear sir, I must give over; I cannot hold my pen longer. You see my hand is strangely altered; but I do assure you my heart is not, with which I am, and ever shall be, your affectionate friend and most obedient servant.

You suspect me unjustly as to Gulliver's book. Upon my word I never saw it, till printed.[2]

Pray make Mrs. Caryll and the young lady remember me, as I shall always do them.

95. POPE TO CARYLL.

March 28, [1727].

DEAR SIR,—Your letter makes me smile, by rallying me upon my silence in such a manner, and imputing it to the punctual payment of your debt.[3] I delivered the bond, &c., in form to Mr. Wright, and writ you an epistle of a merry, not busy kind, the week after. I find you never received it. I assure you I never did, could, or can, or will quarrel with you.

[1] The widow of Edward Blount.

[2] Gulliver was published on the 28th of October, 1726.

[3] The 200*l.* which was lent by Pope's father to Caryll in June, 1710. The money was repaid on the 5th of January, 1727.

In particular, I never took anything more kindly of you and your family than your last visit at Twitenham, which we thought was a renovation of the ancient acquaintance you and they have honoured me with. The subject of the letter which miscarried was Mr. Deane,[1] my old master, who had writ me one, whereby I perceived his head happy in the highest self-opinion, whatever became of his body; and hereupon writ you a dissertation, proving it better for him to remain a prisoner than to have his liberty. I showed that self-conceit is the same with respect to the philosopher as a good conscience to a religious man, a perpetual feast, &c. But, to be serious, I have told Mr. Webb[2] that I will contribute with Lord Dormer and you in what manner you shall agree to think most effectual for his relief. My own judgment, indeed, is that the giving him a small yearly pension among us and others, even where he is, would keep him out of harm's way, which writing and publishing of books may bring him into. And that I find to be a project that bites him. He has all his life been a dupe to some project or other.

I heartily wish you all a very holy week and a happy Easter. Your god-daughter Patty does the same. I am sincerely troubled at the frequent return of your gout. I wish your health with all real heartiness. Is not that a better phrase than the modern compliment? I am neither well nor ill; that is, in truth, almost always my state, but always so employed and so dissipated by other people's affairs as well as my own, that I live in a hurry of thought, and too often in a hurry of person. God send me better thoughts, and more sedate reflections than this world generally allows me of late. I am charged, too, with the affairs of my relations, which among other vexations must excuse me to a reasonable friend (as I know, notwithstanding your raillery, you are) when I am

[1] Thomas Deane had been a fellow of University College, Oxford. According to Anthony Wood, he was "the creature and convert" of the master of the College, the notorious Obadiah Walker, who turned Roman Catholic in the reign of James II. In consequence of this apostacy Deane was deprived of his fellowship at the Revolution, and, having got himself into trouble through his hostility to the Government, he in 1691 stood in the pillory under the name of Thomas Franks.

[2] Mr. Webb was another of Deane's pupils.

sometimes an ill correspondent. Adieu, and all good things attend you. Dear sir, yours faithfully.

When did you hear of Mrs. Cope?

96. POPE TO CARYLL.

Twicknam, *May* 10, [1727].

Dear Sir,—My mother's long indisposition has been the occasion that I writ to you no sooner, being unwilling to omit at the same time to give you an account of the statue you bid me inquire about. There is but one antique one of Diana; the rest are modern, and but ordinary, and indeed the ancient statue is not in a very graceful posture. You must have seen it, drawing an arrow out of a quiver over her shoulder, which renders the arm in some views so foreshortened as to appear a stump. It is also of a large size, perhaps too large for the area in which you design to place it. I ought to know exactly what the open space is in which it must stand, for a proportion ought to be observed. Perhaps a Flora, or a Pan, or a Faun might do, of which there are several sizes. The most common, of a middle size, will cost about ten pounds, in lead, without the pedestal and carriage.

I received last post a letter from Mrs. Cope, by which I find her miseries are increased by a cancer in her breast, which makes it unavoidable for her to live not far from Paris for the necessary help of surgeons; and also casts her under greater wants to pay for it. Surely she is now, every day, a greater object of charity than other people. I must hope you will add something to her relief, since really that, which she tells me is almost all her substance,—the little I yearly send her—cannot suffice, nor can I, in my own narrow fortune, you must needs be sensible, increase it. Mr. Robert Arbuthnot, out of his friendship to me, and his own natural generosity of mind, has been kinder to her than anybody; nor is it in my power to make him any returns, which renders me uneasy. Letters to her must be directed to him—*Banquier à Paris*, is sufficient—and he will faithfully convey to her anything you think fit, in the best manner.

I hope you are long since perfectly recovered of the gout. I see and hear of nothing but sickness and death. God fit us for either. I am, dear sir, your family's and your own faithful servant.

97. POPE TO CARYLL.

Oct. 5, 1727.

DEAR SIR,—You would have reason to accuse me of negligence in so long deferring to answer yours, if I had not been unwillingly guilty in the same way to all my friendly correspondents. Betwixt very ill-health, and very much attention to some uneasy business, and unforeseen accidents of life, both to myself and my nearest relations, I have been perfectly engaged, and in a manner soured to the world, and all the engagements of mere amusements in it. I had indeed the company here constantly of Dr. Swift, who made my retirement his own for near four months, and is but just gone for Ireland,[1] which necessarily prevented my going any journey from home, further than for a day or so to London and back again. You see the reason why it was not possible for me, with any preservation of the laws either of civility or hospitality, to see you at Ladyholt. I thank God my mother is tolerably well again; but I myself labour under a very ill state of health, which increases daily. My old complaints of the stomach are turned into an inveterate cholic, which seldom leaves me in any lively sensation of life for two days together. I had lately the honour of a letter from Lady Mary Caryll, which I answered within this month. I hear poor Mrs. Cope is in a dying position. You give me no further orders about the statue. I have since seen a Flora that I like well enough. If you acquaint me at what time you shall be in town, I will go purposely thither to meet you. But if you could make this in your way, it would be doubly engaging.

You are too partial to me, in what you say occurred to you upon a review of the letters I have troubled you with. This brings afresh into my mind a request I made you some

[1] Swift arrived in London about the 19th of March, and left for Ireland about the 17th of September.

months ago of seeing them once more; for I have greatly before my eyes the fear of a rascally bookseller who has printed some very unfit to see the light in many regards, and I would be glad at least to prevent the like usage for the future, both in respect to my friends and myself. I beg my truest services may attend your whole family. You see my handwriting is altered for the worse since the accident I met with this time twelvemonth. Adieu. In the least bad weather it pains me. Believe me, dear sir, your ever affectionate obliged friend and servant.

98.[1] POPE TO CARYLL.

Twickenham, *Feb.* 3, 1728-9.

Dear Sir,—I assure you I am glad of your letter, and have long wanted nothing but the permission you now give me, to be plain and unreserved upon this head, upon which I wrote actually a letter to you long since; but a friend of yours and mine was of opinion it was taking too much upon me and more than I could be entitled to, by long acquaintance or the mere merit of good-will. I vow to God, I have not a thing in my heart relating to any friend, which I would not, in my own nature, declare to all mankind. The truth is what you guess. I could not much esteem your conduct to an object of misery so near you as Mrs. Cope, and I have often hinted it to yourself. The truth is, I cannot yet esteem it, for any reason I am able to see. But this I promise, I fully acquit you as far as your own mind acquits you. I have now no further cause; for the unhappy lady gives me now no further pain. She is no longer an object either of yours, or of my compassion,[2] and the hardships done her by whomsoever, are lodged in the hands of God, nor has any man more to do in it but the persons concerned in occasioning them.[3]

[1] This letter, with omissions and variations, first appeared, after Caryll's death, in the quarto of 1737, where it bears the date of September 2, 1732.

[2] Mrs. Cope underwent an operation for her cancer in November, 1727, and died on the 10th of May, 1728.

[3] These imputations against Caryll for want of generosity to his relative were quite unfounded. "You did more for her in her illness," Mrs. Cope's brother wrote to him from St. Germains, on the 8th of June, 1728, "than any one of her kindred

As to my small assistance, I never dreamt of repayment; so the true sorrow you express for my being a loser is misplaced. Indeed, I was a little shocked at one circumstance, that some of your Sussex acquaintance declared that you remitted me ten pounds a year for her, which you know was not true; but I do not impute this report to you. The only thing I am now concerned at is, that, for want of some abler or richer friend to her, I myself stand engaged to Abbé Southcote for 20*l.* toward his charges for surgeons and necessaries in her last illness, which is all I think myself a loser by, because it does her no good.

In regard to Mrs. Patty Blount, what I told you in her vindication of her case was no more than a justice she deserves, and which ought to be done her to everybody, so that it was no particular application to yourself, nor could be the ground of any resentment on my part; and, indeed, I am not only unable to judge whether her relations would, or would not, do her service, but whether she herself would accept it from them, because she has declined it from those who had some merit and much desire to render it her,—persons of the first power, and friends of the sincerest inclinations,—so that her regards for the mother and sister are even superior to yours.

Now for the interruption of our correspondence; I am sorry you seem to put the test of my friendship upon that issue of my writing as formerly, because it is what I am disqualified from towards all my other acquaintance, with whom I hold no such correspondence. I will name you a few obstacles which I cannot surmount—want of health, want of time, want

or friends, as she herself said not long before she died." Pope acknowledged a little later that he had been entirely deceived. Yet he published this remonstrance, which was to do credit to himself, and had the disingenuousness to suppress the fact that the stigma it cast upon Caryll was a mistake. The letter, which is entitled, "Expostulatory on the hardships done an unhappy lady," though by Pope's own confession no hardships had been done, was not, it is true, included in the Caryll group, and is addressed to "Mr. C——" instead of to the "Hon. J. C.;" but, as is remarked by the writer in the Athenæum of July 22, 1854, this thin disguise could not prevent the widow, children, and many other connections, from perceiving that it was the old and faithful friend, to whom the poet had so often expressed his warmest gratitude, that was meant, and whom he thus deliberately calumniated a few months after the grave had closed over him.

of eyes, and one yet stronger than all,—I write not upon the terms of other honest men; and however glad I might be of expressing my respects, opening my mind, or venting my concerns to my private friends, I dare not, while there are Curlls in the world. If you please to reflect either on the impertinence of weak admirers, the malice of low enemies, the avarice of mercenary booksellers, or the silly curiosity of people in general, you will confess I have small reason to indulge correspondences,—in which too I want materials, as I live altogether out of town, and have entirely abstracted my mind, I hope, to better things,—unless my friends would do (as indeed some have been prevailed upon, and as you know I have many years desired you would do), send me back those forfeitures of my discretion, commit to my justice what I trusted only to their indulgence, and return me at the year's end those trifling letters, which can be to them but a day's amusement, but to me may prove a discredit to posterity.

I come now to a particular you complain of as to writing. I am not, to my knowledge, two or three letters in your debt. I never received but one, which was to tell me just after your kind visit here, that you were safe arrived at home. Nor did I receive any *request* from you, only that, if I remember right, Mrs. Blount told me once you had a desire to know something about some party-papers and their writers, which I could not tell you, because I never was or will be privy to such things. And if by accident I had known a thing, through my acquaintance with any of the writers, which they concealed, I should certainly never be the reporter of it.

For my waiting on you at Ladyholt, I have often wished it. It was my compliance to a superior duty that hindered me, and one which you are too good a christian to wish I should have broken. I have never but once left my mother at her great age for more than a week, when I was driven, for my own preservation, to Bath last season. Then I assure you I had a merit you do not know of, for I did my utmost to make you in my way home, and had accomplished it, had not my Lord Scarborough's design of going then to Sussex been put off.[1]

[1] The estate of Stanstead, which adjoined Ladyholt, belonged to the Earl of Scarborough.

Upon the whole, I must acquit myself of any act, or thought, or guilt, in prejudice to the regard I owe you as so long and obliging an acquaintance and correspondent. I am sure I have all the good wishes for yourself and whole family that become a friend. There is nothing, no accident, no action, that can happen for your credit, or happiness, which I should not be ready to extol, or to rejoice in sincerely; and, therefore, I beg you to be assured, I am, in disposition and will, though not so much as I would be in testimonies or proofs, your very affectionate, obliged, and real servant.

My mother keeps her bed still notwithstanding the good account you have had of her amendment and recovery.

99. POPE TO CARYLL.

TWITNAM, *Feb.* 6, [1729].

DEAR SIR,—I assure you once more, it is an ease to my mind, and a contentment, to receive your letter. Nor was I so defective as to you it might seem, in not beginning in this matter. I had actually written, and directed you a long letter upon the whole, but was prevented merely by another judgment, which judgment, too, was meant in respect and tenderness for you. I wish to God I had been, according to my own nature, the person active in this, and I give you with reluctance the merit herein of doing a friend's part.

As to the lady now dead, I have had the most positive assurance from one that could not be mistaken, unless wilfully so, that she had no such assistance, as what you now tell me, from your hands, of 20*l.* a-year. That was the sum I sent her myself constantly, upon an assurance that nobody else did so much, or near so much, ever since her brother's misfortune in the Mississippi. You will therefore be so just as to acquit me of any hard suspicion of your conduct that was my own, or chargeable upon me, since it was upon assurances and positive information that I thought you unkind, and Abbé S[outhcote] yet makes a demand upon me for her last necessities, which I am sure implies no other defrayed them.

The request you bring into my mind of Mr. Englefield's

picture was what I found utterly impossible, and I dare engage would be so to the best painter in Europe after so many years elapsed since his death. The two sets of Homer's Odyssey have ever been at your service for those places, but I know not how to convey them, and you shall have them whenever you will, most gladly. The Iliad in quarto is not to be procured but by great accident. I have wanted a set these two years, and the only one I could hear of, Lintot had the conscience to ask 10*l.* for.

I am seriously obliged for your kind consent to return me those letters, to prevent a mischief I am daily afraid of. The sets of Homer shall be left at Mr. Jervas's, for your messenger at the same time. Indeed, sir, I have all the inclinations of a sincere well-wisher and friend to you and your family, a just sense of the long continuance of your good opinion and favour towards me, and a hearty desire any way in my power to show that sense of it. Though you say you are going into Essex, I would not defer saying thus much, and particularly thanking you for this renewal of your friendship, for which you shall find me never ungrateful to the degree it deserves from me, who am truly and with respect, dear sir, your most affectionate obliged friend and servant.

The verses on Mrs. Patty had not been printed, but that one puppy of our sex took them to himself as author, and another simpleton of her sex pretended they were addressed to herself.[1] I never thought of showing them to anybody but her; nor she, it seems, being better content to merit praises, and good wishes, than to boast of them. But, indeed, they are such as I am not ashamed of, as I am sure they are very true, and very warm.

[1] The puppy was, no doubt, James Moore Smythe, and the simpleton, Teresa Blount. "The Verses to Mrs. M. B.," to the publication of which Caryll would seem to have objected, originally appeared in 1726, in the 5th edition of Lintot's Miscellany. They were now reprinted in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies, and Pope introduced into the poem the six lines which he falsely accused Moore Smythe of having stolen from him. From the date of this letter, it is evident that Caryll could not have been aware that the Verses had appeared in 1726, and Pope presumed upon his ignorance to pretend that the publication of the tribute had been forced upon him by the theft of six lines, which were only inserted when the piece was given for the second time to the world.

I should be very glad to meet you at your return, either in town or here, if my mother's recovery permit. She is better at present. I shall soon have a small parcel to send you, if I knew where to leave it to be conveyed safe.

100. POPE TO CARYLL.

April 8, 1729.

DEAR SIR,—It is a real pleasure to me that you take so well, as in truth I meant it, the letter I lately wrote you. But it is a vexation to me, and fell out just at a juncture when of all things I wished nothing unlucky should fall out, that I received not yours till a full fortnight after its date. My poor mother's memory has suffered extremely by her late illness, and it happening that I was from home when yours came, it seems she had put it up with design to keep for me, and then totally forgot it. I found it by chance among linen two days ago. I sent immediately to know Mr. Mackenzie's chambers,[1] but I conclude he is gone before this out of town: I shall hear to-morrow. If so, I can only leave the books, Odyssey and all, at Mr. Jervas's, till you send for them, unless you will direct them to some other hand. By the way, those books have lain there this month, but I suppose you have not had the Odyssey, because your last mentions it not, and I being scarce ever in town, I have not seen Jervas these four months. The other book is written, all but the poem, by two or three of my friends,[2] and a droll book it is. They have the art to make trifles agreeable; and you will not be at a loss to guess the authors. It would have been a sort of curiosity, had it reached your hands a week ago, for the publishers had not then permitted any to be sold, but only dispersed by some lords of theirs and my acquaintance, of whom I procured yours. But I

[1] Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, who had chambers in Gray's Inn. He died in 1730, and bequeathed his property to Lady Mary Caryll, to hold in trust, as he said in a private letter, for Lady Carrington, to whom he was supposed to be married, and who was so involved that he feared she might be deprived of all support by the claims of her creditors if the money had been left to her by name. She was indebted 1000*l.* to Pope's half-sister, Mrs. Rackett.

[2] The Dunciad, with notes variorum.

understand that now the booksellers have got them by the consent of Lord Bathurst.[1]

I thank you for the letters, which I read all over. I thank you, too, for your friendly care about them, which I discover from your inclosure that covers them.[2] Indeed the fear of rascally booksellers makes me willing to secure such private things, as many letters must necessarily contain, from appearing in public. But that I have long borne you a true regard, is what I am not, nor ever shall be ashamed of; and as a proof of it, I desire you will accept of as many back again, as fall not under that apprehension abovesaid. You may look upon this as a second deed of gift in friendship, to confirm and ratify the first writings.

I wish yourself better health, your whole family a happy Easter, Mrs. Caryll all felicity, the fair lady your scribe[3] everything she wishes to herself, and am, dear sir, your very affectionate and most humble servant.

101. POPE TO CARYLL.

May 30, 1729.

DEAR SIR,—I am first to give you very sincere thanks for your kind visit, and double thanks for its being so well timed,

[1] Pope, anticipating that a work which contained bitter abuse of such a number of persons might involve him in disagreeable consequences, was anxious to shelter himself behind his noble friends, and make them sponsors for his libellous attacks. He persuaded them to become the vendors of his Satire, and wrote to Lord Oxford on the 27th of March to send twenty copies to Cambridge, "to be disposed of, as by your own order, at six shillings, by any honest gentleman or Head of a House." The poet followed this up on the 18th of April by a second letter, in which he tells Lord Oxford that the victims of the Dunciad threaten the bookseller with numberless actions, and that it will stop them, if he will join with Lord Burlington and Lord Bathurst in putting forth a certificate that they are the publishers of the work, and that it has been sold by their immediate direction. They seem not to have complied with this request, but in November they permitted Pope to enter the Dunciad at Stationers' Hall, as having been assigned to them, and they in turn assigned to the bookseller "the sole right and liberty of printing the same." They thus stood as a screen between Pope and the public, and assumed the whole responsibility of the work.

[2] Pope's own letters, which Caryll had now returned.

[3] Caryll's daughter, Catherine, was his amanuensis when his hand was crippled by the gout.

to remove in the best manner the little shadow of misconstruction between us. I assure you I had, and have thought, and shall think often of your estimable proceeding in this affair; but how many men of less sense and less friendship had taken quite another turn, than I see by pleasing experience you can be capable of. I protest I never twice in my life have found my own sincerity succeed so well; and I beg your pardon for doubting, but I was not without some doubt of it, herein. I am now glad you questioned, glad I disguised nothing, glad we were both in the right, nay, not sorry if I was a little otherwise, since it has occasioned the knowledge of that dependence which I ought, and am, to have in your friendship and temper. I hope this will find you and your whole family in that perfect health I wish them; in perfect harmony and all other happiness I am sure it will. Whatsoever you can give yourselves by virtue, you will, let but Fortune do her part in the rest.

You will laugh sometimes when you read the notes to the Dunciad, and sometimes you will despise too heartily to laugh, there is such an unedifying mixture of roguery in the authors satirised there. The poem itself will bear a second reading, or, to express myself more justly and modestly, will be better borne at the second than first reading, and that is all I shall say of it. My friends who took so much pains to comment upon it must come off with the public as they can. All I wish to have your opinion of in relation to their part, is as to the morality and justifiable design in the undertaking; for of what is honest or honourable no man is a better judge.

Adieu, till I hear from you; be assured, dear sir, I am at all times glad to do so, and will at some times tell you so; but if not so frequently as really I wish, impute it charitably. Forgot you never can be, esteemed you ever will be, and loved and wished well you ever must be, by, dear sir, your affectionate obliged friend and servant.

My mother is as you saw her, and your servant. I made your compliments to Mr. Pulteney. The lady *Sola* at Petersham[1] I wish were *Sola* still, for since her mother came home

[1] Teresa Blount. The family had a small house at Petersham, as well as a house in London.

she has used her in a manner I dare not relate. I found her all in tears, and the family in an uproar. I am this day going into Essex, from whence, God willing, I return by Saturday next.

102. POPE TO CARYLL.

Twitenham, *July* 8, [1729].

Dear Sir,—If I have not so soon replied to your very friendly letter, as it well deserved, I must tell you it was not from neglecting, but thinking of you; for I have been these three weeks in full employment and amusement in reviewing the whole correspondence I have had with two or three of my most select friends, whose letters I have read quite through, and thereby passed over all my life in idea, and tasted over again all the pleasing intimacies and agreeable obligations I owed them. Some of my own letters have been returned to me, which I have put into order, with theirs; and it makes altogether an unimportant, indeed, but yet an innocent history of myself. You make, I assure you, no small figure in these annals, from 1710 to 1720 odd. Upon my word, sir, I am glad to see how long, and how often, and how much, I have been obliged to you, as well as how long, how often, and how much, I have been sensible of and expressed it. I thank God, above all, for finding so few parts of life that I need to be ashamed of, no correspondences or intimacies with any but good deserving people, and no opinions that I need to blush for, or actions, as I hope, that need to make my friends blush for me. This I say to encourage you still to think well of me, that is, as you used to do, and to continue that friendship which I shall always value, and wish to deserve, at your hands.

It looks, I confess, a little reserved, and as if I locked up something in my bosom from a friend, when I own I care not to tell you what you ask of the Lady *Sola*. The truth is, I know too much to imagine my discovery would do any good, or operate upon her shame. If it would, I would first tell her; then you. But it is too late: the scandal may be saved by silence, though the vice cannot. If her own conduct brings it to light, she will be past the help of any creature, even the most charitable upon earth. I will say no more to you, than

that I wish the poor woman the mother were in a R[eligious] House.

If ever, as I sincerely wish, I see you here two or three such agreeable days as you lately gave me, I could be inclined to open this affair to you; and if it be so long first, as I fear it will, I also fear I may speak of it as no secret. I wish to God your g[od-daughter] were anywhere else. Though she herself will really never be to blame, she may happen to seem so.

My head aches: I have very ill health, and it is one of the causes that make me so bad a correspondent. But I must not end without my hearty assurance to your whole family of my best wishes and prayers. I am ever, with that old-fashioned thing, truth, dear sir, yours.

103. POPE TO CARYLL.

Twitenham, *July* 20, 1729.

Dear Sir,—Your speedy letter on the occasion I hinted only at, proves how soon a good man takes fire on any occasion of doing good or preventing evil. I have not forgot, or, if I had, an excellent letter of yours which I lately read would not have let me, what a generous part you took formerly in Mrs. Weston's affairs, and have long known the warmth and virtue of your mind. But in the present case there seems to be but little hope from any human wisdom, but from accident. You make me infinitely too great a compliment, as well as place too great a trust in a judgment which is, God knows, at best but too fallible, when you say that by my thoughts upon the whole you will regulate your actions. I am, however, therefore obliged to give them you sincerely, as I will in this letter, since by opening them to you I shall place a trust, in my turn, in your prudence, which will not, I am sure, suffer you to reveal such faults, as can only be made worse by discovery, unless there were some plain and probable means of remedying them at the same time.

In a word, the faults are two. That lady has an intrigue of half a year's standing (as the servants of the family who were turned away once a month last winter loudly declared, and as

both the town and country begin to talk very largely of) with a married man. The circumstances of this I care not to tell, but, if those nearest her say true, are very flagrant. The other fault is outrage to the mother beyond all imagination, striking, pinching, pulling about the house, and abusing to the utmost shamefulness. This also is so public that the streets in London and villages in the country have frequently rung of it, —those of the family declaring it everywhere, and some of them parting immediately upon these violences, which are frequent on all trifles, and repeated. Both these faults your [god-daughter] has laboured every way to conceal, nor did I come to the knowledge how true each was but by other and numerous hands. With great difficulty at last she owned her knowledge of them: but of the former I could not get her to confess she was certain of any direct guilt, but the circumstances she could not deny, nor the asseverations of every servant.

You see, sir, there can be no hopes on the mother's side. She who endures at this rate can never command her daughter from two such things as the town and a gallant. I wished her in a monastery, not only to be out of the way of what might happen, but to be removed from a tyranny which she cannot, it is plain, resist. It was but a wish, and you see in its own nature impossible, for she will never dare to do it. The attempt would only cause her to be worse used. As to the other lady, it is as impossible to hope to reclaim her after so many years' continuance of one hellish practice without any good principles, and indeed no shame of owning all that are bad. As to the other matter, one would not help to divulge it; for if it should come out it should not be by us. The danger indeed is great, but the mother cannot dare to control her, much less draw her away, and she has been told and warned of it by those people in the most respectful way. [Your god-daughter], indeed, may share the shame of being thought conscious of her [sister]'s proceedings, if not a party in them; and I know several proofs that the mother would accuse her as such, rather than have her own beatings laid on her favourite. I therefore think the same if the other affair comes to an *éclat*.

All that can be done in my sentiment is to try to separate the innocent any gentle way from them. She thinks such

reasons as these for it would hurt them, and that keeps her in a daily course of such usage as must ruin her health, her humour, and the whole enjoyment of life. It is not to be conceived how brutally she has been treated these many years. I do not, therefore, see anything to be done in the compass of your power but, without any notice of this reason, inviting as strongly as possible [your god-daughter] by herself. You may then tell her what you have heard, and what conduct your opinion is she should follow as to herself and them. Or, if you care to write to the mother of the reports of her eldest daughter's intimacy with a [married man], or only try what she will say of her own ill-usage, blows, &c., so notorious in town and country, with your advice to her, you may; but I believe it will be to no purpose. Perhaps, if the son knew the fact of his mother's oppression, and were seriously inclined to remedy it by separating her from the tyrant and taking her to his own house, some good might be done; but I doubt in every way. All I am sure of is, that your desires and mine are just to help the injured, to reclaim the bad, and to separate the innocent from the guilty.[1] Indeed, the second article is seldom

[1] Pope in 1725 suspected, or pretended to suspect, that Teresa Blount had circulated a report that he had intrigued with Martha, and growing tired of her had favoured her intimacy with new gallants. He now retaliated, and accused Teresa of intriguing with a married man. He used his utmost efforts to make Martha a witness against her sister to Caryll, but it is to be observed in all the letters on this subject that she could never be brought to express her belief that there was any guilt, and the whole charge rests upon Pope's report of the idle talk of neighbours and the malicious gossip of discarded servants. The story may, therefore, be dismissed as quite unworthy of credit. Pope should have been the last person to found an accusation upon such evidence; for his own connection with Martha had been, and continued to be, a general topic of scandal, and her reputation was far less endangered by the rumours respecting Teresa than by the rumours respecting herself. The description of Teresa's violence to Mrs. Blount must be equally a gross exaggeration. She was of an affectionate nature, and may have been warm in her temper as in her attachments, but if she had behaved as fiendishly to her mother as Pope pretends, she could not have been the object of the doating love which he compares to enchantment. The extraordinary proposal of the poet that Mrs. Blount should be separated from her daughters—Martha as well as Teresa—and be sent to a monastery, and his persevering anxiety to weaken the affection of Martha to her family, and persuade her to leave them, suggested to Caryll that he must have some stronger motive than pure benevolence, and when his propensity for plots and double-dealing

practicable. Bad people constantly procure contempt; that they effectually have from all that know them, and therefore daily get lower and lower into worse acquaintance. But it is possible they may escape infamy. There may be guardian devils as well as guardian angels; otherwise it must be their lot at last. But this no good man would precipitate.

To conclude, I wish the Scripture may not be verified on the only good branch of the family, that *those who dwell with the wicked shall perish with them.* You will be as tender as you can with this subject, which I could not conceal from your request. I am ever, with the best wishes for your own happiness, and in that for your whole family, with true esteem and affection, dear sir, your most sincere obliged friend and humble servant.

104. POPE TO CARYLL.

Aug. 12, 1729.

Dear Sir,—Your sense of the matter about which you write is truly generous and honourable. As I before told you, when you pressed me concerning the daughter's wicked usage of the mother, so I tell you concerning the other article, that what I said was extorted merely by force of what I knew was due to so long a friendship as yours, when you so strongly desired it, and little from any hope I could entertain of amendment on their parts. Therefore, it is my sentiment rather to conceal what one cannot remedy, if you find upon trial made by Mrs. C[aryll]'s letter to the poor mother, which I perfectly approve, she should not open herself fairly, or dare to show she feels and would redress her grievance. It is much my opinion that she will not, from several instances I have heard, and some I have seen. Nay, I have known her, when she could not exclude one daughter from the censure, speak of both as unkind to her, &c., though the fact was wholly transacted when the younger was absent.

I think it not impossible if the mother should consent to visit you, with whatever intent, that the elder uninvited would

are considered, there can be little hesitation in pronouncing that he magnified some petty circumstances to further a selfish project of his own.

go with her. It is exactly what I have known her do to many people. At least, if both the mother and younger daughter comply with your invitation, which I dare say the first will not without leave from or concert with the elder, I durst lay a wager she would not stay behind, so that I really think there is little hope on that side. On the other, I find your [god-daughter] takes your letter as only a kind civility, which you have been some years hindered from offering, because the whole family might (indeed very well) be too much for any civil society, and that since her sister had behaved so admirably to you, it gave you a handle to ask them separately, which she concludes you would always have willingly done to herself. If, therefore, you took occasion just to tell her you had a particular reason for inviting her, from some reports in general that touched the credit of her family, and some way endangered her own, by being linked with them and censured with them, it might have more effect. Otherwise she knows what a weary life she must lead, if she does it by herself, when she returns to them. And, as I told you, she has so much weak tenderness for them, in thinking her residence with them conceals and softens many things, that she is in danger of sacrificing every regard of herself,—health, character, interest, &c., to that alone.

The trial is all that you can make. There is no serving any people without their co-operation. Your part is good and generous, but in truth that is all. I expect little success but from some accident, which by ruining one may save the other. I am, with great sincerity, as the manner of my dealing with you on this whole affair undisguisedly may be one proof, dear sir, your very affectionate friend and obliged faithful servant.

105. POPE TO CARYLL.

TWITENHAM, *Aug.* 30, 1729.

DEAR SIR,—The satisfaction I naturally should take in writing to a friend is greatly increased, when I find occasion, in every letter, to esteem him for his goodness and honour. Yours about this unhappy family, without flattery, greatly augments my value for you. Would to God they prevailed

as much and operated the right way with those to whom they are directed; but it is certainly, as I at first told you, in vain upon two of them. What may be the effect upon the third I know not. She is at present confined to her bed and chamber with a violent rash, and some fever that attends it, but I hope in a way of recovery. She is very sensible of the kindness of your second letter, and I am in hopes some good may be done upon her — at least, that she may be retrieved from some evil. If you pursue the stroke in the manner I would here suggest, it might alarm her so far as to oblige her to open herself, and discover a part, I do not think she [knows] the whole, of this dangerous truth to you. What if yourself, or Mrs. Caryll, writ her word that you had heard, from incontestable hands, how the family suffered in a general disreputation, from the extravagant behaviour of her sister, from the highest to the lowest, and the barbarous treatment of her mother, public to such numbers in town and country; and also hinted at a suspicion of her s[iste]r's conduct with regard to a married man, as no secret in either place; and that you certainly, as a relation, have a right to inquire of her, and to demand the truth from her, as a thing that must affect, if not endanger, her own character to act in privity to, or live in conjunction with, there being as many ways of losing one's own character, as of being accessory to sin in another. And perhaps this will draw out the truth from her; and I think, when once it is out, she cannot but act in the rest as you shall direct, and as I wish really for justice and honour's sake; for the consequences and habits contracted from suffering ill things to be done, and seeing them daily about us, are in time too powerful, even in minds naturally good, and often betray our steps into measures that grow irrecoverable.

I must inform you that the moment the m[other] received your l[ady's] letter, she carried it to the eldest daughter, whom I saw in the afternoon, looking very much out of humour. From this circumstance, you will see how unable the poor woman is to act in her own relief. I made no doubt she would consult with her daughter what answer to send you, though one particular I cannot but take notice of, — her representing herself as obliged to her in part of her housekeeping, which I

have heard alleged, and possibly may have been to you, whereas her own jointure is more than double the daughter's income, and she, on the contrary, has much more upon her, if she live in common. But enough of this. I have had a very bad share of health of late, and my mother weakens and decays daily. My office is a melancholy one; it is like watching over a dying taper. God mend us, the best way, not in this life, but in the other, where happiness will either increase, or be at a stay—not, as here, always diminish and pass away from us.

I wish you, dear sir, all true happiness. What that is, He only knows who knows what are our true merits, and never fails to reward them. My faithful service attend Mrs. Caryll and your son. I am sincerely yours.

106. POPE TO CARYLL.

Twitenham, *Oct.* 19, 1729.

Dear Sir,—My mother and I have both been ill, and your god-daughter, I think, is never well two days together. There is no wonder in all three; old age in the first, a crazy constitution in the second, and uneasiness and ill-usage in the third, may equally induce and continue diseases. Indeed, it is some comfort to me, in the daily mortifying sight of the decay and gradual loss of a person so dear to me as a parent, to whose care I have been obliged through a whole life, to know I can, in some measure, now pay that debt by softening her last hours; especially when I reflect how much more unhappy some poor old mothers are than ever mine shall be.

That miserable scene will never alter; and, indeed, I fear it will draw along with it the ruin, or at least the certain unhappiness, of an innocent woman. It is a strange fate for one very ill creature to be concealed, and indeed, by the concealment, encouraged by the very two people that suffer from her. All others would detest her, and therefore could not suffer. I shall say no more on this subject; but if she could be drawn from them, it would be one of the most virtuous deeds, and to the most deserving person, you ever could do.

I can scarce commend anything to you as worth reading that has been produced in this age of the Dunciad. They

write nothing but politics, and those as bad as their poetry, or impieties worse than even their politics; but as soon as anything starts that will entertain you, I will send it you. Believe me, dear sir, your ever faithful and obedient servant.

I should be vastly pleased if you would pass a few days here as kindly as you did the last.

107. POPE TO CARYLL.

London, *Nov.* 13, 1729.

Sir,—A friend[1] of yours, who does not think it prudent to sign his name in the same paper with this letter, advises you to give a caution for the future to your indiscreet correspondents, lest you suffer for their sins. I take this opportunity to answer yours to me, of a nature, I thank God, quite different from this. I assure you my merit, if it be any to be just, in the affair I recommended to you of the lady, ought not to be suspected of *tendresse* or any partiality. I know myself too well at this age to indulge any, and her too well to expect as much folly in my favour as she shows for her relations; for truly that would be more than one poor woman could supply. I can add no more than my sincere services to yourself and family. Yours, ever.

108. POPE TO CARYLL.

Twitenham, *Nov.* 20, 1729.

Dear Sir,—Very soon after I wrote to you three words in Mr. P[ulteney]'s letter, I returned from London, and at home found your second most honourable and well-intended epistle. I must first premise a serious word or two in answer to a hint in your former, which I rallied rather than replied to in my short postscript; but it is truly a lamentable consideration that we live in such a worthless world, that if any one acts but honestly and does his duty to mother, friend, or any human creature, it is immediately questioned if we have not

[1] From the first sentence of the next letter the friend would appear to have been Mr. Pulteney.

some interest, or passion, or selfish gratification in it. I have often heard that I expect much at my mother's death, as a reason assigned for my behaving to her with no more than duty and humanity; and it pleases me not a little to know, though I seldom tell anybody as much, that I shall not get, but lose, by her death. In the same manner I receive a secret contentment in knowing I have no tie to your god-daughter but a good opinion, which has grown into a friendship with experience that she deserved it. Upon my word, were it otherwise I would not conceal it from you, especially after the proofs you have given how generously you would act in her favour; and I farther hope, if it were more than I tell you that actuated me in that regard, that it would be only a spur to you to animate, not a let to retard, your design. But truth is truth. You will never see me change my condition any more than my religion, because I think them both best for me.

This day I went to see her, and she showed me your letter, which came by the post from London. It gives me a full view of your worth, and I will say no more on that side which relates to you. On the other, which relates to her, I find her weakness from the good principle, that the junction of her fortune or income with theirs prevents the approach of the ruin of their affairs, operates too unreasonably in her own prejudice. I have often represented to her of late, since this conduct of her sister, that even in that view she had better lend them the equivalent, and live out of the danger and discredit. It is not possible to tell you too much of the sense she seems to have, and certainly has, of your kindness, and how right she takes it of you. But it is one thing to take it right of you, and another to take it right to herself. I fear she will not do the latter unless you join with me in a strong representation of the matter. Above all, conceal that you had the hint from me. She will think, very naturally, it was from a servant-maid whom Lady B[ishop] sent them, and who left them partly on account of this scandalous affair last winter. She will be willing, I dare say, to soften the thing to you as she did to me, till I had a too strong conviction of it from others, and even then I am satisfied she concealed all she could from me; but

you are sensible her tenderness here must ruin her own character, while she hopes to cover her sister's, which made me want a coadjutor in so important an advice. It is certain, moreover, she will be the last woman whom anybody will speak to on what so nearly concerns her family, therefore liable most to suffer, and know of the scandal least, even when it becomes public. Of course she must be thought privy or consenting to it. It was chiefly this consideration moved me to own this to you, joined to your own earnest adjuration; and in friendship both to you and her I thought it a duty. God send your endeavours in so worthy a cause, and to so innocent and endangered a woman, may succeed better than my own have been able to do. I am, with sincere esteem, yours and all your family's faithful servant.

109. POPE TO CARYLL.

Twitenham, *Feb.* 1729-30.

Dear Sir,—I wish I could have prevailed with you to return home with me the day I met you on the road, the rather because I fear the paternal spirit will operate so far in you upon sight of the lady who is to be your daughter, that it will be hard to separate you a day or two from her after you have seen her.[1] I once saw your son at Mr. Pigott's this Christmas for a moment, not knowing till I was going out that he was in the house, and I begged to see him at mine, but had not that satisfaction. The later part of the holidays I was upon the ramble, and now am here with a friend whom I have great reason to believe you would be pleased to be acquainted with, from a resemblance in a very strong point to your friendships and opinions,—I mean Mr. Robert Arbuthnot, to whose character I think you are not a stranger.[2] If you can spare a day or two here you will find us till Monday or Tuesday, I believe, and you need not be assured by many words or speeches that it will be a true pleasure to, dear sir, your most affectionate, faithful, and humble servant.

[1] Miss Pigott, who, in February, married Mr. Edward Caryll.

[2] The brother of Dr. Arbuthnot. He was a banker at Paris.

Your god-daughter was the last person I saw in town. I agree entirely with you as to her situation, but fear little good will come of our joint opinions or persuasions. She makes the least that can be made now of the matter, and seems resolved to think the best for them, and do the worst for herself. You will give my hearty services to Mr. Pigott when you know I rank him as one of my best friends, for he once in a manner saved my life,[1] and has always taken care to keep me out of law.

110. POPE TO CARYLL.

TWITENHAM, *Feb.* 1729-30.

DEAR SIR,—The fear I am in of missing any way the satisfaction of seeing you (though, considering the material business that engages you, it must needs be very uncertain what time you can spare me), makes me, after my letter yesterday, trouble you again with this to acquaint you that the gentleman I mentioned, whose company I expected till Monday or Tuesday, has disappointed me, which determines me to try to find you in town first, supposing it to be ten to one that you could not come so speedily. I will therefore be with you, God willing, on the first day of the week, and if you will leave a note at Mrs. Blount's, on Monday morning, I will call there the moment I can get to London and meet you any where or hour. I can add no more, but am in haste, and not in health, ever yours.

111. POPE TO CARYLL.

Feb. 12, 1729-30.

DEAR SIR,—My ill-fortune extremely followed me when we so often missed each other. The least intimation beforehand would have fixed me either in town or country. I went to Covent Garden the day after you left it. I can now only this way congratulate you on the marriage of Mr. Caryll, and with great sincerity wish the gentleman and lady all felicity. The last time you found me gone from home, it was to Mr. Morice,

[1] Pigott lived at Whitton, and Pope was probably taken to his house after the accident in September, 1726.

who returned some weeks ago a melancholy widower of one of the best of women that ever lived.[1] He charged me with his services to you when I should see you.

I was very sorry you had no time to see and talk with your god-daughter. I find, to my concern, the same story had spread into Northumberland, relating to the sister's affair.[2] I could not see Mr. Pigott as yet, but this day I have received from him, by the post, the letter you mentioned as having been given to you to deliver into my own hands. The contents of that letter are so extraordinary, that I must desire you fairly to tell me who gave it you, and if, instead of your giving it to Mr. Pigott, he did not give it to you. However, I have returned what it contained[3] to the person, whom only I can conceive it came originally from, as having myself not the least right to it.

I am at present very sick, and had chosen a time to write when I might have said much more to you, but that I thought it not proper to delay acquainting you with this. The rest is but over and over to repeat my being to you and all yours, dear sir, a most faithful affectionate servant.

[1] Mrs. Morice was the daughter of Atterbury. She hastened to France, when in delicate health, that she might see her exiled father once more. They met at Toulouse, where she arrived in a dying state, and expired the same night, Nov. 22, 1729.

[2] Probably through the Swinburnes. The second baronet married Mrs. Blount's sister.

[3] A note for 100*l.* The letter after the next states that the money came from a lady whom a writer in the Athenæum of Sept. 1, 1860, conjectures to have been the Duchess of Buckingham. Pope had edited her husband's works, and had assisted her in her private affairs. She quarrelled with him in 1729, and this would explain her wish "to acquit herself of an obligation by money, which she cared not to owe on a more generous account." The agents employed were both connected with her. Pigott, through whom the poet received the 100*l.*, had been one of her counsel in the famous prosecution of Ward, and Lord Bathurst, through whom he returned it, was one of her intimates. The strangeness of the proceeding in sending money anonymously, which, when once accepted, might be appealed to as a payment of the debt, favours the supposition that she was the person meant; for she was eccentric almost to madness.

112. POPE TO CARYLL.

Twitenham, *May* 10, 1730.

Dear Sir,—Many accidents besides a short journey have thus long retarded my acknowledging your last. A very odd adventure has lately befallen me in consequence of the letter you sent me enclosed to Mr. Pigott, which contained a note for 100*l.*; and it gives me a great curiosity to know what person put it into your hands. I soon found out the original plotter, but am at a loss for the instruments made use of, which this may give me some light into.

I told your god-daughter what you said in your last, who takes it as she ought, with all possible kindness. But I expect little good to her, through her own indolence and goodness, not to say weakness, of nature.

I hope for every happiness that you merit and wish in regard to your own family, the elder and younger, and so in *sæcula sæculorum*. Pray my sincere services to Mrs. Caryll, &c., and to my quondam neighbour of Whitton, who I doubt not likes Ladyholt better than any place she liked before. I have often wished to see the pleasures of that place which are external, and yet more the pleasures of it that are internal in the good-will and unity of its cheerful inhabitants. But my mother continues not sick, but decaying, and in a condition that will not admit me to leave her, though I cannot help her. Whenever I am my own master, which yet, God knows, I cannot wish to be, I should prove myself more your servant by being longer, and more, a partaker of your life and enjoyer of your friendship. Dear sir, yours ever faithfully.

113. POPE TO CARYLL.

Twitenham, *June* 16, 1730.

Dear Sir,—I had the pleasure of yours by the care of Mr. Caryll, whom I have since seen with his lady. I intend to-morrow to return them their kind visit; but I must tell you satisfactions of this sort which result from one's love to the parents, like satisfactions of old folks and men of the last age

like yourself and me, are imperfect, unless we see them also, and I am rather uneasy at wanting you, than pleased at seeing them. May this complaint soon vanish by your company amongst us.

Our neighbour at Petersham is pretty well; I say our neighbour in the singular from good faith. I am ashamed to say neighbours, that history being by no means unfinished; but in the general eye almost as public as any history whatsoever. The mother will certainly never come to you; she is become as necessary to the daughter as any other utensil of the house.

I cannot help telling you, so well as I love you, that I am ready to take ill of you,—and the more ill the more I love you,—your silence and evasion of my question, who it was that put into your hands that letter which contained a bank bill of 100*l.* I found out, as I told you, the original plotter, and returned the bribe back, as an honest man ought, with the contempt it deserved, by the hands of Lord Bathurst to the lady. Therefore, sir, the plot failed, and it was not a farthing to my advantage. Must I be forced to assure you, I can refuse anything I do not deserve, or do not seek, be it a hundred, or a thousand; and I thank God for having bestowed upon me a mind and nature more beneficent than craving.

Adieu. Think of me as I merit, for I really am no worldly man though but a poor one, but a friendly one where obliged, and therefore very mindfully to yourself and all yours, dear sir, a faithful and affectionate humble servant.

My mother is better, and I the better for it.

114. POPE TO CARYLL.

July 29, 1730.

Dear Sir,—I know it is longer than it ought to have been since I wrote to you, and many accidents have prevented it. My life is so taken up with duties and complacencies to one or other that little of it is my own, and with so much ill-health as renders that little almost nothing. I take very kindly the warmth and concern you show in apprehending I fancied your opinion of me to be less favourable than it is. Indeed I did

not, but was merely desirous to tell you I am the man I am, in respect to temptations of interest. Nor was the pretence taken to send me that 100*l.* any proposal to me to do what was dishonourable, but only a notion that I would receive reward for what I had formerly done out of pure friendliness. A lady, who imagined herself obliged to me on that score, imagined she could acquit herself of an obligation by money, which she cared not to owe on a more generous account. Mr. Pigott can tell you the whole story, and so will I when we meet, which I am extremely pleased to hear may be soon. Mr. Caryll told me so yesterday, when he did me the favour to dine with me, as I hope the same company will again, when you come this way. I beg I may know by a line a day or two beforehand, I am so often abroad, though I generally come home at night, or seldom stay longer from my mother than two nights at most, who by the way is a good deal better this summer.

I think it, as you do, a singular piece of good luck for a certain lady, that her conduct reaches not so far as to scandalise Sussex. I the rather believe so, since I hear she is going *sola* to the Lady Bishop, either there or in Bucks. That will not be till her ill-chosen friend, who is one of the oddest gallants alive, removes from hence into Yorkshire. He has been pretty constant to her this summer to the knowledge of all this neighbourhood. I think there is truth in what I formerly said to you, that some folks have guardian devils to defend them and continue them in their iniquities. I have only to add my sincere wishes for yours and your whole family's welfare and prosperity,—the long and constant prayer of yours affectionately.

115. POPE TO CARYLL.

TWITENHAM, *Aug.* 18, 1730.

DEAR SIR,—I am heartily to thank you for a side and a haunch of venison, and so is your god-daughter, but sure she had the worst luck in the world, and the worst usage from me that ever she had. I was absent at Windsor when it came, and my sister chancing to be here, very innocent of frustrating the intentions of the donor, sent the haunch to a friend and

potted the side for me. When I came home three days too late, I found the wrong done, which I could noways repair, and for which I was sufficiently rebuked by Mrs. Patty, who values Ladyholt venison above any other, out of a laudable partiality to the owner, so that I can make her no amends with any other. She is now alone with her mother, her sister being at Lady Bishop's in Buckinghamshire. If the poor old gentlewoman could see with her eyes, or judge by her feelings, I should think she could perceive the difference of the two daughters, or at least find the difference of being beaten or not beaten. God knows, witchcraft here seems allied in a new sense to rebellion; for the mother is enchanted as well as ill-used. However, I hear she speaks very well of this daughter's kind conduct to her, and her constant staying at home to dine with her now she is alone; *quod Deus bene vertat!*

I am going this evening to try to find Mr. Pigott and your son, having scarce been at home since I had the pleasure of seeing them here at dinner. I am extremely glad to hear how much the young lady pleases your family, as I unfeignedly do and ever shall rejoice at the felicities of it. It is a concern to me to hear no more yet of your intent to travel this way. I hope the gout is not the impediment, though I was told you lately had it. My mother is remarkably better, and I am not worse—both which I tell you as one of the few that are sincere in friendship, and a partaker of your friend's happiness or ease. I hope soon to have a line from you. You now have in my neighbourhood that which is worth coming to see. May you long enjoy all you wish here, and at length exchange all happiness here for much greater hereafter. I am Mrs. Caryll's and, dear sir, your most affectionate and faithful servant.

116. POPE TO CARYLL.

Twitenham, *Oct.* 22, 1730.

Dear Sir,—I see you either forget me, or spare me, in regard to the many things which yet take up my life. I would have it the latter for two reasons—one that I cannot reconcile my mind to the thoughts of your being less kind to me than you have been so many years; the other that I would rather

be beholden to your forgiveness and considerateness, than fancy I incur your neglect. Indeed I have not written to you since your last, but your last was not six lines and only about venison. I hope the lady paid you her own thanks, as I punctually discharged your commission. She has been but ill in health this whole summer: but what will please you better than ill news in relation to her is, that the sister is happily forsaken by the person for whom she unaccountably exposed herself so much. He has proved to be very near a madman, which you will say he more than half proved before by being attached to her. *Deus dedit his quoque finem.*

I was and still am much concerned for Mrs. Pigott. My own poor mother is yet a partaker of her reason, which renders all other decays less grievous; but her memory is very near gone. She had within this month a very extraordinary escape from a terrible accident. She fell into the fire without touching her body, though it consumed the clothes she had on, at least a yard about. Her back lay on the grate, but her head, though dressed in muslin, reclining sideways was not burnt. The shock of the fall and blow has much hurt her, but after a week or two she recovered of all but her feebleness. I am willing to think it a preservation of God, whose providence is surely sometimes particular, as it is always general. I shall ever rejoice to hear of the welfare and prosperity of all your family. Pray assure your son and daughter, I should first have said your lady, of my sincere services, and believe me ever, dear sir, your most faithful and affectionate servant.

117. POPE TO CARYLL.

TWITENHAM, *Dec.* 1730.

DEAR SIR,—I received your very kind letter with real satisfaction, having long wished to hear of you, and being a little sunk in my spirits by two or three such accidents as only affect me, of all with which this world abounds,—I mean the misfortunes of some of my friends, and the loss of others. One I have buried, and my mother I had like to have buried: but she is yet, I thank God, lent me a little longer, and lives out of pain.

One of my troubles is about a nephew of mine, a very honest, reasonable, and religious young man, who having nothing, or very little more than nothing, to depend on but his practice as an attorney, and being just come to be qualified in it by fourteen years' application, is deprived all at once of the means of his subsistence, by the late Act of Parliament, disqualifying any from practising as such without taking the oaths.[1] After having tried all methods to find favour by personal interest made to the judges, I am convinced no way is left him to live, unless I can procure some nobleman to employ him as a steward, or keeper of his courts on some part of their estates. My own acquaintance, as you know, has happened not to run much in a catholic channel; and of all the rest I despair. I know if it is possible for you to help me you will. Mr. Fortescue, now a great man, and the Prince's attorney-general, assured me there can nothing else be done, and suggested to me the thought if he could be employed in this capacity by the Lord Petre, offering me to speak to Sir Robert Abdy for him, with whom he has a particular intimacy.[2] I naturally thought of applying to you on my part, and could such a thing be brought about, I should be very happy. The young man's character is every way unexceptionable, as well as his capacity, or, I believe you know, I would not propose the nearest relation I had, to this, or any other worthy family, or through your mediation.

As to your question if I am writing, I very rarely dip my pen. The vanity is over: and unless I could hope to do it with some good end, or to a better pitch than I have hitherto done, I would never return to the lists. But the truth is, it is now in my hopes, God knows whether it may ever prove in my power, to contribute to some honest and moral purposes in writing on human life and manners, not exclusive of religious regards, and I have many fragments which I am

[1] The nephew was Robert Rackett. By an act which had been recently passed for the better regulation of attornies, the judges were ordered, before they admitted any one to practise, to inquire into his fitness. Upon this they resolved to exclude all persons who would not take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy.

[2] Sir Robert Abdy was one of the trustees under the settlement of the previous Lord Petre, and Caryll was one of the guardians to his children under his will.

beginning to put together, but nothing perfect or finished, nor in any condition to be shown, except to a friend at a fireside. I wish you would have so much curiosity to come and pass a few days to see them here.

I beg to hear from you sometimes. No man more sincerely wishes the prosperity of yourself and family, or better remembers the long friendship with which you have favoured me. My mother is your servant. I am Mrs. Caryll's, your son's and both your daughters'. They have an hereditary right to, dear sir, your ever affectionate and obliged servant.

118. POPE TO CARYLL.

TWITENHAM, *Feb.* 6, 1730-1.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your kind promise in relation to my nephew in case of any future opportunity in Lord Petre's family, and I doubted not your long experienced friendship would have assisted me in him had the occasion presented. Mr. Pigott, you know, has lost his son,[1] which I am concerned for. But he told me there was no way for our poor, conscientious papists to take but to pass for clerks to some protestants, and get into business thereby, laying hold of their cloaks, as they used to try to get to heaven by laying hold of a Franciscan's habit.

Your recommendation of Pascal's Pensées is a good one, though I have been beforehand with you in it; but he will be of little use to my design, which is rather to ridicule ill men than preach to them.[2] I fear our age is past all other correction.

I will answer all your queries as they lie. Mount Caburn I never read; but some little things of that gentleman's Lord Wilmington showed me, and I liked.[3] The Art of Politics is pretty.[4] I saw it before it was printed. There is just now

[1] He died on the 29th of December, and in the Political State of Great Britain it is said that he was "applauded and lamented by all that ever heard of him."

[2] This refers to the Moral Essays, the first of which appeared at the close of the year.

[3] The author, William Hay, of Glynbourn in Sussex, was a neighbour of Lord Wilmington.

[4] It was the production of the Rev. J. Bramston, who afterwards wrote The Man of Taste. He was vicar of South Harting, and lived close to Caryll.

come out another imitation of the same original,—Harlequin-Horace, which has a good deal of humour.[1] There is also a poem upon Satire writ by Mr. Harte of Oxford, a very valuable young man, but it compliments me too much,[2]—both printed for L. Gilliver in Fleet Street. I would have sent you some ballads, &c., but your god-daughter was too quick for me: and I suppose you have had a cargo from her.

My sister Rackett was my own father's daughter by a former wife. Lady Sola is not so *sola* as I described to you in my last, for her innamorato is returned. I will say no more of them, since I can say nothing good: the thing is too much talked of here. I have seen nothing of Swift's of late, but Pandora, which I take to be his, in the Grub Street Journal. That paper would often divert you, though it is very unequal. I am taken up very unpleasantly in a law-suit of my sister's, which carries me too often to London, which neither agrees with my health nor my humour. Adieu, dear sir, yours.

119. POPE TO CARYLL.

April 15, 1731.

Dear Sir,—It is indeed true that I had not been hindered from writing to you, but by such a continued succession of accidents as made me incapable of it. First, a violent rheumatic pain settled in the shoulder-joint,—which was a distemper quite new to me,—that kept me sleepless so long till a fever succeeded. A constant course of evacuations and plasters, and phlebotomy and blisters, &c. &c. &c. Lastly, another fever from a cold taken after I went out. In the whole, nine weeks, pain, confinement, and sickness, from all which I am just now free, whilst God pleases. I know to tell you this is the chief thing you would hear from me, and next, that I am not utterly unresigned to bear them again if it must be so.

[1] Harlequin-Horace, or the Art of Modern Poetry, was from the pen of the Rev. James Miller, and won the good word of Pope less by its humour, which is nothing, than by the lavish panegyrics it contained on himself, and the bitter abuse bestowed upon his enemies.

[2] The praise did indeed amount to adulation. Harte had previously published a volume of poems, to which Pope was a subscriber.

I am going into a course of asses' milk to repair the weakness left behind by those disorders. This very drying cold easterly wind retards my recovery, by preventing the use of exercise and air. I will soon give you a further account of myself. In the meantime pray think I am always desirous to hear the best I can of you from your own hand. It has been particularly happy, that during my disorders my mother has continued tolerably well, better than for this half year last past. My services wait upon your good family. Believe me, with sincerity, while I live, sir, your affectionate obliged humble servant.

120. POPE TO CARYLL.

TWITENHAM, *Nov.* 1, 1731.

DEAR SIR,—I know it to be long since I wrote to you, and I feel it to be long since you wrote to me. In truth, I am always rejoiced to be remembered by you: but I think I writ last. However, that had not hindered my writing again, and I had begun one to you when I received yours. Mr. Pigott knows that we never meet without talking of you. Mrs. Patty knows that I never see her without inquiring when she heard from Mr. Caryll. But the matter is I grow dull, and seldom correspond at all. I find myself fitter for conversation than writing, except some serious subject calls upon my whole attention, and flatters me I may do some good by writing. How rarely that happens, you may guess. Would to God I might hope to enjoy your conversation. We have been separated very long, and my letters are cold things; but I would hope my friendship is not cold, as I am sure yours is valuable.

Lord Bathurst was, and yet is, full of raptures about your park. I sincerely long to see it, but much more to be there with you. It is my mother only that robs me of half the pleasure of my life, and that gives me the greatest at the same time. If a week could carry me to you and home again next season I would readily come, but the fact is, I have never been absent from her longer; for there being none but servants about her, if she should die it would rest upon my

mind that it might have happened for want of my personal care.

I am truly pleased to see you already living in your grandson, and anticipating the honour of your posterity. I congratulate you sincerely on the fair expectations you conceive of him, and may God fulfil and complete them.

Your singular friend, Patty, is so-so: she would be better if more *singular*. She has too much affection for people she cannot help nor mend; and God forbid her excess of good-nature should involve her in the curse pronounced in Scripture—"*Those that love the wicked shall perish with them*," since her affection though weak is yet virtuous.

I have seen Mr. Pigott three hours since, who, after a troublesome attack of the gravel, is much recovered. News there is none to send you—only that the Duke of Lorraine[1] was converted from popish fasting to protestant fleshpots on Saturday seven-night. When dining with the King they forgot to get him fish. Adieu, dear sir. Let your lady, son, and daughters know me for theirs and your ever faithful obliged affectionate servant.

121. POPE TO CARYLL.

March 6, 1731-2.

Dear Sir,—Some months past I sent you a letter which I have since reason to think came not to your hands, not only because you have not written to me, but as it was franked by a nobleman whose servant took charge of it, and it seems was very drunk. I could say much to you on the death of our poor friend abroad, which has suggested to me many reflections on human views and infelicities.[2] I cannot communicate most of them here, but have a great deal to tell you when we meet in May. I was truly sorry for Mrs. Caryll's miscarriage,[3] of which Mr. Pigott informed me but last week.

I think one lives in this world only to experience how much

[1] The Duke of Lorraine, afterwards the Emperor Francis, arrived in England on October 13, 1731, and remained until the 9th of December.

[2] Bishop Atterbury, who died February 15, 1732.

[3] Mrs. Edward Caryll.

more melancholy and disappointing one year is than another. I have spent this whole winter at home by my mother's bedside, in that most dismal situation of wishing for what cannot be – her recovery. I have scarce any news but that of Mrs. E[nglefield]'s marriage.[1] She is a lucky woman to marry at these years and get an honest man, for such certainly Mr. Webb is, and what is yet luckier for her, a good-natured one. I knew him at school, and he was the best-conditioned boy at the school, though the biggest, which shows his power and superiority will not be ill-used; for I have heard of few instances where the virtues of youth did not precede those of age. I see your god-daughter as constantly as I go to London, and I think nobody should be changed towards her, as she is always the same.

Time and experience lessen all my solicitudes and concern every year, except to the very few I find really honest, and therefore only really valuable: for I assure you parts and wit are no more allurements to my acquaintance or conversation with anybody—much less those idle things, power and quality. I have nothing to add but my true wishes for yours and your family's prosperity and welfare, who am, as I have been of so long standing, sir, your faithful friend and obliged humble servant.

122. POPE TO CARYLL.

March 29, [1732].

DEAR SIR,—The speed with which I answer yours—which I take the more kindly for two things, first for your jealousy, which is a sign of affection, and secondly for sincerely owning it—let, I say, this speed atone in some degree for my tardiness before. And pray do not make the punctuality of my correspondence the measure of the temper of my heart; for there are a hundred accidental causes for my omissions in a state of life so dissipated when abroad, and so busied when at home, as mine, I think, is for ever doomed to be. *Perditur hæc inter misero lux.* Nay, it often happens that I omit writing to my best friends for this very reason, that I have too much to say

[1] The widow of Henry Englefield, of Whiteknights.

to them, and would not do it unsatisfactorily. Sometimes an event has happened of which they must naturally expect either an account or a solution from me, and which I can do at large, and would not do by halves; nay, the imperfect manner in which I should be obliged, sometimes by prudence and sometimes by friendship, to mention these things, would appear to them as reserve or indifference. Therefore I often totally omit to write.

There was such an incident lately relating to an imaginary reflection on a worthy peer, in a poem of mine.[1] The report was almost universal, but so very groundless and silly, that I do not yet know the effect it will have upon my conduct—whether so great a stupidity in the point of comprehending a poet's manner, being the ignorance of the very principles of that sort of writing, and so great malignity in the point of applying it in the worst sense, should give me such a pique to the world's malice as never to publish anything, or such a contempt of its judgment as to publish everything which I think right myself, without the least concern about what they think or say. I avoided naming this to anybody whilst the report lasted, expecting my friends should name it to me and justify me to others. Certainly they have known me long enough to know I am no immoral man. I only desired your friend Patty to send you the prose letter prefixed to the last edition, which told you how the Duke understood it, and how I meant it, which was sufficient, it being no man's concern besides, unless my friends had made it theirs.

What you say of the condition of a certain family,[2] I am heartily sorry for. I hoped it would have been covered from most part of the world. But I am more sorry that no remedy can be found to heal the sore of one, and prevent the infection which may attend the other. Indeed, nothing is more to be lamented than what the guilty and the bad bring upon themselves, except the fate of the good and the innocent who are sometimes involved with them through their own goodness. I must conclude. I hope to see you as you promise. It was

[1] The Epistle to Burlington, in which the character of Timon was undoubtedly meant for the Duke of Chandos. When Pope could not venture to justify his satire, he never scrupled to deny its application.

[2] The Blounts.

ill done in you to give so much way to your rash judgment as not to call last time; but pray, to avoid accidents, for I will never be guilty of causes that may offend, let me know two or three days beforehand,—for I am often abroad,—and be assured no man will see you more joyfully than, dear sir.

123. POPE TO CARYLL.

TWICKENHAM, *May* 4, 1732.

DEAR SIR,—Your very welcome letter came hither when I was in town, and where I had been at Mr. Pigott's inquiring when I might hope for you. That very evening I found out your inn after you were gone out of town, and now answer you fairly and freely, that my mother's condition noways hinders me from seeing a friend here; but from seeing one abroad for any time, her state of health absolutely denies me. Therefore, I have a double reason to desire you to pass what days you can here, since God knows when I shall be able to do it with you, how willing soever otherwise. Believe me, dear sir, sincerely to long for your appointment, and I will not fail to be at home to enjoy it. Adieu, dear sir, your ever faithful and obliged servant.

124. POPE TO CARYLL.

WHITTON, *May* 20, 1732.

DEAR SIR,—After an expectation, which I must call a pleasant one, of a week, which I stayed at home in hope of you, I am truly disappointed at the receipt of yours, and worse than disappointed, grieved. The intention you expressed in yours of getting home as fast as possible made me, till now, imagine and hope that a letter would not find you anywhere but at Ladyholt; but this day, going the second time to see your son at Whitton, he tells me you are still detained at Ingatestone. I would fain hope you will now stay there till a perfect recovery sufficient to bring you hither. In good earnest, I long extremely for a week of your company. My necessary attendance on the last days of my mother, now wholly confined to her bed, makes it impracticable to see you

at your own house, which, with all that is in it, I wish I could enjoy once more. Mr. Caryll, who is at my side, sends you his duty, and writ to you last post. As soon as you can, pray acquaint me of your better health, which no friend you have more sincerely desires than yours ever.

125. POPE TO CARYLL.

Twitnam, *June* 20, 1732.

Dear Sir,—I assure you it was with true concern that I heard of the continuance of your illness, enough, God knows, to weary out any but christian patience. I am certain you possess yourself as much as any man, and can resign as well to the disposer of all men. But I wish and pray the trial may not be so hard, and that virtue may not be put to so severe an experiment. I will not say it doubles my concern to be deprived by this of your long-expected conversation; for, indeed, it makes but a very small part of it, whatever is my loss alone. I am a thousand times more affected by the sense of your suffering, which that it may please God to put a speedy end to in your perfect recovery, is the hearty desire of, dear sir, your ever faithful friend and servant.

126. POPE TO CARYLL.

July 27, 1732.

Dear Sir,—I am truly desirous to know in what state of health you continue since I saw you at Whitton. I have made the best inquiry I could, but shall not be satisfied till I have a line from your hand. You may with truth believe no man more heartily wishes your welfare than one who has so many years experienced your partiality to himself in all events. It was a great disappointment to me that you did not, I will not say would not, pass some days at my house. I had so much to say to you that to attempt any part of it in writing would be beginning an immense work. I hate words without matter, and can here only repeat what I have so often said of my attachment to you, that I scarce care to speak at all of a thing so known to all my friends. And all my long stories

must be reserved only, as they are fit only, for conversation. Adieu, dear sir. May God preserve you as happy as I wish you. Yours ever.

Pray let all your family know I am their faithful servant in being yours. My mother is tolerably well. Your god-daughter sends you her duty, or, if you like another phrase better, her duteous love.

127. POPE TO CARYLL.

TWITENHAM, *Sept.* 27, 1732.

DEAR SIR,—I own that I ought to have thanked you long since for a very kind letter. I hoped to have done it by the hand of Mr. Caryll when he left Whitton, but by many accidents was prevented seeing him. I have been much avocated from all that pleases me most, which is retirement, and tried by troublesome business, and by ill-health, which I have increased by following it.

I was so disappointed in not having a few entire days of your company that I cannot find any heart to give you any account of my studies. It would be tedious to do it at length, for a few words will not suffice to let you into the design of them, and to do it imperfectly, and, consequently, unsatisfactorily, would be worse than not doing it at all. Let it suffice that they are directed to a good end, the advancement of moral and religious virtue, and the disparagement of vicious and corrupt hearts. As to the former, I treat it with the utmost seriousness and respect. As to the latter, I think any means are fair and any method equal, whether preaching or laughing, whatever will do best. My work is systematical and proceeds in order. Yet that does not hinder me from finishing some of the particular parts, which may be published at any time, when I judge particular vices demand them. And I believe you will see one or two of these next winter,—one especially of the use of riches, which seems at present to be the favourite, nay, the only, mistress of mankind, to which all their endeavours are directed, through all the paths of corruption and luxury. My satire will therefore be impartial on both extremes, avarice and profusion. I shall make living examples, which enforce best,

and consequently put you once more upon the defence of your friend, against the roar and calumny which I expect, and am ready to suffer in so good a cause.

I saw Mr. Pigott the other day, who is pretty well. I hope the same of all your good family. Whenever you favour me with the knowledge of it you oblige me, who with old-fashioned sincerity pray for you and yours, and am ever, dear sir, your faithful friend and affectionate humble servant.

Your god-daughter always remembers you. She is by no means in good health, and by no means in the condition I wish her, mentally or corporally; for the life at home continues a sad one, or rather worse.

128. POPE TO CARYLL.

Twitenham, *Dec.* 14, 1732.

Dear Sir,—I am indeed to blame, but the true reason of my not writing was, that I had a mind to give you some satisfaction in a point you have often asked after, viz., what I was doing. I [hoped] every week to have sent you a poem of mine, which has been in the press a month, but most unexpected accidents have still retarded it.[1] Perhaps they were merciful reprieves, from time to time, for I expect, whenever it does come out, much noise and calumny will attend it, as those things generally attend all that is honest or public-spirited. But I will not delay one post answering your last kind, though short letter. Take it then in three words—I am well. Poor Gay has gone before, and has not left an honester man behind him; he had just put a play into the house, which the Duke of Queensberry will take care of, and turn to the benefit of his relations. I have read it, and think it of his very best manner, a true original; he has left some other pieces fit for the press.[2]

Your god-daughter has been very ill. I no sooner saw the

[1] The Epistle to Bathurst on the Use of Riches.

[2] Gay died on the 4th of December, at the house of the Duke of Queensberry in Burlington Gardens. The play was entitled Achilles, and was brought out with success the following year at Covent Garden.

death of my old friend Mr. Gay, whom I attended in his last sickness (it was but three days), but she fell very ill, partly occasioned by the shock his death gave her. Dr. Arbuthnot, who attended the one, was constantly with the other, and has had better success with her. During her whole illness, in which her recovery depended upon being kept warm, the worthy family set open all their windows and doors, and washed the house and stairs, to her very door, twice in the week; and had a constant clatter of doors, and removal of chairs, and all the noise that could possibly be made, while she was ordered to be composed to rest by the doctor.[1] This I saw and heard, and so did Dr. Arbuthnot, who very humorously asked, as he went up and down their stairs, why they did not sell and make money of their sashes, and leave the windows quite open.

Pardon the bad hand I write. I am but just returned from those scenes of sickness and death to Twitenham, and half starved with the journey. But I will not delay longer, that I may send before the post goes. Adieu. No man is more sincerely than I, dear sir, your affectionate and obliged friend and servant.

129. POPE TO CARYLL.

Jan. 1732-3.

DEAR SIR,—The concern I have been in of late, as well as a great deal of ill-health, made me forget, when I wrote last to you, to tell you how very much I liked the verses you favoured me with of your grandson.[2] I like them so well, that I desire you to send me anything he does. If he is not assisted in them, they are extraordinary. I would rather see him a good man than a good poet; and yet a good poet is no small thing, and, I believe, no small earnest of his being a good man.

[1] This is an illustration of the manner in which Pope perverted and exaggerated the acts of Teresa and her mother. The wise precautions which they took to check the illness are represented as a wilful disregard of Martha, and an almost murderous determination to expose her to damp, cold, and noise. If, too, she got well in spite of the fresh air, how, as he asserts, "could her recovery depend" on the opposite mode of treatment?

[2] The son of John Caryll and Lady Mary. He was born January 12, 1717, and was now a student at the Scotch College in Paris.

This or the next post will bring you, under two covers, my Epistle to Lord Bathurst, on the Use of Riches. It is not the worst I have written, and abounds in moral example, for which reason it must be obnoxious in this age. God send it does any good. I really mean nothing else by writing at this time of my life. I believe you will receive from the care of your poor god-daughter a prettier poem. I call her poor, for she deserves pity, both from the strange unnatural usage she meets with in her own family, and from her own weak but well-natured submission to endure it. Adieu! May this year and every year add to your happiness, till you are weary of all this world can afford, and long for a better. I am always, dear sir, your most mindful, obliged, and affectionate servant.

130. POPE TO CARYLL.

TWITENHAM, *Jan.* 31, 1732 3.

DEAR SIR,—I received your last with pleasure, as indeed I do all yours, though my remissness sometimes in replying may make me seem too undeserving to receive them often.

You live daily in my thoughts, and sometimes in my prayers, if you will let a poet talk of prayers. Yet at least I have some title to sermons, which are next of kin to prayers. I find the last I made[1] has had some good effect, and yet the preacher less railed at than usually those are who will be declaiming against popular or national vices. I shall redouble my blows very speedily.

I make you no compliments as to your grandson, and I again desire to see whatever he writes that way. Your plan for his education is what, in my judgment, is a very right and reasonable one. And indeed you do me justice in thinking I am concerned he should make, if not as good a man quite as his grandfather, yet such a one as he will not be ashamed of.

I formerly mentioned to you a nephew of mine, bred an attorney, but by nature and grace both, an honest man, which even that education hath not overcome. I am told there is a reform in the Duke of N[orfol]k's stewards, or bailiffs; and if

[1] The Epistle to Bathurst.

you have any means to recommend him to keep Courts, &c., as one of our religion perhaps they might use him. I am told Lord Stafford has a particular influence there;[1] but I have little or no acquaintance either with the son, as he is, of my friend Mr. Stafford, or the daughter, as the Duchess is, of my particular friend Ned Blount.[2] Yet perhaps his being my nephew would not be a circumstance to either to reject him, if they were applied to, which I have more modesty than to do.

I shall fill this letter with requests. My next is that you will favour me with a little venison, at the next seasonable time. I did not trouble you with the acceptance of the offer you lately made me of some, but now happen to have occasion of gratifying a friend or two by it.

I can only add I am now well,—just recovered from a fever with the present distemper,—and that my poor old woman has hitherto escaped all harm. God preserve you and all your family, and let them, and do you, dear sir, believe that no man is with more truth your faithful affectionate servant.

131. POPE TO CARYLL.

March 8, 1732-3.

Dear Sir,—You would excuse my delay in answering yours if you knew how I have been employed. I am now building a portico, in which I hope you will sit, like Nestor, on a stone at the gate, and converse delightfully with us, one of these days. Poetry has given place for the present, as it always does with me, to the beauties of nature, and the pleasures of the spring advancing every day. I do not sing with birds; I love better to hear them. You may have seen my last piece of song which has met with such a flood of favour, that my ears need no more flattery for this twelvemonth. However, it was a slight thing, the work of two days,[3] whereas that to Lord Bathurst was the work of two years by intervals. I have not forgot your questions

[1] He succeeded his uncle, Henry, the first earl, and died in 1734.

[2] Mary, the second daughter of Edward Blount, married Mr. Edward Howard in November, 1727. He had recently come to the dukedom by the death of his father in December, 1732.

[3] The 1st Sat. of the 2nd Book of Horace Imitated. It was entered at Stationers' Hall on February 14, 1733.

in relation to the scrivener, Sir J. Blunt; and can assure you Morgan is a fictitious name.[1] You will smile to hear that one or two good priests were gravelled at my saying in the last thing, "Term me what you will, papist or protestant," &c., not seeing so plain a meaning as that an honest man and a good catholic might be indifferent what the world called him, while he knew his own religion and his own integrity.[2] A man that *can* write in this age, *may:* but he really will find that he writes to fools, and it is now a most unreasonable demand to cry *Qui legit, intelligat.*

The town is now very full of a new poem entitled an Essay on Man, attributed, I think with reason, to a divine.[3] It has merit in my opinion, but not so much as they give it. At least it is incorrect, and has some inaccuracies in the expressions,—one or two of an unhappy kind, for they may cause the author's sense to be turned, contrary to what I think his intention, a little unorthodoxically. Nothing is so plain as that he quits his proper subject, this present world, to assert his belief of a future state, and yet there is an *if* instead of a *since* that would overthrow his meaning;[4] and at the end he uses the words "God, the soul of the world," which at the first glance may be taken for heathenism, while his whole paragraph proves him quite christian in his system, from man up to seraphim.[5]

[1] Both these personages figure in the Epistle to Bathurst.

[2] My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
Verse-man or proseman, term me which you will,
Papist or protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While tories call me whig, and whigs a tory.

[3] The first part of the Essay on Man was published anonymously in February, and Pope, who was accustomed to say what was convenient without much regard to what was true, has here, by implication, disclaimed the authorship.

[4] *If* to be perfect in a certain state,
What matter here or there, or soon or late?
Pope omitted the lines in several editions subsequent to the first, but he afterwards restored them. No one could have interpreted them as suggesting a doubt of the immortality of man, if the belief in a future state had not been spoken of in the context rather as a hope given to satisfy us here, than as the assurance of a reality. The studied ambiguity of the passage was probably adopted by Pope to please his infidel prompter, Bolingbroke, while, on the other hand, he was anxious to vindicate the orthodoxy of the poem to his christian friend, Caryll.

[5] All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.
The reader will look in the paragraph in vain for any of those indications of the christian system to which Pope refers. The passage might have been written by a Greek or Roman philosopher.

I want to know your opinion of it after twice or thrice reading. I give you my thoughts very candidly of it, though I find there is a sort of faction to set up the author and his piece in opposition to me and my little things, which I confess are not of so much importance as to the subject, but I hope they conduce to morality in their way, which way is at least more generally to be understood, and the seasoning of satire renders it more palateable to the generality. Adieu, &c.

132. POPE TO CARYLL.

March 20, 1732-3.

DEAR SIR,—I never think I can hear from you too often, though I am frequently hindered from making the replies I would, or so soon as I would. Your last gave me a greater pleasure than any of yours have done a great while, for it conveyed to me the assurance that I shall see you here for some days. Pray remember this promise, and, not to charge your memory too long with it, come and perform it soon.

The poem you writ to me of, prevails much in the opinion of the world, and is better relished than at first, insomuch that I hear we are in a week or two to have the second part to the same tune. I cannot but say I think there is merit in it: and I perceive the divines have no objection to it, though now it is agreed not to be written by one,—Dr. Croxall, Dr. Secker, and some others having solemnly denied it.[1]

I have little to say to you in this letter, being much employed to-day with workmen, and to-morrow I go to London for some time upon business, but not poetical. I have made noise enough for one winter, though I have done another of Horace's satires[2] since I wrote to you last, and much in the same space of time as I did the former, though you do not believe when I speak truth. The next time I will compliment my own work better, and pretend it cost me more pains. You will be received here when you come with proper dignity by a

[1] Croxall had dabbled in poetry, and in 1722 published the Fair Circassian, founded on the Song of Solomon. Many persons thought the Essay on Man was by Dr. Young, and the Dublin reprint was advertised with his name.

[2] The 2nd Satire of the 2nd Book.

triumphal arch, under which you shall be led into my gardens. I hope it will be finished in three weeks, and that you will be the first man to pass through it. I beg my sincere services may be accepted by Mr. Caryll and Mrs. Caryll, the *seniores et juniores*, and by Mrs. Catherine Caryll, to all whom I wish a happy Easter. My mother continues, I thank God, pretty easy. Adieu. Believe me, with truth and at all times, dear sir, yours faithfully.

133. POPE TO CARYLL.

May 6, 1733.

Dear Sir,—The limits of this paper, and it is all I have just now, will save you the pains of reading much of my scrawl; but I would willingly express very strongly my thanks, and my desires of seeing you as you promise at the close of Whitsun week, or the beginning of the week after. I would give you the trouble of one line more to tell me which, and nothing of business or amusement shall, I assure you, prevent my enjoying a satisfaction I have so long desired. As to your god-daughter, and my friend, there is little hopes of seeing her, for they made the house at Petersham so uneasy last summer that it was agreed to put it off, though I should have thought to have kept that of 20*l.* a-year, and put off the London one of 45*l.*, had been wiser, since a lodging for three months might have served as well there. But the elder sister is in eternal youth. I lament for poor Patty, whose health is concerned as well as her quiet, and both which have been sacrificed to their humour these many years. I have often in my mind reflected on a saying in Scripture, *Those who love the wicked shall perish with them.* It is pity it should ever be her case. It was she that sent you those pamphlets, and is always inquiring for any that may be worth your reading. She desired me to complain to you how very long it is since she heard from Mrs. Caryll, and would have written to you but that I undertook to say this for her, with her faithful respect and duty to you both. I long to see you. I will say no more till I can say all, though all will be very short of my affection for you, who am entirely, dear sir, your ever most obliged and faithful humble servant.

134. POPE TO CARYLL.

June 2, 1723.

DEAR SIR,—It is purely to thank you for so very kind and distinguishing a mark of your favour and friendship to me, as your last favour truly was, that I now write so soon. But it will be very long before I shall forget this and other proofs of my friend's humanity now experienced near thirty years. I am particularly impatient to hear that your journey did you no harm, especially since your lameness was so much upon you. I hope you found all your worthy family in as complete health as I wish them all. The company, with whom I parted from you, drank your health together, and your good journey, that evening, with much affection. Your god-daughter expressed equal concern that she could see you no longer. I stayed two days in town, and at my return found my poor mother much worse than you saw her. Indeed her weakness increases daily, and the slightest accident would be fatal.[1] God grant her exit may be as easy as her life has been innocent, and then God send me such a life and such a death. Believe me, dear sir, with a sincere and true sense of your goodness, and ever praying for a due reward of it, your most faithful affectionate friend and real servant.

Sir Clement Cottrell is here and sends you his unceremonious services.[2]

135. POPE TO CARYLL.

June 25, 1733.

DEAR SIR,—I found you to me a prophet, but God's will be done. Reason and religion both tell me it is best; but affection will not be on their side; and I am really more troubled than I would own. The very habitude of so many years, if

[1] She died on the 7th.

[2] Sir Clement sends his *unceremonious* services, in allusion to his office at Court of Master of the *Ceremonies*. The post had been in his family since 1641. Sir Charles Cottrell, who held it under Charles I., Charles II., and James II., had a beautiful and accomplished daughter, who was the first wife of Sir William Trumbull, and it was doubtless through Trumbull that Pope became acquainted with the family. Sir Clement was, in addition, a neighbour of the poet at Twickenham.

there were little affection, would have this effect, for men are creatures more of habit than principle. But, in a word, not to seem a better man than I am, my attendance upon her living was not virtue, but only duty; and my melancholy for her dead is not virtue, but weakness. I thank God her life was innocent, her death easy, and her state, I doubt not, happy. May yours and mine be just the same.

To see you at Ladyholt was the first thought I had upon this event; but as it is a great and new era of my life, and upon which the whole course of it will in a manner change, I must pause awhile to look about me. In the first place, I am acting like one that may die myself, and settling all that belongs to me, or may through me affect any others. I am paying all I owe, and disposing all my papers, &c., before I leave this place, to which I have no intention to return a good while, it is become so melancholy to me. I cannot, therefore, comply with so kind an invitation as you make me so soon, or if I did, it could be but for two or three days or so. I rather think to come to you from Southampton in a month or less, where I must be a few days with Lord Peterborough, than to make two journeys of what I may easily accomplish by one. Your god-daughter sends you her duty and service, and wished to have had a longer and nearer conference with you than that day she had here would afford. My sincere services attend you all. My health is but indifferent, and that yours mends would be a piece of news always agreeable to him who is, with due esteem, dear sir, your most affectionate obliged friend and humble servant.

136. POPE TO CARYLL.

London, *Aug.* 27, 1733.

Dear Sir,—I was unwilling to write to you till I could do it effectually, and make you an offer of myself according to your desire. Your information that I was at Lord Cobham's so long since was a mistaken one. I was detained about town on necessary business some time, and stayed but four days in all at Lord Cobham's. Few words are best: you shall be troubled with me whenever you will, only give me some days' notice before the day you name to send your chariot to Guild-

ford, and be exact as to the hour and the inn. I write this in haste, or if I did not, could not pretend to express the joy it will be to me to see you in your domestic light, with all about you to whom I wish so well. I have a small petition farther. If you can favour me with a piece of venison before I come to you, pray do. Adieu, dear sir. God keep you. I am ever most mindfully yours.

Your god-daughter sends her duty, and thinks it long since she heard of you.

137. POPE TO CARYLL.

Sept. 4, 1733.

DEAR SIR,—I am only able to say (I am so ill with the headache), that I will, God willing, be at Guildford on Sunday night, or Monday morning the 9th instant, at the Three Tuns. I cannot pretend to express how pleased I shall be at Ladyholt. I only wish I may be in health enough to appear as well pleased as I am, and that I may find and leave you in perfect enjoyment of all you wish. My humble service attends you all, and my thanks for the venison,—all which I have seized upon, and so you may send your god-daughter more. I have no farther demands of that sort upon you, but a great many of your good-will, and good prayers. Adieu till Monday. Dear sir, your affectionate and obliged servant.

138. POPE TO CARYLL.

BEVIS MOUNT, *Sept.* 24, 1733.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot let Mr. Hebbe part from hence without charging him with my real thanks, and the expressions of that contentment I received in so hearty and friendly a reception as I met with at Ladyholt. I truly wished I could have stayed longer, but am now upon the wing either for London or Cirencester. If I can get off from Lord Bathurst, it will be for London, where I have business at Michaelmas, that ought to be attended to personally. If I must take the other journey, my return will be very uncomfortable, unless I hasten thither, and I must try, though inconveniently, to get some

friend to do my drudgery in town, which I fear will not be thoroughly done in such case. Upon the whole I find I am not yet a freeman. If a man be philosopher enough himself not to be tied to the world, his friendships and charities will engage him to it, which he neither can, nor ought to break through,—otherwise I think there should be no man living more his own master than I, and if I were so, no man would be more at your service, for I am very sincerely ever, dear sir, your most faithful and obliged friend and servant.

I desire Mrs. Caryll, Mrs. Catherine, and the family at Compton[1] will hold me their humble servant. You have by me the service of the Lord and Lady of Mount Bevis.

139. POPE TO CARYLL.

Twitnam, *Oct.* 23, 1733.

Dear Sir,—You will be so good as to excuse the delay of my answer to a letter whose expressions are kind beyond my merits, but not beyond my intentions, which are seriously and affectionately to serve you. I was in London when it came, for I left Lord Peterborough within two days after I gave my letter to Mr. Hebbe, to whom pray remember my service. I have not been so well since my return hither. Your caution about a servant I find pretty necessary, and I thank you for it. There is a little pamphlet come out, occasioned by your neighbour Norton's[2] will, which I will take the opportunity to give your god-daughter, who can get it franked to you at present better than I, all my noble friends being gone out of town.

I must tell you that the hints you gave me are not lost upon me; for I have left out of the character of the Duke of Wharton, which I showed you, those lines you thought too hard; and I believe the author of the Essay on Man will end his poem in such a manner as will satisfy your scruple. I think it impossible for

[1] Mr. Caryll's son, Edward, resided at Compton, a village in the immediate neighbourhood of Ladyholt.

[2] Richard Norton, of Southwick, in Hampshire, bequeathed the bulk of his real and personal estate "to the poor, hungry, and thirsty, naked and strangers, and sick and wounded and prisoners." The will was set aside.

him, with any congruity to his confined and strictly philosophical subject, to mention our Saviour directly; but he may magnify the christian doctrine, as the perfection of all moral; nay, and even, I fancy, quote the very words of the gospel precept, that includes all the law and the precepts, *Thou shalt love God above all things*, &c., and I conclude that will remove all possible occasion of scandal.

My sincere services attend your countess,—I mean not your countess in gallantry, your neighbour's wife, but your true countess, your own: I hope she is as healthy as she is good. Mrs. Catherine Caryll will oblige me in sending the fan, for which I have found a painter, to Lord Oxford's. My real service to Mr. Edward Caryll and his lady, not forgetting Mr. Tooker,[1] whose friendship and acquaintance I was in great hopes of having renewed at Ladyholt. I am, with true respect and affection, dear sir, yours always.

140. POPE TO CARYLL.

New Year's Day, 1733-4.

DEAR SIR,—Many things have hindered you from hearing of me, among the rest a willingness I had to give Mrs. Catherine Caryll an account of her commission. I have got it done, and desire to know by what method it may be conveyed safe to her hands. You have heard of a poetical war begun upon me by Lord Hervey,[2] but it is like to be a war only on one side, for I shall not contend with angels either of light or darkness. If my allies and volunteers will list themselves against him, they may fight without their general, and, as sometimes it hath happened in modern politics, of seconds become principals.

The Essay upon Man is a more serious thing, therefore it will be sent to you. To the best of my judgment the author shows himself a christian at last in the assertion, that all earthly happiness, as well as future felicity, depends upon the doctrine of the gospel,—love of God and man,—and that the

[1] This may have been James Tooker, who was described in a deed of 1730 as of "Woodhouse, in the county of Southampton, Gent." Woodhouse was, we believe, a house in the parish of Idsworth, adjoining Ladyholt park.

[2] In the Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity.

whole aim of our being is to attain happiness here and hereafter by the practice of universal charity to man, and entire resignation to God. More particular than this he could not be with any regard to the subject, or manner in which he treated it. I shall be glad to know your opinion of his winding up.[1]

I send you not the compliments but the sincere wishes of the season, and that the winter of your age may resemble this of the year, than which surely never was a gentler, a warmer, and a finer. Your god-daughter has a whole cargo of books for you. I have nothing to add myself but the assurance that I am truly, dear sir, yours.

141. POPE TO CARYLL.

Feb. 28, [1734].

DEAR SIR,—I know it is long since I received yours, but really more of my time has been taken up here in town than you could almost credit, when you consider me as an unbusied and independent man. But a man that will be busy in his friends' concerns, and feels a part in the general concerns of mankind, cannot have much leisure, and whosoever is linked by one relation or other of society to half the town, and is, in one sense, a public person, though his heart and constitution both require him to be but a private one, such a one, I say, can hardly be independent. If you wanted me you should hear more of me; but God forbid you should ever need so feeble a prop.

Your staircase I think as you do must be *in claro oscuro*, with pillars and niches only painted, in order to which, if you will send me a drawing of the feet and inches of each side, with the outline and shape of the wall to be filled up, I will make you a draught.

I hope the next coach or carrier will bring Mrs. Catherine Caryll's picture in safety. I caused it to be carefully boxed up, and sent to Mr. Pigott's, who promised it should be taken

[1] The concluding epistle of The Essay on Man was published about the middle of January, 1734. Notwithstanding the language which Pope held to Caryll, there is not one word in the poem that might not have proceeded from a Deist, or even from Bolingbroke himself.

care of. I am forced to write this in the hurry of company, and steal from three ladies to do it. One is your god-daughter, who is ashamed of not writing too; but I leave her to speak for herself another day. By this post I am sure she cannot.

Your candid opinion not only on the Essay on Man, but its author, pleases me truly. I think verily he is as honest and as religious a man as myself, and one that never will forfeit justly your kind character of him. It is not directly owned, and I do assure you never was, whilst you were kept in ignorance of it. Adieu. Forgive me, and love me as becomes a christian. I am, dear sir, ever yours.

142. POPE TO CARYLL.

TWITNAM, *April* 19, [1734].

DEAR SIR,—I was excessively out of humour to find that Mrs. Catherine Caryll's picture was not come to your hands, which I sent glazed and boxed up full six weeks ago to Mr. Pigott's. Upon inquiry I have the satisfaction to hear it is safe there. I only directed it to your name, but the farther superscription to the carrier I did not add. Pray therefore inquire about it, as also a book I shall send thither directed in like manner.[1] I feared to open the case might endanger the glass in the hands of the servants, and therefore sent the book separate. As to my journey to Southampton, it is altogether uncertain as to the time, and my going thence will be as uncertain, because it is quite across the country to Cirencester. If it be possible for me to know, I will send or come to you, unless the expedition be required in such haste by the two most impetuous men I know,[2] as to render it impracticable. In the meantime a line from you will reach me here, whence I have no thoughts of stirring till the elections are over and the counties quiet. You may therefore please to send me the draught of your staircase and lobby whenever it is convenient

[1] Pope's Imitations of the first two Satires of the second Book of Horace —one a republication, and the other new—were brought out in the same volume at the beginning of July, and he may probably have sent an early copy to Caryll.

[2] Lord Peterborough and Lord Bathurst.

for you. It would be a great pleasure to me to contribute to the ornament of Ladyholt.

I truly congratulate you on the recovery of Mrs. Caryll. Your god-daughter and I often lament your condition in hers, knowing the just reasons you both have to love one another. She was twice or thrice beginning to write to you. Once indeed I hindered her, by giving her expectations of my daily hearing from you, and not doubting but you would send an account of what she most desired to know,—your lady's health. And she told me that another time her brother prevented her, by requiring an immediate answer that post to the most inconsiderate and unreasonable letter I ever saw, namely, desiring her to propose to a lawyer (of whom she had been forced to take up the money Mr. Blount owed her for near two years together for her daily subsistence) that he should lend her more till it was agreeable to his own conveniency or pleasure to pay her, and at the same time disputed with her of a certain sum, which, through the length of time, he had forgot whether he paid or no, and could produce no receipt for. In a word, he desired to let the account run on, and to let her run in debt, merely that he might keep in her debt, and then dispute the sum. I advised her to complain of this proceeding to you and some other relations, and endeavour to bring him to reason first that way, before she obliged him to more punctuality the only way that inconsiderate people will be compelled to do justice,—I mean by law. Whether she has or not, I know not, having not seen her for some time.

My last employment has been to stucco over the rest of my palace, which you may now more truly style Little Whitehall than when last you saw it. I wish you would do me the same pleasure again next Monday. The same company you parted with here will be here again, and Sir Clement Cottrell shall drink your health. Mr. Pigott is much out of order. I wish good men were immortal, if it were only for example for others. But He who is the giver of all goodness knows best, and ordains best. Adieu. Yours ever.

143. POPE TO CARYLL.

CIRENCESTER, *July* 7, 1734.

DEAR SIR,—I know it is long since I ought to have acknowledged the favour of your kind letter, but I was got upon the ramble, and am like to be so for some time. I am at present with Lord Bathurst. When I shall approach nearer to you I know not, but if I possibly can will tell you, having a desire once more to pass some days at Ladyholt, and settle your staircase plan, &c. At present Lord Peterborough is at London, and narrowly missed me here last week. My health I find too precarious to venture abroad as I used to do, the least accident giving me colds and headaches, which last so damage my eyes that it is a sort of task to me to write a letter or to read half an hour. I am forced to make myself what amends I can by thinking, and I assure you not the least part of my thoughts is employed on my friends. I think not the less, nor study the less, for writing but rarely, and in the like manner I think not the less on you and some few others for not writing to them so often as I gladly would.

You know your god-daughter always has a share in my concern, and I am sorry to tell you her brother keeps her still out of what is quite necessary to her subsistence, and, which is worse, knows he does so, for she represented the whole situation of her affairs to him. I wish he knew at least that others are acquainted with his hard and inconsiderate conduct towards her, which is all the service, I think, in your power in this case.

I am almost angry at your frequent mention of that trifling thing I meant to desire Mrs. Catherine's acceptance of, but it is so little that I have never thought to pay for it yet. The painting cost me nothing, and you will guess the frame could not be worth much. Pray, therefore, let me hear no more of it. I do always desire to hear of what I so sincerely wish, as your health and family's welfare, which intelligence, if you send first to Twitenham, will from thence be sent after me wherever I am. I have nothing to add but what has been told you these twenty-five years at least, with equal and constant truth, that I am, yours, &c.

144. POPE TO CARYLL.

Bevis Mount, [*Aug.* 1734].

Dear Sir,—Though Mr. Hebbe told me he thought you gone to Grinstead I had attended his journey with a line or two, but he was gone away before I could get up. I have had but ill-health since, and am sorry your own has hindered your journey, the rather because I fear my necessary return to Twitenham will not leave me time to pass a few days with you as I intended. If, through any more lucky accident than I have reason to expect, I should not be obliged to be gone so soon, I will send a despatch to Ladyholt, and accept of your conveyance half way. I lay hold of this opportunity to tell you I received a letter from your god-daughter three days ago, to ask me to send her some venison to Lady Gerrard's, at Cheam in Surrey. Our coaches none of them go that way. Yours do; therefore pray send her some with a line or two directed beforehand to meet it at Kingston, and tell her I desired you,—so she will see at once that she has two friends, a large portion as this world goes. Dear sir, believe me very desirous to wait on you, and, if possible, I will yet. My Lord Peterborough being in London when I first proposed to get to him from Gloucester, made my whole time too uncertain to be able to fix a week for Ladyholt, which else I could have done. Adieu. My faithful service attends your family. So does my Lord's and Mrs. Robinson's.[1] I am, for ever, yours, dear sir.

145. POPE TO CARYLL.

Twitnam, *Oct.* 15, 1734.

Dear Sir,—It is indeed, and I thought it so, long since I wrote to you, but I have been hurried about so much, and out of order so much, that I have neither had my time nor my head my own. My heart is all that continues the same, and will ever belong to my friends.

[1] Lord Peterborough was secretly married to Mrs. Robinson, who had been a celebrated public singer.

As soon as I got home from Bevis Mount, which was soon after I writ to you, I was persuaded to try the Bath waters, partly for my health, and partly I persuaded myself to attend several of my friends there, one of whom[1] conveyed me thither, and brought me back a week ago. I saw there your god-daughter, whose brother I heard was expected there, and ought to be ashamed to see her. She went upon Dr. Arbuthnot's advice upon her complaints, and thought the waters agreed with them. But the power of going and being conveniently accommodated was owing wholly to my Lady Suffolk's friendship; for, indeed, from her own family she experiences none at all. They return to London at the end of the month. For my part, I have not been so ill as to give any ground for the news of my danger, nor so well as to forget it may soon be my case in earnest. God prepare me for it. I am truly concerned that you are so persecuted by repeated fits of the gout. Poor Mr. Pigott, who was the first man I inquired after on my return, is in a very declining way: he will be a general loss. I hope your lady is well. In this world we live only upon the terms of compassionating and lamenting one another by turns. It must be a better place where all tears are wiped away. I beg sometimes to hear from you, as I shall not fail to write to you, who have long been and shall be, the little time we have to last, dear sir, your sincerely obliged friend and humble servant.

146. POPE TO CARYLL.

TWITNAM, *Dec.* 31, 1734.

DEAR SIR,—It is a truth that before I rose this day at twelve of the clock, I resolved to write to you by this night's post, and an hour after I had your kind letter brought me. Your guess, indeed, was right. I have been very ill, confined for some days first to my bed, many more to my chamber in London, and as soon as I was able to get home, persecuted with a fresh cold, which brought all my maladies upon me at once. In such a condition have I continued ten days more. The only reason I did not write to you for three weeks past,

[1] Lord Bolingbroke.

was that I could tell you only such ill news of myself as I knew would trouble you, and hoped daily to be able to give you better. If I can get rid of a night cough, which otherwise through long continuance will fall on my lungs, I shall do well enough. I heartily join in your prayers for your part as well as for mine, and I think it better to return those to you than the compliments of the season. However, you and all yours have them, into the bargain. There is a piece of poetry from Horace come out, which I warn you not to take for mine, though some people are willing to fix it on me: in truth I should think it a very indecent sermon,[1] after the Essay on Man. But in a week or so you will have a thing which is mine,[2] and I hope not unworthy an honest man in his own just vindication from slanders of all sorts, and slanderers of what rank or quality soever. It is the last thing relating to myself I will ever trouble the public with. Adieu. May you continue to think well of me,—that is, to think me affectionately and mindfully, dear sir, yours.

Pray, how is your own health?

147. POPE TO CARYLL.

London, *Feb.* 8, 1734-5.

Dear Sir,—This letter has been deferred a fortnight from day to day in the consideration of sending you with it the Epistle concerning the Characters of Women,[3] for which you express, with your wonted partiality, some impatience. Unexpected accidents retarded its publication till now, and now I fear it will not answer your expectation. The lady to whom

[1] "Sober Advice from Horace, as delivered in his Second Sermon. Imitated in the manner of Mr. Pope." It was advertised in the County Journal of Dec. 28 as "this day published." Though Pope, aware that Caryll would disapprove of the piece, denied being the author of it, he had sent it in manuscript in the preceding June to the less scrupulous Bolingbroke, and desired him to keep the secret. In 1738 the Sober Advice was included in the edition of Pope's works published by Dodsley, and certainly did not appear there without the connivance of the poet.

[2] An Epistle from Mr. Pope to Dr. Arbuthnot. It was entered at Stationers' Hall, Jan. 4, 1735.

[3] The Epistle on Women was entered at Stationers' Hall, the 7th of February, 1735.

it is addressed had the great modesty to insist on my suppressing her name.[1] So I must leave you with the rest of the world to guess at her. It is certain there are not many who can justly claim the character. I know her to merit it, and so do, or should, all those that know her. Yet the malice of a world which abounds not in good examples would perhaps be glad she did not, for unless a lady be in some public station, it is nobody's vanity to be her friend, and few women are friends but out of vanity. Virtue in retirement is either not allowed, or not seen.

I send you constantly whatever is mine. The ludicrous, or if you please, the obscene thing you desired me to send, I did not approve of, and therefore do not care to propagate by sending into the country at all. Whoever likes it so well as to think it mine compliments me at my own expense. But there is another piece which I may venture to send you in a post or two, an Essay on Reason[2] of a serious kind, and the intention and doctrines of which I think you will not disapprove.

I have nothing to add but my services and best wishes to all your family, and to tell you that your god-daughter is in pain that Mrs. Caryll never writes to her. She well knows she does not deserve her favour and kindness less than she always did, and therefore is concerned at so long a silence.

My health is as usual. It has been worse, and I hope the advance of the spring will be to the benefit of both of us. For your welfare I sincerely pray, and am truly, dear sir, your obliged and most affectionate servant.

148. POPE TO CARYLL.

London, *Feb.* 18, 1734-5.

Dear Sir,—In great hurry I write this to thank you for your last, and answer you one or two questions of importance indeed, since one concerns life, the other marriage. The story

[1] Martha Blount.

[2] This poem was by the Rev. Walter Harte, and it has been said that Pope revised it. It is a close, but tame imitation of the Essay on Man.

of Bentley is this in three words. He expressed a resentment as if I had injured his father in a thing I disowned. I told him if he was not satisfied in that, and if he required any other satisfaction, I would give it. After a three weeks' hesitation and messages he gave it under his hand he did not, and confessed himself in the wrong.[1] Your other question about intending marriage made me laugh: for if that line meant any such thing it must be over. It is in the preter-perfect tense, *gave a poet*.[2] It is a new sort of father for marriage: he gave me long ago to Belinda, as he did Homer to Achilles, and it is a mercy he has not given me to more ladies, but that I am almost as little inclined to celebrate that way, as the other. Dear sir, adieu. I have no time to explain to you upon a better subject, the Essay on Reason, which comes to you in three packets by this post. It was out of print, and I was forced to wait for a second edition. I am always your affectionate obliged servant.

149. POPE TO CARYLL.

TWITNAM, *May* 12, 1735.

DEAR SIR,—Many things conspired to make me silent of late. My constant attendance on a sick friend or two, my Lord Peterborough particularly, who lay very ill at a lodging at Kensington, where I generally pass half my time, and in business and ill-health the rest. But what makes me sick of writing is the shameless industry of such fellows as Curll, and the idle ostentation, or weak partiality of many of my correspondents, who have shown about my letters (which I never writ but in haste, and generally against the grain, in mere

[1] Pope in the Sober Advice affixed the name of Dr. Bentley to some notes which were as stupid as they were nauseous. According to his common practice, the poet evaded by a falsehood the responsibility of what he had published, and the younger Bentley, believing his repudiation of the piece, confessed he had been wrong to accuse him. Pope's meanness in allowing the person whom he had first injured, and then deceived, to make him an apology, would be almost incredible, if he had not himself recorded it.

[2] The Essay on Women, which Pope addressed to Martha Blount, concluded with the line,—

"To you gave sense, good humour, and a poet."

civility, for almost all letters are impertinent further than *Si vales, bene est; ego valeo*[1]) to such a degree that a volume of 200 or more are printed by that rascal. But he could never have injured me this way, had not my friends furnished him with the occasion by keeping such wretched papers as they ought to have burned.

What I said to you on the Essay on Reason was true. I think it a piece much more worthy a serious man, that is, of myself, for such I am, and I hope you know me enough to think me so, than that idle parody upon Horace which some imputed to me. I was not sorry many people took Mr. Harte's poem for mine. It pleased me to see they did him justice from that opinion, which otherwise perhaps they had not done him.

You will see Mr. Blount, I dare say. Your god-daughter will think herself obliged to you for thinking of doing her that good office; but it would have been a little of the latest, had not a friend of hers, Mr. Fortescue, the Prince's attorney-general, supplied her with the money a year ago. Either she must have been treated herself in the same way that she has been, within this week, forced to treat Mr. Blount, or her friend must never have been repaid what he so generously lent her. Mr. Blount, to my knowledge, was informed of this by Mr. Fortescue himself above a twelvemonth ago, and to this hour he owes her a year and a half's rent. This conduct is past censure, and past shame. One ought only to despise and laugh at it. Therefore pray lose not a syllable upon him.

I want to make you a present of all I am worth, the second and perhaps the last volume of my works, which are now become so voluminous as to outweigh their author. It is high

[1] This was a bold opinion to express to Caryll, to whom he had sent various grandiloquent essays, under the name of letters. The hypocrisy of the remainder of the passage was never exceeded. Even if the edition of 1735 had not proceeded from Pope, he must have known that the contents of the volume consisted, in great part, of letters which his correspondents had returned to him, and could only have been derived, in the aggregate, from his own stores. With what face could he denounce the idle ostentation of "his friends for keeping such wretched papers as they ought to have burned," when he had not only, as he afterwards confessed, kept them himself, but, to guard against all risk of their loss, had had a copy of them deposited in the library of Lord Oxford?

time after the fumbling age of forty is past, to abandon those ladies,[1] who else will quickly abandon us. I am, &c.

150. POPE TO CARYLL.

July 17, 1735.

Dear Sir,—It is long ago that I sent you my works—a huge large paper quarto, big enough to load your study. I hope I shall commit no more such excesses. Mr. Wright,[2] to whom they were sent, I presume has safely transmitted them to you. I have been in no very good health or humour of late, and less inclined to correspond than ever in my life, especially when I can tell a friend nothing that pleases me. I would not trouble him with what displeases me. I have been so much engaged in town that I could not yet see your son and daughter near Twitnam, which I hope to do now, and my good friend Mr. Pigott. I have hardly seen another of yours who has been my neighbour for a week or so,—Mrs. Patty. She is with the new married couple[3] at Marble Hill for some days. Mr. Berkeley seems very happy, and all his friends partake in his joy. Mr. Pulteney is here. I have just been at his house, but missed him. He has been ill of a fever. I am afraid you and I shall never meet again with Lord Peterborough.[4] It was one of my projects this autumn, but every year takes away something or other, and when it takes away a friend it hurts us indeed, especially those we have long known, who ought to know us best, and are inexcusable, I think, if they alter their opinions of us without sure grounds and fair explanations. A general tenor of life and continued evenness of action ought to secure any one from such changes or suspicions as are mortal in friendship. As to little observances, what this man said, or that man said, who writ last or not last, they should be left to women to quarrel about and men to laugh at.

[1] The Muses.

[2] Mr. Caryll's banker.

[3] Lady Suffolk had just married the Hon. George Berkeley, the youngest son of the second Earl of Berkeley.

[4] He was fast approaching his end. Pope visited him in August to take a last farewell of him, previous to his embarkation for Lisbon, where he died on the 25th of October.

I intend ere long to take a little ramble and stay three weeks with a friend, whom I have known ten years, without writing three letters to, and shall probably never write another to, yet esteem as much as any friend he has,—I mean Lord Cobham. Believe me, therefore, unalterably what I always was, dear sir, your most affectionate faithful friend and humble servant.[1]

[1] With this letter the Caryll collection concludes, though Mr. Caryll survived till the 6th of April in the following year.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

EDWARD BLOUNT,[1] Esq.

FROM 1714 TO 1725.

All the Letters from Pope to Blount came out in the edition of 1735. Those from Blount to Pope were reserved for the quarto, and one of the number first appeared in Cooper's edition of 1737. The two short notes by Blount from the Homer MSS. are the only portions of the correspondence upon which entire reliance can be placed.

1.[2] POPE TO BLOUNT.

August 27, 1714.

Whatever studies on the one hand, or amusements on the other, it shall be my fortune to fall into, I shall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of them. The task I undertook,[3] though of weight enough in itself, has had a voluntary increase by the enlarging my design of the notes; and the necessity of consulting a number of books has carried me to Oxford. But, I fear, through my Lord Harcourt's and Dr. Clarke's[4] means, I shall be more conversant with the pleasures

[1] Edward Blount was a Roman Catholic country gentleman, who had an estate in Devonshire, and resided at Blagdon House, in the parish of Paignton, near Torbay. He and the Mapledurham Blounts were descended from a common stock, but had branched off at so remote a period that the connection was very slight. Bowles, however, hastily assumed that Edward was the brother of Martha and Teresa, and his confident assertion led Roscoe to adopt the error.

[2] Nearly half this letter is from the letter to Caryll of Aug. 16, 1714.

[3] The translation of Homer's Iliad. —Pope, 1735.

[4] Of All Souls' College,—a virtuoso, and a man of taste.—Warton. In the course of conversation he showed

and company of the place, than with the books and manuscripts of it.

I find still more reason to complain of the negligence of the geographers in their maps of old Greece, since I looked upon two or three more noted names in the public libraries here. But with all the care I am capable of, I have some cause to fear the engraver will prejudice me in a few situations. I have been forced to write to him in so high a style, that, were my epistles intercepted, it would raise no small admiration in an ordinary man. There is scarce an order in it of less importance than to remove such and such mountains, alter the course of such and such rivers, place a large city on such a coast, and raze another in another country. I have set bounds to the sea, and said to the land, Thus far shalt thou advance and no further.[1] In the meantime, I, who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of losing my horse, and stand in some fear of a country justice.[2] To disarm me, indeed, may be but prudential, considering what armies I have at present on foot, and in my service. A hundred thousand Grecians are no contemptible body. For all that I can tell, they may be as formidable as four thousand priests; and they seem proper forces to send against those in Barcelona. That siege deserves as fine a poem as the Iliad, and the machining part of poetry would be the juster in it, as they say the inhabitants expect

some desire to enter into a discussion with Pope upon the Roman Catholic tenets, and Pope replied: "It is but a little while I can enjoy your improving company here in Oxford, which we will not so mispend, as it would be doing, should we let it pass in talking of divinity. Neither would there be time for either of us half to explain ourselves, and at last you would be protestant Clarke, and I papist Pope."

[1] This relates to the map of ancient Greece, laid down by our author in his observations on the second Iliad.—POPE, 1735.

[2] Some of the laws were, at this time, put in force against the papists.—WARBURTON. The enactment, which prohibited a Roman Catholic from keeping a horse above the value of 5*l.*, does not seem to have been pressed, and if it had, Pope would easily have consoled himself, as Dryden did after the Revolution, when, in his Prologue to Don Sebastian, he endeavoured to remove the prejudice which the audience might entertain towards his play in consequence of his apostacy from protestantism during the reign of James II.:—

"Horses by papists are not to be ridden,
But sure the Muse's horse was ne'er forbidden;
For in no rate-book it was ever found
That Pegasus was valued at five pound.

angels from heaven to their assistance.'[1] May I venture to say, who am a papist, and say to you who are a papist, that nothing is more astonishing to me, than that people so greatly warmed with a sense of liberty should be capable of harbouring such weak superstition, and that so much bravery and so much folly can inhabit the same breasts?

I could not but take a trip to London on the death of the Queen,[2] moved by the common curiosity of mankind, who leave their own business to be looking upon other men's. I thank God that, as for myself, I am below all the accidents of State changes by my circumstances, and above them by my philosophy. Common charity of man to man and universal goodwill to all are the points I have most at heart; and I am sure, those are not to be broken for the sake of any governors or government. I am willing to hope the best, and what I more wish than my own or any particular man's advancement is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the divisions of whig and tory; that the parties may love each other as well as I love them both, or at least hurt each other as little as I would either; and that our own people may live as quietly as we shall certainly let theirs—that is to say, that want of power itself in us may not be a surer prevention of harm than want of will in them. I am sure, if all whigs and all tories had the spirit of one Roman Catholic that I know, it would be well for all Roman Catholics; and if all Roman Catholics had always had that spirit, it had been well for all others, and we had never been charged with so wicked a spirit as that of persecution.

[1] The siege of Barcelona by Philip V. had been going on since July, 1713. At the peace of Utrecht Louis XIV. sent an army to his assistance under the Duke of Berwick. Notwithstanding the overwhelming forces brought against them, amounting to 40,000 men, the inhabitants determined not to surrender, and hoisted a black flag with a death's head upon it. On the 12th of August, 1714, they repulsed two assaults with great slaughter, but the town was at last taken on the 11th of September, after an obstinate resistance and dreadful carnage. Pope speaks of four thousand priests being engaged in the defence of the place, and it is a fact that five hundred and forty-three monks and clergy fell in the course of the siege.

[2] Lord Bathurst says in one of his letters, that Pope was as sure to be in London at any crisis as a porpoise was to appear in a storm.

I agree with you in my sentiments of the state of our nation since this change. I find myself just in the same situation of mind you describe as your own, heartily wishing the good, that is, the quiet of my country, and hoping a total end of all the unhappy divisions of mankind by party-spirit, which at best is but the madness of many for the gain of a few. I am, &c.

2. BLOUNT TO POPE.

IT is with a great deal of pleasure I see your letter, dear sir, written in a style that shows you full of health, and in the midst of diversions. I think those two things necessary to a man who has such undertakings in hand as yours. All lovers of Homer are indebted to you for taking so much pains about the situation of his heroes' kingdoms. It will not only be of great use with regard to his works, but to all that read any of the Greek historians, who generally are ill understood through the difference of the maps as to the places they treat of, which makes one think one author contradicts another. You are going to set us right, and it is an advantage everybody will gladly see you engross the glory of.[1]

You can draw rules to be free and easy, from formal pedants; and teach men to be short and pertinent, from tedious commentators. However, I congratulate your happy deliverance from such authors, as you, with all your humanity, cannot wish alive again to converse with. Critics will quarrel with you, if you dare to please without their leave; and zealots will shrug up their shoulders at a man, that pretends to get to heaven out of their form, dress, and diet. I would no more make a judgment of an author's genius from a damning critic, than I would of a man's religion from an unsaving zealot.

[1] Mr. Wood, in his discourse on the genius of Homer, censures the inaccuracies of this map which Pope himself drew. Among other things, he says, "that so capital an error as that of discharging the Scamander into the Ægean sea, instead of the Hellespont, is a striking specimen of the superficial manner in which this matter has been treated." And he adds, "the translator is as inconsistent, sometimes, with his own incorrect map, as both he and his map are with the real situation of the ground."—WARTON.

I could take great delight in affording you the new glory of making a Barceloniad, if I may venture to coin such a word. I fancy you would find a juster parallel than it seems at first sight; for the Trojans, too, had a great mixture of folly with their bravery, and I am out of countenance for them when I read the wise result of their council, where, after a warm debate between Antenor and Paris about restoring Helen, Priam sagely determines that they shall go to supper. And as for the Greeks, what can equal their superstition in sacrificing an innocent lady?

Tantum religio potuit, etc.

I have a good opinion of my politics, since they agree with a man who always thinks so justly as you. I wish it were in our power to persuade all the nation into as calm and steady a disposition of mind.

We have received the late melancholy news with the usual ceremony, of condoling in one breath for the loss of a gracious queen, and in another rejoicing for an illustrious king. My views carry me no further than to wish the peace and welfare of my country; and my morals and politics teach me to leave all that to be adjusted by our representatives above, and to divine Providence. It is much at one to you and me who sit at the helm, provided they will permit us to sail quietly in the great ship. Ambition is a vice that is timely mortified in us poor papists; we ought in recompense to cultivate as many virtues in ourselves as we can, that we may be truly great. Among my ambitions, that of being a sincere friend is one of the chief; yet I will confess, that I have a secret pleasure to have some of my descendants know that their ancestor was great with Mr. Pope.[1] I am, &c.

[1] Bowles, who was acquainted with the Oxfordshire Blounts and their feelings, and who erroneously supposed that they were the descendants of Edward, says that they "had much less pride in thinking their ancestor was great with Mr. Pope than this worthy gentleman, in his triumphant simplicity, imagined they must have." It would have been strange if the traditions which remained with the Mapledurham posterity had savoured of pride in the connection, when we see, in his letters to Caryll, that Pope spoke contemptuously of the mother, condemned the brother, defamed Teresa, and endeavoured to prevail upon Martha to desert her family. Their acquaintance with him was a misfortune, and has only not turned to their discredit because his testimony against them is worthless.

3. BLOUNT TO POPE.

Nov. 11, 1715.

IT is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you should do with my letters just as you pleased, and answer them at your leisure; and that is as soon as I shall think you ought. I have so true a taste of the substantial part of your friendship, that I waive all ceremonials; and am sure to make you as many visits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you please, assuring you they shall at all times be heartily welcome to me.

The many alarms we have from your parts have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turned to preserve peace and quiet among us. What a dismal scene has there been opened in the North! What ruin have those unfortunate rash gentlemen drawn upon themselves and their miserable followers, and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers! However, it may look ungenerous to reproach people in distress. I do not remember you and I ever used to trouble ourselves about politics; but when any matter happened to fall into our discourse, we used to condemn all undertakings that tended towards the disturbing the peace and quiet of our country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatsoever to violate the laws of charity. How many lives have there been lost in hot blood,[1] and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold? If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me, and though we are farmers, you know Eumeus made his friends welcome. You shall here worship the echo at your ease. Indeed, we are forced to do so, because we cannot hear the first report, and therefore are obliged to listen to the second,[2] which, for security sake, I do not always believe neither.

[1] Pope, in the table of contents to the quarto, entitles this letter "Reflections on the affair of Preston," which was not fought till the 13th of November, and if the letter is genuine the date at least must be erroneous.

[2] The enigma of Pythagoras, "When the winds rise worship the echo," was interpreted by Pope to mean, "When rumours increase believe the second report." "It must be obvious," says Bowles, "that Blount in this epistle performs something like the part of echo himself

It is a great many years since I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Atticus. I longed to imitate him a little, and have contrived hitherto to be, like him, engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to some in both. I find myself very well in this way hitherto, and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which, I am persuaded, brings a man more content than all the perquisites of wild ambition. I with pleasure join with you in wishing, nay, I am not ashamed to say, in praying for the welfare temporal and eternal of all mankind. How much more affectionately, then, shall I do so for you, since I am, in a most particular manner and with all sincerity, your, &c.

4. POPE TO BLOUNT.

Jan. 21, 1715-16.

DEAR SIR,—I know of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present, as some circumstances of the last act of that eminent comic poet, and our friend, Wycherley.[1] He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despaired of. Accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony, and joined together those two sacraments which, wise men say, should be the last we receive; for, if you observe, matrimony is placed after extreme unction in our catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfied in the conscience of having by this one act paid his just debts, obliged a woman who, he was told, had merit, and shown an heroic resentment of the ill-usage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he

in replying to Pope with language and affected sentiments very little differing from those of his friend." The greater part, indeed, of the letters of Blount bear such a close resemblance both in matter and manner to those of the poet, that it may be suspected that he sometimes carried on an imaginary correspondence with himself as well as with other people.

[1] Wycherley died on the 31st of December or the 1st of January. It is singular, in the midst of the crisis to the catholics of the rebellion of 1715, when friends had fallen, and further tragedies were impending, that Pope should take for granted that nothing will be so interesting to Blount as the particulars of the last moments of a superannuated reprobate, who had long ceased to be of importance to anybody.

had with the lady discharged those debts; a jointure of four hundred a-year made her a recompense; and the nephew he left to comfort himself as well as he could, with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate.[1] I saw our friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor, which in him had been more likely, much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bedside, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her, "My dear, it is only this, that you will never marry an old man again." I cannot help remarking, that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call humour.[2] Mr. Wycherley showed his, even in this last compliment, though I think his request a little hard; for why should he bar her from doubling her jointure on the same easy terms?

So trivial as these circumstances are, I should not be displeased myself to know such trifles, when they concern or characterise any eminent person. The wisest and wittiest of men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober moments: at least, our friend ended much in the character he had lived in; and Horace's rule for a play, may as well be applied to him as a playwright:—

> Servetur ad imum
> Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.

I am, &c.

[1] The property was entailed upon the nephew, who had excited the resentment of Wycherley by the refusal to allow him to sell sufficient land to defray debts to the amount of about a thousand pounds. There was a power to charge the estate with a widow's jointure, and Wycherley resolved to marry, partly that he might pay his creditors with his wife's money, and partly that his nephew might lose the income which was settled upon her. Dreading the ridicule of the world for wedding when he was so old, he purposely put off the ceremony till he was near his end.

[2] I do not perceive the least humour in his request. If Pope had said joking, perhaps he had been nearer the truth; but the joke is contemptible.—BOWLES.

5.[1]

POPE TO BLOUNT.

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

Dear Sir,—I am just returned from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and passed a week in the forest. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertained me; but I must acquaint you there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him, which make it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures.[2] I have been just taking a solitary walk by moonshine, full of reflections on the transitory nature of all human delights, and giving my thoughts a loose in the contemplation of those satisfactions which probably we may hereafter taste in the company of separate spirits, when we shall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on this world at as vast a distance as we now do on those worlds. The pleasures we are to enjoy in that conversation must undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and not unlikely may proceed from the discoveries each shall communicate to another of God and of nature; for the happiness of minds can surely be nothing but knowledge.

The highest gratification we receive here from company is

[1] The first half of this letter is copied from a letter to Caryll in 1713, which has the day of the month,—Sept. 20—but not the year. The latter is fixed by the circumstance that it was written while the poet was taking lessons of Jervas the painter. When nearly a quarter of a century afterwards Pope transferred a portion of the letter to Blount, his memory probably deceived him as to the period when Rowe paid his visit, and he was unlucky in selecting for its date the famous winter in which the Thames was frozen over, and "there fell," says the Historical Register, "vast quantities of snow, which, together with the great lumps of ice, rendered even the streets of London very dangerous and almost impassable." On the 9th of February the thaw set in, and it is by no means likely that in the state in which St. James's Park must have been on the 10th, that the poet would have gone there by moonlight to indulge in philosophic contemplations.

[2] During this visit, it is said, that Pope desired him to write a tragedy, on the death of Charles the First, which he declined on account of the recency of the event, and the state of parties in this country. At the same time also, Pope recommended to him, as another good subject for the drama, the story of Mary, Queen of Scots, "which, if I undertake," said Rowe, "I will by no means introduce Queen Elizabeth; for where she appears, all the queens and heroines upon earth will make but a little figure."—Warton.

mirth, which at the best is but a fluttering unquiet motion, that beats about the breast for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty.[1] Keeping good company, even the best, is but a less shameful art of losing time. What we here call science and study are little better. The greater number of arts to which we apply ourselves are mere groping in the dark; and even the search of our most important concerns in a future being is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain haste to be knowing, sooner than we can, what without all this solicitude we shall know a little later. We are but curious impertinents in the case of futurity. It is not our business to be guessing what the state of souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own state happy; we cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous. If this be my notion of a great part of that high science, divinity, you will be so civil as to imagine I lay no mighty stress upon the rest. Even of my darling poetry I really make no other use, than horses of the bells that jingle about their ears (though now and then they toss their heads as if they were proud of them), only to jog on a little more merrily.

Your observations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of friendship confirm me in what I was so fortunate as at my first knowledge of you to hope, and since so amply to experience. Let me take so much decent pride and dignity upon me as to tell you, that but for opinions like these which I discovered in your mind, I had never made the trial I have done, which has succeeded so much to mine, and I believe, not less to your satisfaction; for, if I know you right, your pleasure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your remark, that the variety of opinions in politics or religion is often rather a gratification, than an objection, to people who have sense enough to consider the beautiful order of nature in her variations, makes me think you have not construed Joannes Secundus wrong, in the verse which precedes

[1] All this, which is so contrary to the spirit of epistolary writing, was perhaps part of a juvenile moral essay which he was unwilling to lose, and therefore turned into a letter. One can no otherwise account for such trivial pomposity.—BOWLES.

that which you quote. *Bene nota Fides*, as I take it, does no way signify the Roman Catholic religion, though Secundus was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flowed from an exalted mind, that it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various methods of worshipping him which divided the whole world.[1] I am pretty sure you and I should no more make good inquisitors to the modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been qualified for lictors to Procrustes, when he converted refractory members with the rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what, I think, I have formerly said—that I as little fear God will damn a man who has charity, as I hope that any priest can save him without it. I am, &c.

6.[2] POPE TO BLOUNT.

March 20, 1715-16.

DEAR SIR,—I find that a real concern is not only a hindrance to speaking, but to writing too. The more time we give ourselves to think over one's own or a friend's unhappiness, the more unable we grow to express the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a letter at such a season as this, as to retard a melancholy visit to a person one cannot relieve. One is ashamed in that circumstance to pretend to entertain people with trifling insignificant affectations of sorrow on the one hand, or unseasonable and forced gaieties on the other. It is a kind of profanation of things sacred, to treat so solemn a matter as a generous voluntary suffering with compliments or heroic gallantries. Such a mind as yours has no need of being spirited up into honour, or, like a weak woman, praised

[1] This was an opinion taken up by the old philosophers, as the last support of paganism against christianity; and the missionaries to both the Indies tell us it is the first answer modern barbarians give to the offer made them of the gospel. But christians might see that the notion is not only improbable, but impossible to be true, if the redemption of mankind was purchased by the death of Jesus, which is the gospel idea of his religion. Nor is there any need of this opinion to discredit persecution; for the iniquity of that practice does not arise from restraining what God permits or delights in, but from usurping a jurisdiction over conscience, which belongs only to his tribunal.—WARBURTON.

[2] This letter is from the Caryll correspondence.

into an opinion of its own virtue. It is enough to do and suffer what we ought; and men should know, that the noble power of suffering bravely is as far above that of enterprising greatly as an unblemished conscience and inflexible resolution are above an accidental flow of spirits or a sudden tide of blood. If the whole religious business of mankind be included in resignation to our Maker, and charity to our fellow-creatures, there are now some people who give us the opportunity of affording as bright an example in practising the one, as themselves have given an infamous instance of the violation of the other.[1] Whoever is really brave has always this comfort when he is oppressed, that he knows himself to be superior to those who injure him; for the greatest power on earth can no sooner do him that injury, but the brave man can make himself greater by forgiving it. If it were generous to seek for alleviating consolations in a calamity of so much glory, one might say that to be ruined thus in the gross, with a whole people, is but like perishing in the general conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

Methinks, in our present condition, the most heroic thing we are left capable of doing is to endeavour to lighten each other's load, and, oppressed as we are, to succour such as are yet more oppressed. If there are too many who cannot be assisted but by what we cannot give, our money, there are yet others who may be relieved by our counsel, by our countenance, and even by our cheerfulness. The misfortunes of private families, the misunderstandings of people whom distresses make suspicious, the coldness of relations whom change of religion may disunite, or the necessities of half-ruined estates render unkind to each other,—these at least may be softened in some degree by a general well-managed humanity among ourselves, if all those who have your principles of belief had also your sense and conduct. But, indeed, most of them have given lamentable proofs of the contrary;[2] and it is to be appre-

[1] Pope professed to be superior to party, and yet was so blinded by it that he speaks of the catholics and Jacobites as the injured persons in a rebellion in which they were flagrant aggressors.

[2] This was written in the year of the affair at Preston.—POPE, 1735. The statement agreed with the date, according to the old style, when the year did not end till the 25th of March; but in the quarto, Pope, in

hended that they who want sense are only religious through weakness, and good-natured through shame. These are narrow-minded creatures, that never deal in essentials; their faith never looks beyond ceremonials, nor their charity beyond relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any distressed conscientious French refugee at this instant. What must my concern then be, when I perceive so many anxieties now tearing those hearts which I have desired a place in, and clouds of melancholy rising on those faces which I have long looked upon with affection? I begin already to feel both what some apprehend, and what others are yet too stupid to apprehend. I grieve with the old for so many additional inconveniences and chagrins, more than their small remains of life seemed destined to undergo; and with the young, for so many of those gaieties and pleasures, the portion of youth, which they will by this means be deprived of. This brings into my mind one or other of those I love best, and among them the widow and fatherless, late of [Mapledurham]. As I am certain no people living had an earlier and truer sense of others' misfortunes, or a more generous resignation as to what might be their own, so I earnestly wish that whatever part they must bear may be rendered as supportable to them as it is in the power of any friend to make it. But I know you have prevented me in this thought, as you always will in anything that is good or generous. I find by a letter of your lady's, which I have seen, that their ease and tranquillity is part of your care.[1] I believe there is some fatality in it, that you should always, from time to time, be doing those particular things that make me enamoured of you.

I write this from Windsor Forest, of which I am come to take my last look. We here bid our neighbours adieu, much as those who go to be hanged do their fellow-prisoners, who are

defiance of chronology, transferred the note to the letter of June 22, 1716.

[1] This is one of the few cases in which Pope might be supposed to have addressed the same letter to different persons, if the coincidence of both Mrs. Caryll and Mrs. Blount writing at the same moment to provide for the ease and tranquillity of the ladies of Mapledurham was not too improbable to be admitted. The family had suffered no calamity, for they were in sufficiently comfortable circumstances when they removed to be able to keep a town and country house.

condemned to follow them a few weeks after. I parted from honest Mr. D[ancastle] with tenderness; and from old Sir William Trumbull as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the miseries to come, from which he is just going to be removed himself. Perhaps, now I have learnt so far as

Nos dulcia linquimus arva,

my next lesson may be

Nos patriam fugimus.

Let that, and all else, be as Heaven pleases! I have provided just enough to keep me a man of honour. I believe you and I shall never be ashamed of each other. I know I wish my country well, and if it undoes me, it shall not make me wish it otherwise.

7.[1] BLOUNT TO POPE.

March 24, 1715-16.

YOUR letters give me a gleam of satisfaction, in the midst of a very dark and cloudy situation of thoughts, which it would be more than human to be exempt from at this time, when our homes must either be left, or be made too narrow for us to turn in. Poetically speaking, I should lament the loss Windsor Forest and you sustain of each other, but that methinks one cannot say you are parted, because you will live by and in one another, while verse is verse. This consideration hardens me in my opinion rather to congratulate you, since you have the pleasure of the prospect whenever you take it from your shelf,[2] and at the same time the solid cash you sold it for, of which Virgil in his exile knew nothing in those days, and which will make every place easy to you. I for my part am not so happy. My *parva rura* are fastened to me, so that I cannot exchange them, as you have, for more portable means of subsistence;[3] and yet I hope to gather enough to make the

[1] This letter first appeared in Cooper's edition of 1737.

[2] Alluding to Pope's poem on Windsor Forest.—BOWLES.

[3] Pope's father had just sold his property at Binfield.

patriam fugimus supportable to me. It is what I am resolved on, with my *Penates*. If, therefore, you ask me to whom you shall complain, I will exhort you to leave laziness and the elms of St. James's Park, and choose to join the other two proposals in one, safety and friendship (the least of which is a good motive for most things, as the other is for almost everything), and go with me where war will not reach us, nor paltry constables summon us to vestries.[1]

The future epistle you flatter me with will find me still here, and I think I may be here a month longer. Whenever I go from hence, one of the few reasons to make me regret my home will be, that I shall not have the pleasure of saying to you,

Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requiescere noctem,

which would have rendered this place more agreeable than ever else it could be to me; for I protest, it is with the utmost sincerity that I assure you, I am entirely, dear sir, your, &c.

8.[2] POPE TO BLOUNT.

June 22, 1716.

DEAR SIR,—If a regard both to public and private affairs may plead a lawful excuse in behalf of a negligent correspondent, I have really a very good title to it. I cannot say whether it is a felicity or unhappiness, that I am obliged at this time to give up my whole application to Homer, when, without that employment, my thoughts must turn upon what is less agreeable,—the violence, madness, and resentment of modern war-makers,[3] which are likely to prove, to some people at least, more fatal than the same qualities in Achilles did to his unfortunate countrymen.

Though the change of my scene of life, from Windsor Forest to the side of the Thames, be one of the grand eras of my days, and may be called a notable period in so inconsider-

[1] Blount went abroad in the summer of 1716. He had returned by the spring of 1717, but again withdrew to the continent in July of that year.

[2] From the Caryll correspondence.

[3] "The resentment of modern war-makers!" Who were the war-makers but those who, in opposition to the sense of the country, brought arms into it?—BOWLES.

able a history, yet you can scarce imagine any hero passing from one stage of life to another with so much tranquillity, so easy a transition, and so laudable a behaviour. I am become so truly a citizen of the world, according to Plato's expression, that I look with equal indifference on what I have left, and on what I have gained. The times and amusements past are not more like a dream to me than those which are present. I lie in a refreshing kind of inaction, and have one comfort at least from obscurity, that the darkness helps me to sleep the better. I now and then reflect upon the enjoyment of my friends, whom I fancy I remember much as separate spirits do us, at tender intervals, neither interrupting their own employments, nor altogether careless of ours, but in general constantly wishing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their company.

To grow indifferent to the world is to grow philosophical, or religious, whichsoever of those turns we chance to take. And indeed the world is such a thing, as one that thinks pretty much must either laugh at, or be angry with; but if we laugh at it they say we are proud, and if we are angry with it they say we are ill-natured. So the most politic way is to seem always better pleased than one can be—greater admirers, greater lovers, and, in short, greater fools than we really are. So shall we live comfortably with our families,[1] quietly with our neighbours, favoured by our masters, and happy with our mistresses. I have filled my paper, and so adieu.

9.[2] BLOUNT TO POPE.

June 23, 1716.

Dear Sir,—Yesterday the bill to oblige papists to register their names and estates passed the Lords with many amendments, and this day it was sent to the Commons for their concurrence, which they have put off giving till next Monday. The Commissioners bill[3] wants nothing but the royal assent,

[1] Mr. Bowles condemns the philosophy which teaches that the only way to live comfortably is to live deceitfully, and thinks that Pope acquired his doctrines in the school of Loyola.

[2] From the Homer MSS.

[3] "An act for appointing Commis-

which there is no doubt will easily be had both to that and the other on Tuesday next. I shall not pretend to make any remarks to interrupt your better thoughts with the very worst of mine. I will not fix any day yet for my coming to see you, but hope first to have that pleasure in town, which is a solid one to, dear sir, your truly affectionate humble servant.

10. POPE TO BLOUNT.

Sept. 8, 1717.

DEAR SIR,—I think your leaving England was like a good man's leaving the world, with the blessed conscience of having acted well in it; and I hope you have received your reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the religious country you inhabit, you will be better pleased to find I consider you in this light, than if I compared you to those Greeks and Romans, whose constancy in suffering pain, and whose resolution in pursuit of a generous end, you would rather imitate than boast of. But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a martyr to the fatigue your virtue made you undergo on this side the water. I beg, if your health be restored to you, not to deny me the joy of knowing it.[1] Your endeavours of service and good advice to the poor papists put me in mind of Noah's preaching forty years to those folks that were to be drowned at last. At the worst I heartily wish your ark may find an Ararat, and the wife and family—the hopes of the good patriarch—land safely after the deluge upon the shore of Totness. If I durst mix profane with sacred history, I would cheer you with the old tale of Brutus the wandering Trojan, who found on that very coast the happy end of his peregrinations and adventures.

I have very lately read Geoffrey of Monmouth, to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden, in the translation of a

sioners to inquire of the estates of certain traitors, and of Popish recusants, and of estates given to superstitious uses, in order to raise money out of them severally for the use of the public."

[1] Blount was afflicted with the stone.

clergyman[1] in my neighbourhood. He wanted my help to versify the prayer of Brutus, made when he was much in our circumstances, inquiring in what land to set up his seat, and worship like his fathers?

> Goddess of woods, tremendous in the chase,
> To mountain wolves and all the savage race,
> Wide o'er th' aërial vault extend thy sway,
> And o'er th' infernal regions void of day.
> On thy third reign look down; disclose our fate,
> In what new station shall we fix our seat?
> When shall we next thy hallowed altars raise,
> And choirs of virgins celebrate thy praise?

The poor man is highly concerned to vindicate Geoffrey's veracity as an historian; and told me he was perfectly astonished we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his giants, while we believe those of our saints. I am forced to make a fair composition with him, and, by crediting some of the wonders of Corinæus and Gogmagog, have brought him so far already, that he speaks respectfully of St. Christopher's carrying Christ, and the resuscitation of St. Nicholas Tolentine's chickens. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more to be compared to Corinæus and Arthur, than the Guelphs and Ghibellines are to the Mohocks[2] of ever-dreadful memory. This amazing writer has made me lay aside Homer for a week, and when I take him up again, I shall be very well prepared to translate with belief and reverence the speech of Achilles's horse.

You will excuse all this trifling, or anything else which prevents a sheet full of compliment: and believe there is nothing more true—even more true than anything in Geoffrey is false—than that I have a constant affection for you, and am, &c.

[1] Aaron Thompson, of Queen's College, Oxon (but his name does not occur among either the Oxford or Cambridge graduates), published this work in 1718, "cum præfatione," says Tanner, "satis longa."—CHALMERS.

[2] The Mohocks were rakes, who in March, 1712, committed brutal outrages in the streets at night—slitting the noses of the passengers, wounding them in the body, and beating them. Swift persuaded himself that it was a party proceeding, and said that all these ruffians were whigs.

P.S. I know you will take part in rejoicing for the victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks,[1] in the zeal you bear to the christian interest, though your cousin of Oxford, with whom I dined yesterday, says there is no other difference in the christians beating the Turks, or the Turks beating the christians, than whether the Emperor shall first declare war against Spain, or Spain declare it against the Emperor.[2] I must add another apophthegm of the same noble Earl. It was the saying of a politic prince, "Time and he would get the better of any two others." To which Lord Oxford made this answer,—

> Time and I 'gainst any two?
> Chance and I 'gainst Time and you.

11. POPE TO BLOUNT.

Nov. 27, 1717.

DEAR SIR,—The question you proposed to me is what at present I am the most unfit man in the world to answer, by my loss of one of the best of fathers. He had lived in such a course of temperance as was enough to make the longest life agreeable to him, and in such a course of piety as sufficed to make the most sudden death so also. Sudden indeed it was: however, I heartily beg of God to give me such an one, provided I can lead such a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave: *Si qua est ea cura*, &c.

He has left me to the ticklish management of a narrow fortune, where every false step is dangerous. My mother is in that dispirited state of resignation, which is the effect of long

[1] At Belgrade.

[2] The postscript up to this point was from a letter to Caryll of Aug. 22, and if the correspondence with Blount was genuine we must believe that Lord Oxford was cousin both to Caryll and Blount, that Pope dined with him the day before he wrote to the one in August, and to the other in September, and that on each occasion his host made the same observation on the war with the Turks in the very same words. But Lord Oxford was not cousin either to Blount or Caryll, and the poet in the quarto omitted the conclusion which converted an Oxford cousin into the Earl of Oxford, though to us who possess the Caryll letters the coincidences which remain are too improbable to be received.

[3] He alludes to the Roman Catholic prayers for the dead.

life, and the loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend of such an humane turn as yourself, to make almost anything desirable to us. I feel your absence more than ever; at the same time I can less express my regards to you than ever, and shall make this, which is the most sincere letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest perhaps of any you have received. It is enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any person when one's mind is taken up with a sensible sorrow, is a great degree of friendship. I can say no more but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wish it may be very long before any of yours shall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.[1]

12.[2] BLOUNT TO POPE.

Thursday, Ten o'clock.

DEAR SIR,—I am pleased in the thought of your being as much disappointed as myself, and the company that waited and wished for you. I am engaged at home, partly by company, and partly by my not being so well as I would be to enjoy the pleasure of that noble Lord's company you mention and yours, whenever you are at leisure. If you can name any other day now, or when you have better considered of it, you need but send your commands to, dear sir, yours most sincerely.

13. POPE TO BLOUNT.

RENTCOMB, IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE, *Oct.* 3, 1721.

DEAR SIR,—Your kind letter has overtaken me here, for I have been in and about this country ever since your departure. I am well pleased to date this from a place so well known to Mrs. Blount, where I write as if I were dictated to by her ancestors, whose faces are all upon me.[3] I fear none so much as Sir Christopher Guise, who, being in his shirt, seems as

[1] This letter, evidently written from the heart, forms a contrast to some of the preceding. It is indeed pathetic, manly, and unaffected.—BOWLES.

[2] From the Homer MSS.

[3] Mrs. Blount was the daughter of Sir John Guise of Rentcomb.

ready to combat me, as her own Sir John was to demolish Duke Lancaster. I dare say your lady will recollect his figure. I looked upon the mansion, walls, and terraces, the plantations and slopes, which nature has made to command a variety of valleys and rising woods, with a veneration mixed with a pleasure, that represented her to me in those puerile amusements which engaged her so many years ago in this place. I fancied I saw her sober over a sampler, or gay over a jointed baby. I dare say she did one thing more, even in those early times,—"remembered her Creator in the days of her youth."

You describe so well your hermitical state of life, that none of the ancient anchorites could go beyond you for a cave in the rock with a fine spring, or any of the accommodations that befit a solitary. Only I do not remember to have read that any of those venerable and holy personages took with them a lady, and begat sons and daughters. You must modestly be content to be accounted a patriarch. But were you a little younger, I should rather rank you with Sir Amadis, and his fellows. If piety be so romantic, I shall turn hermit in good earnest; for I see one may go so far as to be poetical, and hope to save one's soul at the same time. I really wish myself something more, that is, a prophet; for I wish I were, as Habakkuk, to be taken by the hair of the head, and visit Daniel in his den. You are very obliging in saying I have now a whole family upon my hands to whom to discharge the part of a friend. I assure you, I like them all so well, that I will never quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and consequently them mine. I still see them walking on my green at Twickenham, and gratefully remember, not only their green gowns, but the instructions they gave me how to slide down and trip up the steepest slopes of my mount.

Pray think of me sometimes, as I shall often of you, and know me for what I am, that is, yours.

14. POPE TO BLOUNT.

TWICKENHAM, *Oct.* 21, 1723.

DEAR SIR,—Your very kind and obliging manner of inquiring after me, among the first concerns of life, at your resuscitation, should have been sooner answered and acknowledged. I sincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illness which gave me less pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I should have else been seriously and deeply afflicted, in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a letter of Montaigne, published by P. Coste,[1] giving an account of the last words of an intimate friend of his: "Adieu, my friend! the pain I feel will soon be over; but I grieve for that you are to feel, which is to last you for life."

I join with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy man somewhat longer. The comforts you receive from their attendance put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Saltoun[2] said one day to me: "Alas, I have nothing to do but to die; I am a poor individual; no creature to wish, or to fear, for my life or death. It is the only reason I have to repent being a single man. Now I grow old, I am like a tree without a prop, and without young trees to grow round me, for company and defence."

I hope the gout will soon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards, except the gout. Pray come, and never stir from us again. Do away your dirty acres; cast them to dirty people, such as in the scripture-phrase possess the land. Shake off your earth like the noble animal in Milton:—

> The tawny lion, pawing to get free
> His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
> And rampant shakes his brinded mane. The ounce,

[1] Who gave the best edition of Montaigne ever published. He was for some time a preceptor to the Earl of Shaftesbury.—WARTON.

[2] Pope must have fallen in with this determined Scotch democrat on one of his visits to London. He died there in 1716, at the age of 63.

> The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
> Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
> In hillocks.

But I believe Milton never thought these fine verses of his should be applied to a man selling a parcel of dirty acres, though, in the main, I think it may have some resemblance; for, God knows! this little space of ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did these creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our affections and desires.

Believe, dear sir, I truly love and value you. Let Mrs. Blount know that she is in the list of my *Memento, Domine, famulorum famularumque*, &c. My poor mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring taper, that, even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am, as you will see from the whole air of this letter, not in the gayest nor easiest humour, but always with sincerity, your, &c.

15. POPE TO BLOUNT.

June 27, 1723.

Dear Sir,—You may truly do me the justice to think no man is more your sincere well-wisher than myself, or more the sincere well-wisher of your whole family—with all which I cannot deny but I have a mixture of envy to you all, for loving one another so well, and for enjoying the sweets of that life, which can only be tasted by people of good-will.

> They from all shades the darkness can exclude,
> And from a desert banish solitude.

Torbay is a paradise, and a storm is but an amusement to such people. If you drink tea upon a promontory that over-hangs the sea, it is preferable to an assembly; and the whistling of the wind better music to contented and loving minds, than the opera to the spleenful, ambitious, diseased, distasted, and distracted souls which this world affords. Nay, this world affords no other. Happy they who are banished from us! but happier they who can banish themselves, or, more properly, banish the world from them!

> Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very sublime, and to include more than a hundred sentences that might be writ to express distraction, hurry, multiplication of nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual business of having no business to do. You will wonder I reckon translating the Odyssey as nothing; but whenever I think seriously (and of late I have met with so many occasions of thinking seriously, that I begin never to think otherwise) I cannot but think these things very idle,—as idle as if a beast of burden should go on jingling his bells, without bearing anything valuable about him, or ever serving his master.

> Life's vain amusements, amidst which we dwell ;
> Not weighed or understood by the grim God of Hell !

said a heathen poet, as he is translated by a christian bishop,[1] who has, first by his exhortations, and since by his example, taught me to think as becomes a reasonable creature.[2] But he is gone! He carried away more learning than is left in this nation behind, but he left us more in the noble example of bearing calamity well. It is true we want literature very much; but pray God we do not want patience more, if these precedents are to prevail.[3]

I remember I promised to write to you as soon as I should hear you were got home. You must look on this as the first day I have been myself, and pass over the mad interval, unimputed to me. How punctual a correspondent I shall henceforward be able or not able to be, God knows; but he knows I shall ever be a punctual and grateful friend, and all the good wishes of such an one will ever attend you.

[1] The couplet is from Atterbury's translation of an ode of Horace.

[2] This evidently alludes to the earnestness and sincerity of Atterbury in his religious life; and it is sufficient to prove what Pope really thought him, notwithstanding the unsupported calumny of Lord Chesterfield, respecting his disbelief of the Bible.—BOWLES.

[3] The precedent against which Pope protested must have been the proceeding against Atterbury by a bill of Pains and Penalties instead of by due course of law. No one could allege that the sentence which banished him the kingdom was harsh when he had engaged in a plot to excite insurrection at home and invasion from abroad, for the purpose of dethroning the sovereign to whom he had sworn allegiance, and whose servant he pretended to be.

16. POPE TO BLOUNT.

TWICKENHAM, *June* 2, 1725.

DEAR SIR,—You show yourself a just man and a friend in those guesses and suppositions you make at the possible reasons of my silence, every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulness of you or yours, I assure you, the promiscuous conversations of the town serve only to put me in mind of better and more quiet, to be had in a corner of the world, undisturbed, innocent, serene, and sensible, with such as you. Let no access of any distrust make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the most sunshiny weather. Let the young ladies [1] be assured I make nothing new in my gardens without wishing to see the print of their fairy steps in every part of them. I have put the last hand to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto. I there found a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner; and from that distance under the temple you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing as through a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a *Camera obscura*, on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations; and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene. It is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which when a lamp, of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster, is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower passage two porches with niches and seats,—one towards the river, of smooth stones, full of light, and open; the other

[1] Blount had four daughters. One of them became Lady Clifford, another Duchess of Norfolk, and a brother of the Duke married a third when she was a widow. Her first husband was a Dutch merchant.

towards the arch of trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron-ore. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple is to be cockle-shells, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place.[1] It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of:—

Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum
Rumpere; sive bibas, sive lavare, tace.

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
Ah, spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in silence, or in silence lave!

You will think I have been very poetical in this description, but it is pretty near the truth. I wish you were here to bear testimony how little it owes to art, either the place itself, or the image I give of it. I am, &c.

17. POPE TO BLOUNT.

Sept. 13, 1725.

Dear Sir,—I should be ashamed to own the receipt of a very kind letter from you, two whole months from the date of this, if I were not more ashamed to tell a lie, or to make an excuse, which is worse than a lie; for, being built upon some probable circumstance, it makes use of a degree of truth to falsify with, and is a lie guarded. Your letter has been in my

[1] He had greatly enlarged and improved this grotto not long before his death, and by incrusting it about with a great number of ores and minerals of the richest and rarest kinds, it was become one of the most elegant and romantic retirements anywhere to be seen.—Warburton.

Dr. Johnson speaks with an unreasonable contempt of this romantic grotto. Our poet's good taste in gardening was unquestionable.—Warton.

The taste of Pope was perhaps the best of the age; but nothing can appear more puerile and affected at this time, than what Warton calls his "romantic grotto." Warton spoke of an art of which he knew very little, and which, as exemplified by Pope's *Camera obscura*, Johnson's strong inherent sense taught him to despise. —Bowles.

pocket in constant wearing, till that, and the pocket, and the suit are worn out, by which means I have read it forty times, and I find by so doing that I have not enough considered and reflected upon many others you have obliged me with; for true friendship, as they say of good writing, will bear reviewing a thousand times, and still discover new beauties.

I have had a fever, a short one, but a violent: I am now well; so it shall take up no more of this paper.

I begin now to expect you in town to make the winter come more tolerable to us both. The summer is a kind of heaven, when we wander in a paradisiacal scene among groves and gardens; but at this season we are, like our poor first parents, turned out of that agreeable though solitary life, and forced to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer houses, and hive together in cities.

I hope you are long since perfectly restored, and risen from your gout, happy in the delights of a contented family, smiling at storms, laughing at greatness, merry over a Christmas-fire, and exercising all the functions of an old patriarch in charity and hospitality. I will not tell Mrs. Blount what I think she is doing; for I conclude it is her opinion, that he only ought to know it for whom it is done; and she will allow herself to be far enough advanced above a fine lady not to desire to shine before men.

Your daughters perhaps may have some other thoughts, which even their mother must excuse them for, because she is a mother. I will not, however, suppose those thoughts get the better of their devotions, but rather excite them and assist the warmth of them, while their prayer may be, that they may raise up and breed as irreproachable a young family as their parents have done. In a word, I fancy you all well, easy, and happy, just as I wish you; and next to that, I wish you all with me.

Next to God, is a good man,—next in dignity, and next in value. *Minuisti eum paulo minus ab angelis.* If therefore I wish well to the good and the deserving, and desire they only should be my companions and correspondents, I must very soon and very much think of you. I want your company and your example. Pray make haste to town, so as not again to

leave us. Discharge the load of earth that lies on you like one of the mountains under which, the poets say, the giants, the men of the earth, are whelmed. Leave earth to the sons of the earth; your conversation is in heaven, which that it may be accomplished in us all, is the prayer of him who maketh this short sermon,—value, to you, threepence. Adieu.[1]

[1] Mr. Blount died in London the following year, 1726.—POPE, 1737. The Daily Post of July 21 announced that his death took place "at his habitation in Bow Street on Sunday the 17th."

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

STEELE AND ADDISON.

FROM 1711 TO 1714.

THE whole of the Addison letters were inserted in the edition of 1735. Seven of the Steele letters, including one which was originally published in the Spectator, are from the same source; two others appeared in Cooper's edition of 1737, and four have been printed from the original manuscripts.

1.[1] STEELE TO POPE.

July 26, 1711.

SIR,—I writ to you the other day, and hope you have received my letter. This is for the same end, to know whether you are at leisure to help Mr. Clayton,[2] that is me, to some words for music against winter. Your answer to me at Will's will be a great favour to, sir, your most obedient humble servant.

2.[3] POPE TO STEELE.

December 30, 1711.

SIR,—I have passed part of this Christmas with some honest country gentlemen, who have wit enough to be good-natured,

[1] From the Homer MSS.

[2] The musical composer.

[3] This letter was found by Miss Aikin, among Addison's papers, and she concluded that it was addressed to him. A critic in the Athenæum of May 8, 1858, perceived that as the letter of Steele which follows was plainly the answer to it, it must have been to Steele that it was sent. It contains, moreover, internal evidence that it was written to an acquaintance, whereas Steele in his reply, when disclaiming the credit of the paper in

but no manner of relish for criticism or polite writing, as you may easily conclude when I tell you they never read the Spectator. This was the reason I did not see that of the 20th till yesterday at my return home, wherein, though it be the highest satisfaction to find oneself commended by a person whom all the world commends, yet I am not more obliged to you for that, than for your candour and frankness in acquainting me with the error I have been guilty of in speaking too freely of my brother moderns.[1] It is indeed the common method of all counterfeits in wit, as well as in physic, to begin with warning us of others' cheats, in order to make the more way for their own. But if ever this Essay be thought worth a second edition, I shall be very glad to strike out all such strokes which you shall be so kind as to point out to me. I shall really be proud of being corrected; for I believe it is with the errors of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if they are consumed upon the place, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever grown there. Some of the faults of that book I have myself found, and more, I am confident, others have,—enough at least to have made me very humble, had not you given this public approbation of it, which I can look upon only as the effect of that benevolence you have ever been so ready to show to any who but make it their endeavour to do well. But as a little rain revives a flower, which too much overcharges and depresses, so moderate praise encourages a young writer, but a great deal may injure him; and you have been so lavish in this point, that I almost hope—not to call in question your judgment in the piece—that it was some particular partial inclination to the author which carried you so far. This would please me more than I can express, for I should in good earnest be fonder of your friendship than the

the Spectator, says that he will introduce Pope to the author of it, which shows that Pope and Addison were still total strangers. The letter has no address, and was clearly handed on by Steele to Addison, that he might see the gratification which Pope derived from the notice of his poem.

[1] "I am sorry to find," says the Spectator, after condemning the practice of writers in attacking the reputation of their brethren, "that an author, who is very justly esteemed among the best judges, has admitted some strokes of this nature into a very fine poem,—I mean the Art of Criticism, which was published some months since, and is a masterpiece of its kind."

world's applause. I might hope, too, to deserve it better, since a man may more easily answer for his own sincerity than his own wit. And if the highest esteem built on the justest ground in the world, together with gratitude for an obligation so unexpectedly conferred, can oblige a man to be ever yours, I beg you to believe no one is more so than, sir, your most faithful and obedient humble servant.

3.[1] STEELE TO POPE.

January 20, 1711 [1711-12].

DEAR SIR,—I have received your very kind letter. That part of it which is grounded upon your belief that I have much affection and friendship for you, I receive with great pleasure. That which acknowledges the honour done to your Essay, I have no pretence to. The paper was written by one with whom I will make you acquainted, which is the best return I can make to you for your favour to, sir, your most obliged humble servant.

4. STEELE TO POPE.

June 1, 1712.

I AM at a solitude, a house between Hampstead and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumstance set me a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit exercise themselves. It was said of Sir Charles, who breathed his last in this room,

> Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,
> Which can with a resistless charm impart
> The loosest wishes to the chastest heart;
> Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire
> Between declining virtue and desire,
> Till the poor vanquished maid dissolves away
> In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.

This was a happy talent to a man of the town; but I dare say, without presuming to make uncharitable conjectures on

[1] From the Homer MSS.

the author's present condition, he would rather have had it said of him that he had prayed,

O thou my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire ![1]

I have turned to every verse and chapter, and think you have preserved the sublime heavenly spirit throughout the whole, especially at *Hark a glad voice*, and *The lamb with wolves shall graze*. There is but one line which I think below the original,

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.[2]

You have expressed it with a good and pious, but not so exalted and poetical a spirit as the prophet, *The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces*. If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphrase or otherwise, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended. Your poem is already better than the Pollio. I am your, &c.

5. POPE TO STEELE.

June 18, 1712.

You have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you shift the scene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixed state which wise men both delight in and are qualified for. Methinks the moralists and philosophers have generally run too much into extremes, in commending entirely either solitude or public life.[3] In the former, men for the most part grow useless by too much rest, and in the latter are destroyed by too much precipitation,—as waters, lying still, putrefy and are good for nothing; and, running violently on, do but the more mischief in their passage

[1] Pope said of Steele, that though he led a careless and vicious life, yet he had, nevertheless, a love and reverence of virtue.—WARTON.

[2] This was the reading in the original Spectator of May 14. When the work was reproduced in volumes, the line appeared thus :—

From every eye he wipes off every tear.

Warton did not consider the alteration an improvement. He thought the repetition of the word *every* a quaint and pretty modernism, which was not in keeping with the subject.

[3] There are too many commonplace sentences and reflections in this letter and an air of solemn declamation unsuited to a familiar epistle. The same may be said of the succeeding letter.—WARTON.

to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those, indeed, who can be useful to all states should be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lonely valleys and forests amidst the flocks and the shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service to them. But there are another sort of people who seem designed for solitude, such I mean as have more to hide than to show. As for my own part, I am one of those of whom Seneca says, *Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse quicquid in luce est.* Some men, like some pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and I believe such as have a natural bent to solitude, to carry on the former similitude, are like waters which may be forced into fountains, and, exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noise, but, after all, they would run more smoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural course upon the ground.[1] The consideration of this would make me very well contented with the possession only of that quiet which Cowley calls the companion of obscurity. But whoever has the Muses too for his companions can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus, sir, you see, I would flatter myself into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch just now told me, that it is in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wish for the highest cast, but, if his chance be otherwise, he is even to play it as well as he can, and to make the best of it. I am your, &c.

6. POPE TO STEELE.

July 15, 1712.

You formerly observed to me that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life than the disparity we often find in him sick and well. Thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have

[1] The foregoing similitudes our author had put into verse some years before, and inserted into Mr. Wycherley's poem on Mixed Life. We find him apparently in the versification of them as they are since printed in Wycherley's Posthumous Works, 8vo. page 3 and 4.—Pope, 1735.

had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and I hope have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

> The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth at the very best is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age. It is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much, and I begin where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, "What care I for the house? I am only a lodger." I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as

bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were used to do. The memory of man, as it is elegantly expressed in the Wisdom of Solomon, passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. "For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the grey hair to man, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul," &c. I am your, &c.

7.[1] POPE TO STEELE.

November 7, 1712.

I WAS the other day in company with five or six men of some learning, where chancing to mention the famous verses which the Emperor Adrian spoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that it was a piece of gaiety unworthy of that prince in those circumstances. I could not but differ from this opinion. Methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very serious soliloquy to his soul at the point of his departure, in which sense I naturally took the verses at my first reading them, when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca!

"Alas, my soul! thou pleasing companion of this body, thou fleeting thing that art now deserting it! whither art thou flying? to what unknown scene, all trembling, fearful, and pensive? What now is become of thy former wit and humour? thou shalt jest and be gay no more."

I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all

[1] This letter was printed in the Spectator of Nov. 10, 1712.

this. It is the most natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man; and if we consider the emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future state of his soul will seem so far from being the effect of want of thought, that it was scarce reasonable he should think otherwise; not to mention that here is a plain confession included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the rest, appear not to me as expressions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern, such as we find in Catullus,[1] and the authors of *hendecasyllabi* after him, where they are used to express the utmost love and tenderness for their mistresses. If you think me right in my notion of the last words of Adrian, be pleased to insert it in the Spectator: if not, to suppress it. I am, your, &c.

ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM:
TRANSLATED.[2]

Ah, fleeting spirit! wandering fire,
That long hast warmed my tender breast,
Must thou no more this frame inspire?
No more a pleasing cheerful guest?

Whither, ah, whither art thou flying!
To what dark, undiscovered shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying,
And wit and humour are no more!

[1] Nothing can be more unlike Catullus than these luscious, florid, and meretricious ornaments. His style is remarkable for purity, simplicity, and a certain austerity that is peculiarly charming.—Warton.

[2] This translation did not appear in the Spectator, but was first published anonymously in Lewis's Miscellany, of 1730. Pope sent three versions of Adrian's lines to Caryll—one by Prior, one which he claimed as his own, and the one which he subjoined to the present letter in 1735. As he told Caryll that they were all by different hands, he in effect denied having written the last, but he paid no regard to truth on these subjects, and the subsequent insertion of the piece in his correspondence is of more weight than his previous disavowal. He omitted the lines in the quarto of 1737, and a note, in Cooper's edition of the same year, says that "the author seems to have but a mean opinion of these verses, having suppressed them in his edition." The note was probably Pope's own, and explains his vacillating conduct even in such a trivial matter as this petty translation. He was conscious that it was not a brilliant performance, and was nevertheless unwilling that it should be lost.

8. STEELE TO POPE.

November 12, 1712.

I HAVE read over your Temple of Fame twice, and cannot find anything amiss, of weight enough to call a fault, but see in it a thousand, thousand beauties. Mr. Addison shall see it to-morrow. After his perusal of it, I will let you know his thoughts. I desire you would let me know whether you are at leisure or not. I have a design[1] which I shall open a month or two hence, with the assistance of the few like yourself. If your thoughts are unengaged, I shall explain myself further. I am your, &c.

9. POPE TO STEELE.

November 16, 1712.

You oblige me by the indulgence you have shown to the poem I sent you, but will oblige me much more by the kind severity I hope for from you. No errors are so trivial, but they deserve to be mended. But since you say you see nothing that may be called a fault, can you not think it so, that I have confined the attendance of guardian spirits to Heaven's favourites only?[2] I could point you to several, but it is my business to be informed of those faults I do not know, and as for those I do, not to talk of them, but to correct them. You speak of that poem in a style I neither merit nor expect; but, I assure you, if you freely mark or dash out, I shall look upon your blots to be its greatest beauties—I mean, if Mr. Addison and yourself should like it in the whole; otherwise the trouble of correction is what I would not take, for I was really so diffident of it as to let it lie by me these two years,[3] just as you now see it. I am afraid of nothing so much as to impose anything on the world which is unworthy of its acceptance.

As to the last period of your letter, I shall be very ready and glad to contribute to any design that tends to the advantage of mankind, which, I am sure, all yours do. I wish I

[1] The Guardian, of which the first number appeared on March 12, 1713.

[2] This is not now to be found in the Temple of Fame, of which poem he speaks here.—POPE, 1735.

[3] Hence it appears this poem was writ before the author was twenty-two years old.—POPE, 1735.

had but as much capacity as leisure, for I am perfectly idle,—a sign I have not much capacity.

If you will entertain the best opinion of me, be pleased to think me your friend. Assure Mr. Addison of my most faithful service; of every one's esteem he must be assured already. I am your, &c.

10.[1] POPE TO STEELE.

November 29, 1712.

I AM sorry you published that notion about Adrian's verses as mine. Had I imagined you would use my name, I should have expressed my sentiments with more modesty and diffidence. I only sent it to have your opinion, and not to publish my own, which I distrusted. But I think the supposition you draw from the notion of Adrian's being addicted to magic[2] is a little uncharitable,—"that he might fear no sort of deity good or bad,"—since in the third verse he plainly testifies his apprehension of a future state, by being solicitous whither his soul was going. As to what you mention of his using gay and ludicrous expressions, I have owned my opinion to be that the expressions are not so, but that diminutives are as often in the Latin tongue used as marks of tenderness and concern. *Anima* is no more than my soul; *animula* has the force of my dear soul. To say *virgo bella* is not half so endearing as *virgunculu bellula;* and had Augustus only called Horace *lepidum hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleasant fellow. It was the *homunciolum* that expressed the love and tenderness that great emperor had for him, and perhaps I should myself be much better pleased, if I were told you called me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a great genius or an eminent hand, as Jacob does all his authors. I am your, &c.

[1] This letter is taken from one to Caryll.

[2] Steele, like Adrian, must have been addicted to magic, if he had urged this objection at the same time with Caryll, and drawn the same inference from it in the very same words.

11.[1] STEELE TO POPE.

December 4, 1712.

THIS is to desire of you that you would please to make an Ode as of a cheerful dying spirit,—that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's *Animula vagula* put into two or three stanzas for music. If you comply with this, and send me word so, you will very particularly oblige your, &c.

12. POPE TO STEELE.

I DO not send you word I will do, but have already done the thing you desired of me. You have it, as Cowley calls it, just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning. Yet, you will see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho,[2] &c.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

ODE.

1.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame ;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

[1] This letter of Steele, and Pope's reply, first appeared in Cooper's edition of 1737.

[2] The author he had chiefly in his head was not Sappho, "but an obscure and forgotten rhymer of the age of Charles II.," one Thomas Flatman, in whose works Warton found these lines :—

"Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away."

The original form of the ode has been given in the letters to Caryll, and it is a striking illustration of the disingenuousness which attended almost every transaction of Pope, that he should have asserted that he printed this piece "just as it came warm from the brain," when it had been studiously revised after the lapse of many years, and that he should have affected to be scrupulous in his acknowledgments to Sappho, to whom he was barely under any obligation, and should have suppressed the name of Flatman, to whom he owed one of the principal beauties of the poem.

2.

Hark ! they whisper ! Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away !
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death ?

3.

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O grave ! where is thy victory ?
O death ! where is thy sting ?

13.[1] POPE TO ADDISON.

July 20, 1713.

I AM more joyed at your return than I should be at that of the sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet season ; but it is his fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What puts me in mind of these night-birds was John Dennis, whom I think you are best revenged upon, as the sun was in the fable upon those bats and beastly birds above mentioned, only by shining on. I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of—envy and calumny. To be uncensured, and to be obscure, is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say that it was never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to such a critic, but only in some little raillery, not in defence of you, but in contempt of him.[2]

[1] This apocryphal letter is taken with a change of names from the letter to Caryll of Nov. 19, 1712.

[2] This relates to the paper occasioned by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, called Dr. Norris's Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis.—POPE, 1735.

A mean performance ; but dictated by the most generous principle of friendship ; and meeting in the person defended, a heart incapable of the like exertion of virtue, was not received with that acknowledgment which such a service deserved. — WARBURTON.

There was nothing generous towards Addison in the attack by Pope upon a bitter enemy of his own. It was the Reflections on the Essay on

But indeed your opinion, that it is entirely to be neglected, would have been my own had it been my own case; but I felt more warmth here than I did when first I saw his book against myself,[1] though indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry. He has written against everything the world has approved these many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's disliking our sense,—that it may make us think so very well of it, as to become proud and conceited upon his disapprobation.

I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. Gay, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the critic that he deserves. I think in these days one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who

Criticism, and not the Remarks upon Cato, which set his pen in motion. His motive, as Dr. Johnson says, "was to give his resentment full play without appearing to avenge himself;" and Addison saw through "the selfishness of his friendship." In fact, though he vilified Dennis, he did not vindicate Cato. A pamphlet, too, which purported to be a narrative by a mad doctor of the frenzy of Dennis, appeared, as we see by the next letter to Lintot, which was probably written before the name of the author had transpired, to be no legitimate style of literary warfare to the most refined of humorists, and he felt that small thanks were due to the officiousness which endeavoured to involve him in so gross a controversy. If he had ever been disposed to consider the interference an obligation, he must soon have become acquainted with a circumstance that would have converted his gratitude into resentment. In 1728 Dennis, in his Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, put forth the statement that it was Pope himself who, jealous of the success of Cato, went to Lintot, and persuaded him to engage Dennis to write the disparaging criticism upon it. The year after this damaging assertion was in print, came out the enlarged edition of the Dunciad, in which Pope raked together the calumnies that had been uttered against him, and contradicted what he could. Yet he did not venture to deny the truth of the story told by one of his most notable antagonists, nor has he repudiated it in his own copy of the Remarks, in which he replies on the margin to various criticisms of inferior moment. Dennis repeated the statement in 1729, in his Remarks on the Dunciad, and Pope still remained silent. Though the fact was not made public till 1728, it was sure to have reached the ears of Addison, and this instance of double-dealing is sufficient to account for any hostility he may have felt towards Pope. When the conduct of Addison is brought into a connected narrative, it will be found to have been magnanimous on the whole, and in keeping with his well-known placable nature.

[1] "Addison," Johnson says, "was not a man on whom such cant of sensibility could make much impression," and we now know that it was not upon Addison, but upon the public, that Pope attempted to impose.

are his friends, when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other, that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them looked upon no better than themselves. I am your, &c.

14.[1] STEELE TO LINTOT.

August 4, 1713.

MR. LINTOT,—Mr. Addison desired me to tell you that he wholly disapproves the manner of treating Mr. Dennis in a little pamphlet by way of Dr. Norris's account. When he thinks fit to take notice of Mr. Dennis's objections to his writings, he will do it in a way Mr. Dennis shall have no just reason to complain of. But when the papers above mentioned were offered to be communicated to him,[2] he said he could not, either in honour or conscience, be privy to such a treatment, and was sorry to hear of it. I am, sir, your very humble servant.

15. ADDISON TO POPE.

October 26, 1713.

I WAS extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The work you mention will, I dare say, very sufficiently recommend itself when your name appears with the proposals, and if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I shall be very proud of showing it by this, or any other instance.[3] I question not but your translation will

[1] This letter was addressed to Lintot, as the publisher of Dennis's criticism on Cato. Lintot gave the letter to Dennis, who printed it in 1729, in his Remarks upon several Passages in the Preliminaries to the Dunciad.

[2] It does not follow from this statement, that the satire was offered to be shown to Addison by Pope himself. He did not wish at first to be known as the writer of the piece, and disclaimed it to Caryll. He probably therefore set Morphew, his publisher, to communicate with Addison, and told him not to mention the name of the author.

[3] The offer of Addison to circulate

enrich our tongue, and do honour to our country; for I conclude of it already from those performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work would cost you a great deal of time, and, unless you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other, at least I know none of this age that is equal to it besides yourself.[1]

I am at present wholly immersed in country business, and begin to take delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here some time, and will not despair of it, when you engage in a work that will require solitude and retirement. I am your, &c.

16. ADDISON TO POPE.

November 2, 1713.

I HAVE received your letter, and am glad to find that you have laid so good a scheme for your great undertaking. I question not but the prose[2] will require as much care as the poetry, but the variety will give yourself some relief, and more pleasure to your readers.

the proposals renders suspicious the genuineness of this letter. Pope, who was eager to employ his acquaintance in the service, would not have declined the assistance of so distinguished a canvasser, and if he accepted the proffered aid, Addison could not have remained entirely inactive. Yet in the Testimonies of Authors, prefixed to the Dunciad in 1729, Pope "challenges any one gentleman to stand forth whose subscription had been procured by Mr. Addison."

[1] "Mr. Addison," said Pope in the preface to the Iliad, "was the first whose advice determined me to undertake the task, who was pleased to write to me on that occasion in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity." That Addison sent him a cordial letter is therefore certain, but it is impossible to place reliance upon the verbal accuracy of what Pope has chosen to publish under his name, and no stress ought to be laid, as has been done, upon the literal wording of the passage for the purpose of convicting Addison of insincerity in asserting that no one except Pope was equal to the task, and then countenancing Tickell in an attempt to rival or eclipse him. But assuming that Addison wrote what Pope printed, it is not a far-fetched supposition that he might afterwards have heard of the underhand dealings respecting Cato, and nothing could be more natural than that he should regard the powers of the poet with more or less favour, as he had reason to think well or ill of the man.

[2] The notes to his translation of Homer.—WARBURTON.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in advising you not to content yourself with one half of the nation for your admirers, when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it. You see how I presume on your friendship in taking all this freedom with you; but I already fancy that we have lived many years together in an unreserved conversation; and that we may do so many more, is the sincere wish of your, &c.

17.[1] POPE TO ADDISON.

Your last is the more obliging, as it hints at some little niceties in my conduct which your candour and affection prompts you to recommend to me, and which, so trivial as things of this nature seem, are yet of no slight consequence to people whom everybody talks of, and everybody as he pleases. It is a sort of tax that attends an estate in Parnassus, which is often rated much higher than in proportion to the small possession an author holds. For indeed an author, who is once come upon the town, is enjoyed without being thanked for the pleasure, and sometimes ill-treated by those very persons who first debauched him. Yet, to tell you the bottom of my heart, I am no way displeased that I have offended the violent of all parties already; and at the same time I assure you conscientiously, I feel not the least malevolence or resentment against

[1] This letter is compiled from three letters addressed to Caryll in 17 3,—those of June 12, June 23, and October 17. The two former were written while the Guardian was in course of publication, and the latter after it had been dropped and the Englishman commenced in its place. Hence in the blended letter, Pope speaks of the Guardian as if it was going on at the same time that he announces that it has been given up. When he republished the letter in the quarto, he endeavoured to remove the inconsistency, and omitted the passage in which the Guardian was said to have stopped. The result was to produce fresh contradictions; for the paper was discontinued on September 13, and he treats it as if it was still proceeding in a letter which from its position in the series, was represented to be subsequent to the letter of Addison, dated Nov. 2, nearly two months after the Guardian had ceased.

any of those who misrepresent me, or are dissatisfied with me. This frame of mind is so easy, that I am perfectly content with my condition.

As I hope, and would flatter myself, that you know me and my thoughts so entirely as never to be mistaken in either, so it is a pleasure to me that you guessed so right in regard to the author of that Guardian you mentioned.[1] But I am sorry to find it has taken air that I have some hand in those papers, because I write so very few as neither to deserve the credit of such a report with some people, nor the disrepute of it with others. An honest Jacobite spoke to me the sense, or nonsense, of the weak part of his party very fairly—that the good people took it ill of me that I writ with Steele, though upon never so indifferent subjects. This I know you will laugh at, as well as I do. Yet I doubt not but many little calumniators and persons of sour dispositions will take occasion hence to bespatter me. I confess I scorn narrow souls of all parties; and if I renounce my reason in religious matters, I will hardly do it in any other.

I cannot imagine whence it comes to pass that the few Guardians I have written are so generally known for mine. That in particular which you mention I never discovered to any man but the publisher, till very lately; yet almost every body told me of it.

The true reason that Mr. Steele laid down the paper was a quarrel between him and Jacob Tonson. He stood engaged to his bookseller in articles of penalty for all the Guardians, and by desisting two days, and altering the title of the paper to that of the Englishman, was quit of his obligation, these papers being printed by Buckley.

As to his taking a more politic turn, I cannot any way enter into that secret, nor have I been let into it, any more than into the rest of his politics, though it is said he will take into these papers,[2] also, several subjects of the politer kind, as before:

[1] Had the same letter been sent to both Caryll and Addison, it must follow that both had written to give Pope hints on some little niceties in his conduct, and to make guesses upon the authorship of his papers in the Guardian.

[2] Here is another of the discrepancies into which Pope was betrayed when he left out the passage in which

but I assure you, as to myself, I have quite done with them for the future. The little I have done, and the great respect I bear Mr. Steele as a man of wit, has rendered me a suspected whig to some of the violent; but, as old Dryden said before me, it is not the violent I design to please.

I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas,[1] and the evenings in the conversation of such as I think can most improve my mind, of whatever party or denomination they are. I ever must set the highest value upon men of truly great, that is, honest principles, with equal capacities. The best way I know of overcoming calumny and misconstruction is by a vigorous perseverance in everything we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can ensue from it. It is partly from this maxim that I depend upon your friendship, because I believe it will do justice to my intention in everything; and give me leave to tell you, that, as the world goes, this is no small assurance I repose in you. I am your, &c.

18.[2] POPE TO ADDISON.

December 14, 1713.

I HAVE been lying in wait for my own imagination this week and more, and watching what thoughts came up in the whirl of the fancy that were worth communicating to you in a letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling head can produce nothing of that sort; so I must e'en be contented with

he assigned the true reason why Steele "laid down" the Guardian. The phrase "these papers" was then made to refer to the Guardian instead of to the more political and newly started Englishman, and the poet tells as a piece of news that there is a report that Steele would take into the former periodical several subjects of the politer kind, when those very subjects had all along been the staple of the publication.

[1] See Mr. Pope's Epistle to him in verse, writ about this time.—POPE, 1735.

[2] This letter is taken from the letter to Caryll of August 14, 1713. Spence reports Pope to have said that his letter to Addison on a future state was designed as an imitation of the style of the Spectator, adding that there were several cant phrases of the Spectator in it, such as "scale of beings." It has been suggested that this may be the letter; but it is upon our present not upon our future state, and does not contain the phrase "scale of beings." That it has no resemblance to the style of the Spectators might be owing to want of skill in the imitator.

telling you the old story, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience that nature and truth, though never so low or vulgar, are yet pleasing when openly and artlessly represented. It would be diverting to me to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconsistencies and tautologies, just as it thought them. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conscious I write with more unreservedness than ever man wrote, or perhaps talked, to another.[1] I trust your good-nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you so well, that I would rather you should pardon me than esteem me, since one is an act of goodness and benevolence, the other a kind of constrained deference.

You cannot wonder my thoughts are scarce consistent, when I tell you how they are distracted. Every hour of my life my mind is strangely divided. This minute, perhaps, I am above the stars, with a thousand systems round about me, looking forward into a vast abyss, and losing my whole comprehension in the boundless space of creation, in dialogues with Whiston and the astronomers;[2] the next moment I am below all trifles, grovelling with T[idcombe] in the very centre of nonsense: now I am recreated with the brisk sallies and quick turns of wit which Mr. Steele in his liveliest and freest humours darts about him; and now levelling my application to the insignificant observations and quirks of grammar of C[romwell] and D[ennis]. Good God! what an incongruous animal is man! how unsettled in his best part, his soul; and how changing and variable in his frame of body!—the constancy of the one shook by every notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blast of wind. What is man altogether but one mighty inconsistency? Sickness and pain is the lot of one half of him; doubt and fear the portion of

[1] He might have written a sermon quite as unreservedly, for the whole is a laboured, not to say affected, discourse.—BOWLES.

[2] When Whiston was banished from Cambridge, in 1710, for his theological opinions, Addison and Steele encouraged him to give astronomical lectures at Button's, "to the agreeable entertainment," he says, "of a good number of curious persons." The science by this means became a common topic of conversation among the frequenters of the principal literary coffee-houses.

the other! What a bustle we make about passing our time, when all our space is but a point! What aims and ambitions are crowded into this little instant of our life, which, as Shakspeare finely words it, is rounded with a sleep! Our whole extent of being is no more in the eye of Him who gave it than a scarce perceptible moment of duration. Those animals whose circle of living is limited to three or four hours, as the naturalists assure us, are yet as long-lived and possess as wide a scene of action as man, if we consider him with a view to all space, and all eternity. Who knows what plots, what achievements a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of dust, within his life of some minutes; and of how much less consideration than even this is the life of man in the sight of that God who is from ever, and for ever?[1]

Who that thinks in this train but must see the world and its contemptible grandeurs lessen before him at every thought? It is enough to make a man remain stupified in a poise of inaction, void of all desires, of all designs, of all friendships.[1]

But we must return, through our very condition of being, to our narrow selves, and those things that affect ourselves. Our passions, our interests, flow in upon us, and unphilosophise us into mere mortals. For my part, I never return so much into myself as when I think of you, whose friendship is one of the best comforts I have for the insignificancy of myself. I am your, &c.

19.[2] POPE TO ADDISON.

January 30, 1713-14.

Your letter found me very busy in my grand undertaking, to which I must wholly give myself up for some time, unless when I snatch an hour to please myself with a distant conversation with you and a few others by writing. It is no com-

[1] Warton says that Addison must have smiled at receiving a letter so full of solemn declamation and so many trite moralities. This would have struck Pope himself if he had really been writing to Addison. He would have had the tact to perceive that the pretentious common-places which excited the admiration of the country squire at Ladyholt would seem misplaced and absurd to a man of the most delicate taste and genius.

[2] This letter is copied from the letter to Caryll of May 1, 1714.

fortable prospect to be reflecting, that so long a siege as that of Troy lies upon my hands, and the campaign above half over before I have made any progress. Indeed, the Greek fortification, upon nearer approach, does not appear so formidable as it did, and I am almost apt to flatter myself that Homer secretly seems inclined to a correspondence with me, in letting me into a good part of his intentions. There are, indeed, a sort of underling auxiliars to the difficulty of a work, called commentators and critics, who would frighten many people by their number and bulk, and perplex our progress under pretence of fortifying their author. These lie very low in the trenches and ditches they themselves have digged, encompassed with dirt of their own heaping up; but I think there may be found a method of coming at the main works by a more speedy and gallant way than by mining under ground, that is, by using the poetical engines, wings, and flying over their heads.

While I am engaged in the fight, I find you are concerned how I shall be paid,[1] and are solicitous that I may not have the ill fate of many discarded generals, to be first envied and maligned, then perhaps praised, and lastly neglected. The former, the constant attendant upon all great and laudable enterprises, I have already experienced. Some have said I am not a master in the Greek, who either are so themselves or are not. If they are not, they cannot tell; and if they are, they cannot without having catechised me. But if they can read (for I know some critics can, and others cannot), there are fairly lying before them some specimens of my translation from this author in the Miscellanies, which they are heartily welcome to. I have met with as much malignity another way, some calling me a tory, because the heads of that party have been distinguishingly favourable to me; some a whig, because I have been favoured with yours, Mr. Congreve's, and Mr. Craggs's friendship, and of late with my Lord Halifax's patronage. How much more natural a conclusion might be

[1] This was true of Caryll to whom the letter was actually addressed; but Pope, oblivious of the passage in the Dunciad, did not perceive the improbability that Addison should have kept up his anxiety to procure subscriptions for the Homer from the middle of October, 1713, to the end of January, 1714, and yet never obtain a single subscriber after all.

formed, by any good-natured man, that a person who has been well used by all sides has been offensive to none! This miserable age is so sunk between animosities of party and those of religion, that I begin to fear most men have politics enough to make, through violence, the best scheme of government a bad one; and belief enough to hinder their own salvation. I hope, for my own part, never to have more of either than is consistent with common justice and charity, and always as much as becomes a christian and honest man. Though I find it an unfortunate thing to be bred a papist here, where one is obnoxious to four parts in five as being so too much, and to the fifth part as being so too little, I shall yet be easy under both their mistakes, and be what I more than seem to be, for I suffer for it. God is my witness that I no more envy you protestants your places and possessions than I do our priests their charity or learning.[1] I am ambitious of nothing but the good opinion of good men, on both sides; for I know that one virtue of a free spirit is worth more than all the virtues put together of all the narrow-souled people in the world. I am your, &c.

20. POPE TO ADDISON.

October 10, 1714.

I HAVE been acquainted by one of my friends,[2] who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleased

[1] To Caryll, who was of his own persuasion, Pope might naturally indulge in an antithesis which implied, that if the adherents of the established church possessed the places, the Roman Catholics enjoyed a monopoly of the charity and learning; but he would have had too much decency in a friendly letter of thanks to a zealous protestant, like Addison, to venture upon so unprovoked and false a sneer at the assumed bigotry and ignorance of his co-religionists.

[2] See a letter from Mr. Jervas, and the answer to it, No. 22, 23. [Aug. 20, and 27. 1714]. — COOPER, 1737. The letter from Jervas contained an account of the friendly disposition of Addison to Pope, and the present letter purports to have been sent upon receipt of the intelligence. There is ground to believe, that as the rest of the letters to Addison were a fabrication, this is not an exception. The only letter of Pope which exists among Addison's papers is the one without an address; and there is no apparent reason why he or his executors should have preserved a single specimen, which had been given him by Steele, and have destroyed the letters which were written to himself. The internal evidence concurs to cast

to speak of me in a manner which nothing but the real respect I have for you can deserve. May I hope that some late malevolences have lost their effect? Indeed, it is neither for me nor my enemies to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but, if you judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has so little interest in pretending to be so? Methinks no man should question the real friendship of one who desires no real service. I am only to get as much from the whigs as I got by the tories, that is to say, civility; being neither so proud as to be insensible of any good office, nor so humble as not to dare heartily to despise any man who does me an injustice.

I will not value myself upon having ever guarded all the degrees of respect for you; for, to say the truth, all the world speaks well of you, and I should be under a necessity of doing the same, whether I cared for you or not.

As to what you have said of me, I shall never believe that the author of Cato can speak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you sincere, I beg a favour of you,—it is that you would look over the two first books of my translation of Homer, which are in the hands of my Lord Halifax. I am sensible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it. It is therefore some evidence of the trust I repose in your good-will, when I give you this opportunity of speaking ill of me with justice, and yet expect you will tell me your truest thoughts, at the same time that you tell others your most favourable ones.[1]

a doubt upon the letter. While Mr. Croker, in common with the rest of the world, supposed it to be genuine, he yet asked how Pope could venture to call upon Addison, in a tone almost of defiance, to point out in the Essay on Criticism the ill-natured strokes condemned in the Spectator, when they were notorious to everybody, and had produced the bitter retaliation of Dennis? As little likely was Pope to request Addison in one paragraph to look over the manuscript of the translation of the first two books of Homer, and in another sarcastically to insinuate that he must have been acquainted with an observation of Dionysius, which he had put forth as his own. Such incongruities escaped the notice of Pope, when in after years he sat down to compile an imaginary correspondence; but he would not have committed them when addressing Addison in person. Even if the letter is not indubitably fictitious, it cannot at least be accepted as authentic.

[1] Addison took an opportunity of speaking to Pope, and informing him that he had already perused a trans-

I have a farther request, which I must press with earnestness. My bookseller is reprinting the Essay on Criticism, to which you have done too much honour in your Spectator of No. 253. The period in that paper where you say, "I have admitted some strokes of ill-nature into that Essay," is the only one I could wish omitted of all you have written; but I would not desire it should be so, unless I had the merit of removing your objection. I beg you but to point out those strokes to me, and you may be assured, they will be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of sincerity,—which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each other's opinion,—give me leave to name another passage in the same Spectator, which I wish you would alter. It is where you mention an observation upon Homer's Verses of Sisyphus's Stone, as never having been made before by any of the critics.[1] I happened to find the same in Dionysius of Halicarnassus's Treatise, Περὶ συνθέσεως ὀνομάτων, who treats very largely upon these verses. I know you will think fit to soften your expression, when you see the passage, which you must needs have read, though it be since slipped out of your memory. I am, with the utmost esteem, yours, &c.

lation of the first book of Homer, by Mr. Tickell, and could not therefore peruse Pope's. On which Pope observed, that Mr. Tickell had certainly as good a right to translate Homer as he had, but that as he had only translated the first book, he hoped Addison would not object to peruse the second for him, to which Addison consented, and returned it in a few days, with very high commendation.—Roscoe.

This is the account which Pope gave to Spence in conversation, and is an additional argument against the genuineness of the letter; for had the request been accompanied by such sneering, nay, insulting remarks, Addison could not have responded to it with meek complaisance.

[1] These words are since left out in Mr. Tickell's Edition, but were extant in all during Mr. Addison's life. —Pope, 1735.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

CONGREVE.

FROM 1715 TO 1726.

THE three letters from Pope to Congreve appeared in the edition of 1735. Of the three from Congreve to Pope one was published in Cooper's edition of 1737, and two are from the Homer MSS.

1. POPE TO CONGREVE.

January 16, 1714-15.

METHINKS, when I write to you, I am making a confession, I have got, I cannot tell how, such a custom of throwing myself out upon paper without reserve. You were not mistaken in what you judged of my temper of mind when I writ last. My faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no dispraise to me that they will not. The cleanness and purity of one's mind is never better proved than in discovering its own fault at first view; as when a stream shows the dirt at its bottom, it shows also the transparency of the water.

My spleen was not occasioned, however, by anything an abusive angry critic could write of me.[1] I take very kindly your heroic manner of congratulation upon this scandal; for I

[1] Dennis, who writ an abusive pamphlet this year entitled Remarks on Mr. Pope's Homer.—POPE, 1735. Unfortunately for Pope's consistency, he states that he refers in a letter dated January, 1715, to Dennis's pamphlet on his Homer, when the next letter but one, which is dated April, says that the first part of the translation was not yet published. It did not, in fact, appear till June, and Dennis's Remarks did not follow till February, 1717. Pope omitted the note in the quarto, and as he was unable to particularise any abuse of himself which came out in January, 1715, he left the allusion unexplained.

think nothing more honourable than to be involved in the same fate with all the great and the good that ever lived, that is, to be envied and censured by bad writers.

You do more than answer my expectations of you, in declaring how well you take my freedom in sometimes neglecting, as I do, to reply to your letters so soon as I ought. Those who have a right taste of the substantial part of friendship can waive the ceremonial. A friend is the only one that will bear the omission; and one may find who is not so by the very trial of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my Homer, the care is over with me. The world must be the judge, and I shall be the first to consent to the justice of its judgment, whatever it be. I am not so arrant an author as even to desire, that if I am in the wrong all mankind should be so. I am mightily pleased with a saying of Monsieur Tourreil, "When a man writes he ought to animate himself with the thoughts of pleasing all the world; but he is to renounce that desire or hope, the very moment the book goes out of his hands."

I write this from Binfield, whither I came yesterday, having passed a few days in my way with my Lord Bolingbroke. I go to London in three days' time, and will not fail to pay a visit to Mr. M——, whom I saw not long since at my Lord Halifax's. I hoped from thence he had some hopes of advantage from the present administration; for few people, I think, but I, pay respects to great men without any prospects. I am in the fairest way in the world of being not worth a groat, being born both a papist and a poet. This puts me in mind of re-acknowledging your continued endeavours to enrich me; but, I can tell you, it is to no purpose, for without the *Opes*, *Æquum mi animum ipse parabo.*

2.[1] POPE TO CONGREVE.

March 19, 1714-15.

THE farce of the What d'ye Call it has occasioned many different speculations in the town. Some looked upon it as a

[1] This letter is compounded of two letters to Caryll — one written in March, 1714, the other in March, 1715. The consequence of this blending pro-

mere jest upon the tragic poets, others as a satire upon the late war. Mr. Cromwell hearing none of the words, and seeing the action to be tragical, was much astonished to find the audience laugh, and says the Prince and Princess must doubtless be under no less amazement on the same account. Several Templars and others of the more vociferous kind of critics went with a resolution to hiss, and confessed they were forced to laugh so much, that they forgot the design they came with. The court in general has in a very particular manner come into the jest, and the three first nights, notwithstanding two of them were court-nights, were distinguished by very full audiences of the first quality. The common people of the pit and gallery received it at first with great gravity and sedateness, some few with tears; but after the third day they also took the hint, and have ever since been very loud in their claps. There are still some sober men who cannot be of the general opinion; but the laughers are so much the majority, that one or two critics seem determined to undeceive the town at their proper cost, by writing grave dissertations against it,—to encourage them in which laudable design, it is resolved a preface shall be prefixed to the farce, in vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

Yesterday Mr. Steele's affair was decided. I am sorry I can be of no other opinion than yours, as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not only been punished by others, but suffered much even from his own party in the point of character, nor, I believe, received any amends in that of interest as yet, whatever may be his prospects for the future.

This gentleman, among a thousand others, is a great instance of the fate of all who are carried away by party spirit of any side. I wish all violence may succeed as ill; but am really amazed that so much of that sour and pernicious quality should be joined with so much natural good humour as I think Mr. Steele is possessed of. I am, &c.

cess is, that Pope opens with an account of the bringing out of the What-d'ye Call it, and ends with saying that "yesterday Mr. Steele's affair was decided," though Gay's farce was not produced till eleven months after the event which had only happened yesterday.

3.[1] GAY AND POPE TO CONGREVE.

April 7, 1715.

Mr. Pope is going to Mr. Jervas's, where Mr. Addison is sitting for his picture. In the meantime, amidst clouds of tobacco at a coffee-house, I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at Will's. Morrice has quitted for a coffee-house in the city, and Titcombe is restored, to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a great loss for a person to converse with upon the Fathers and church history. The knowledge I gain from him is entirely in painting and poetry; and Mr. Pope owes all his skill in astronomy to him and Mr. Whiston, so celebrated of late for his discovery of the longitude in an extraordinary copy of verses. Mr. Rowe's Jane Grey is to be played in Easter-week, when Mrs. Oldfield is to personate a character directly opposite to female nature; for what woman ever despised sovereignty? You know Chaucer has a tale where a knight saves his head, by discovering it was the thing which all women most coveted. Mr. Pope's Homer is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which causes the sheets to be long a drying. This gives Mr. Lintot great uneasiness, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the curate of his parish, to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on. There is a sixpenny criticism lately published upon the tragedy of the What d'ye Call it, wherein he with much judgment and learning calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave. His grand charge is against the Pilgrim's Progress being read, which, he says, is directly levelled at Cato's reading Plato. To back this censure, he goes on to tell you, that the Pilgrim's Progress being mentioned to be the eighth edition makes the reflection evident, the tragedy of Cato having just eight times, as he quaintly expresses it, visited the press.[2] He has also

[1] This letter consists of extracts from two letters to Caryll of March and April, 1715. If it was ever sent, Gay, as well as Pope, must have copied what he wrote, and addressed the same letter to different persons. Congreve, too, must have had the gout, and been going about upon crutches at the precise period that Caryll was in a similar situation.

[2] Gay passes over the statement in the Key that the line "Bunyan, thou reason'st well" had been omitted from the farce, because the parody upon the "Plato, thou reason'st well" of Addison's famous soliloquy was too gross to be ventured on.

endeavoured to show that every particular passage of the play alludes to some fine part of the tragedy, which he says I have injudiciously and profanely abused. Sir Samuel Garth's poem upon my Lord Clare's house, I believe, will be published in the Easter-week.

Thus far Mr. Gay, who has in his letter forestalled all the subjects of diversion; unless it should be one to you to say, that I sit up till two o'clock over Burgundy and Champagne, and am become so much a rake, that I shall be ashamed in a short time to be thought to do any sort of business. I fear I must get the gout by drinking, purely for a fashionable pretence to sit still long enough to translate four books of Homer. I hope you will by that time be up again, and I may succeed to the bed and couch of my predecessor. Pray cause the stuffing to be repaired, and the crutches shortened for me. The calamity of your gout is what all your friends, that is to say, all that know you, must share in. We desire you in your turn to condole with us, who are under a persecution, and much afflicted with a distemper which proves mortal to many poets, —a criticism. We have, indeed, some relieving intervals of laughter,—as you know there are in some diseases,—and it is the opinion of divers good guessers that the last fit will not be more violent than advantageous; for poets assailed by critics are like men bitten by tarantulas—they dance on so much the faster.

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath played the precursor to the coming of Homer, in a treatise called Homerides. He has since risen very much in his criticisms, and, after assaulting Homer, made a daring attack upon the What d'ye Call it. Yet is there not a proclamation issued for the burning of Homer and the Pope by the common-hangman; nor is the What d'ye Call it yet silenced by the Lord Chamberlain. They shall survive the conflagration of his father's works, and live after they and he are damned; for that the Bishop of Salisbury is so, is the opinion of Dr. Sacheverell and the Church of Rome. I am, &c.

4.[1] CONGREVE TO POPE.

Ashley,[2] *Monday*, [1719].

Sir,—I had designed to have waited on you to-day, but have been out of order since Saturday, as I have been most of the summer, and as the days are now, unless I am able to rise in a morning, it will be hard to go and come, and have any pleasure between the whiles. The next day after I had known from you where Lady Mary[3] was, I sent to know how she did; but by her answer I perceive she has the goodness for me to believe I have been all this summer here, though I had been here but a fortnight, when you came to see me. Pray give her my most humble service. If I can I will wait on you. I am your, &c.

5.[4] CONGREVE TO POPE.

Surrey-street, *Jan.* 20.

I return you a thousand thanks for your letter about Spa-water. Dr. Arbuthnot has ordered me at present to drink Bath-water, so I cannot expressly say when I shall want the Spa; but if the person mentioned by you imports any quantity for himself at any time, I shall be glad to know of it. I am sorry you did not keep your word in letting me see you a second time. I am always, dear sir, your, &c.

6.[5] CONGREVE TO POPE.

May 6, [1726 or 1727].

I have the pleasure of your very kind letter. I have always been obliged to you for your friendship and concern for me, and am more affected with it than I will take upon me to express in this letter. I do assure you there is no return wanting on my part, and am very sorry I had not the good luck to see the Dean before I left the town; it is a great plea-

[1] From the Homer MSS.

[2] Ashley Park, near Walton-on-Thames, was purchased by Lord Shannon in 1718, and Congreve appears to have been on a visit to him.

[3] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

[4] From the Homer MSS.

[5] This letter first appeared in Cooper's edition of 1737.

sure to me, and not a little vanity, to think that he misses me. As to my health, which you are so kind to inquire after, it is not worse than in London. I am almost afraid yet to say that it is better, for I cannot reasonably expect much effect from these waters in so short a time; but in the main they seem to agree with me. Here is not one creature that I know, which, next to the few I would choose, contributes very much to my satisfaction. At the same time that I regret the want of your conversation, I please myself with thinking that you are where you first ought to be, and engaged where you cannot do too much. Pray give my humble service and best wishes to your good mother. I am sorry you do not tell me how Mr. Gay does in his health. I should have been glad to have heard he was better. My young amanuensis, as you call him, I am afraid, will prove but a wooden one, and you know *ex quovis ligno*, &c. You will pardon Mrs. R——'s pedantry, and believe me to be yours, &c.

P.S. By the enclosed you will see I am like to be impressed, and enrolled in the list of Mr. Curll's authors: but I thank God I shall have your company. I believe it is high time you should think of administering another emetic.[1]

[1] Congreve alludes to Curll's assertion that Pope had given him an emetic. In 1716, a copy of some poems came into the possession of Roberts the bookseller. Curll had a share in them, and meant, Pope says, to publish them "as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality." This was Lady Mary Wortley, with whom Pope was then on terms of friendship, and he sent for Curll to the Swan in Fleet Street to speak to him on the subject in the presence of Lintot. They all three drank together before parting, though not from the same bottle, and Curll was soon after seized with a fit of vomiting. He charged Pope with putting an emetic into the wine, and this accusation gave rise to the "Account of the Poisoning of Edmund Curll." Several years afterwards, Pope, in a note to the Dunciad, reverted to the question of the Court Poems, and said that in consequence of his having first threatened Curll, and next punished him, for his intention to publish the work under the name of the lady, the bookseller "generously transferred it from her to him." What the punishment was Pope never revealed; Curll declared with much indignation that it was the emetic, and there were many who shared in his belief. It is difficult to suppose that the poet could have indulged in such a childish trick, but we do not perceive what other interpretation can be put upon the passage in his letter to Caryll of April 20, 1716, in which he says that "he had contrived to save the bookseller a beating by giving him a vomit."

His meaning is, that Curll would have incurred a beating if he had published the book in Lady Mary's name, and that he was saved from castigation by the punishment which induced him, according to the Dunciad, to transfer the work to her champion. The reference to the vomit in the letter to Caryll would be read as a jest if it was not coupled with the statement, in which no jest is apparent, that it had preserved Curll from a beating, and if the note in the Dunciad did not gravely attest, that the transference of the authorship, which protected him, had been brought about by some punishment or other.

APPENDIX.

I.

A Narrative of the Method by which Mr. Pope's Private Letters were procured and published by Edmund Curll, Bookseller.[1]

It has been judged, that to clear an affair which seemed at first sight a little mysterious, and which, though it concerned only one gentleman,[2] is of such a consequence as justly to alarm every person in the nation, would not only be acceptable as a curiosity, but useful as a warning, and perhaps flagrant enough as an example, to induce the legislature to prevent, for the future, an enormity so prejudicial to every private subject, and so destructive of society itself. This will be made so plain by the ensuing papers, that it will scarce be needful to attend them with any reflections more than what every reader may make.

In the year 1727, Edmund Curll, bookseller, published a collection of several private letters of Mr. Pope to Henry Cromwell, Esq., which he obtained in this manner. Mr. Cromwell was acquainted with one Mrs. Thomas, to whom he had the indiscretion to lend these letters, and who, falling into misfortunes several years after, sold them to Mr. Curll, without the consent either of Mr. Pope or Mr. Cromwell,[3] as appears from the following letters.[4] This treatment being extremely disagreeable to Mr. Pope, he was advised to recal any letters which might happen to be preserved by any of his friends, particularly those written to persons deceased, which would be most subject to such an accident. Many of these were returned to him.

Some of his friends advised him to print a collection himself, to prevent a worse; but this he would by no means agree to.[5] However, as some of the letters served to revive several past scenes of friendship, and others to clear the truth of facts in which he had been misrepresented by the common scribblers, he was induced to preserve a few of his own letters, as well as of his friends. These, as I have been told,

[1] This narrative proceeded from Pope, and was published by Cooper, in June, 1735. Curll reprinted it in July of the same year, in the second volume of "Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence," and added several notes.

[2] Mr. Pope is the son of a trader, and so is Mr. Curll—*par nobile.*—Curll.

[3] These letters were a free gift; so that there was not any occasion to ask the consent of either of those parties. Mr. Curll purchased them as justly as Mr. Lintot did the copy of Mr. Pope's Homer, &c.—Curll.

[4] Here followed the letter of Mrs. Thomas to Cromwell, and the two letters of Cromwell to Pope, which are printed at the conclusion of the Cromwell correspondence.

[5] This is a notorious falsehood, for it will be proved that the books sold by R. S. to Mr. Curll were printed at Mr. Pope's expense.—Curll.

he inserted in two books, some originals, others copies, with a few notes and extracts here and there added. In the same books he caused to be copied some small pieces in verse and prose, either of his own, or his correspondents, which, though not finished enough for the public, were such as the partiality of any friend would be sorry to be deprived of. To this purpose, an amanuensis or two were employed by Mr. Pope, when the books were in the country, and by the Earl of Oxford, when they were in town.

It happened soon after that the Posthumous Works of Mr. Wycherley were published, in such a manner as could no way increase the reputation of that gentleman, who had been Mr. Pope's first correspondent and friend; and several of these letters so fully showed the state of that case, that it was thought but justice to Mr. Wycherley's memory to print a few, to discredit that imposition. These were accordingly transcribed for the press from the manuscript-books above mentioned. They were no sooner printed but Edmund Curll looked on these too as his property; for a copy is extant, which he corrected in order for another impression, interlined, and added marginal notes to, in his own hand.[1] He then advertised anew the letters to Mr. Cromwell, with additions, and promised encouragement to all persons who should send him more.[2]

This is a practice frequent with booksellers, to swell an author's works, in which they have some property, with any trash that can be got from any hand; or, where they have no such works, to procure some. Curll has in the same manner since advertised the letters of Mr. Prior, and Mr. Addison—a practice highly deserving some check from the legislature; since every such advertisement is really a watch-word to every scoundrel[3] in the nation, and to every domestic of a family, to get a penny by producing any scrap of a man's writing, of what nature soever, or by picking his master's pocket of letters and papers. A most flagrant instance of this kind was the advertisement of an intended book, called *Gulliveriana Secunda;* where it was promised "that anything, which anybody should send as Mr. Pope's, or Dr. Swift's, should be printed and inserted as theirs."

By these honest means, Mr. Curll went on increasing his collection;[4] and finding, as will be seen hereafter by No. 3., a farther prospect of doing so, he retarded his edition of Mr. Cromwell's Letters till the 22nd March, 1734-5, and then sent Mr. Pope the following letter, the first he ever received from him.[5]

[1] This is another falsehood. Mr. Curll only gave a copy of this pamphlet to R. S. to show P. T. that he had reprinted those letters which came out in 1728, and corrected the errata therein.—CURLL. *Reprinted* seems to be an error of the press for *revised*.

[2] Falsehood the third. Mr. Curll defies any man living to produce any such advertisement.—CURLL.

[3] None can be more a scoundrel than the writer of this narrative, as the many falsehoods detected in it will prove.—CURLL.

[4] Stupid impertinence! what has Mr. Curll to do with Dean Smedley's book called Gulliveriana? or with the conduct of any other person? nor was Mr. Curll any ways concerned in printing Gulliveriana.—CURLL.

[5] A greater favour than Mr. Pope deserved at his hands.—CURLL.

1. CURLL TO POPE.

ROSE-STREET, *March* 22, 1735.

SIR,—To convince you of my readiness to oblige you, the enclosed is a demonstration. You have, as he says, disobliged a gentleman, the initial letters of whose name are P. T. I have some other papers in the same hand relating to your family, which I will show you if you desire a sight of them. Your letters to Mr. Cromwell are out of print, and I intend to print them very beautifully in an octavo volume. I have more to say than is proper to write, and if you will give me a meeting, I will wait on you with pleasure, and close all differences betwixt you and yours.

P.S. I expect the civility of an answer or message.

The enclosed were two scraps of paper, supposed to be P. T.'s, a feigned hand, the first containing this advertisement: "Letters of Alexander Pope, Esq., and several eminent hands. From the year 1705 to 1727. Containing a Critical, Philological, and Historical Correspondence between him and Henry Cromwell, Esq.; William Wycherley, Esq.; William Walsh, Esq.; William Congreve, Esq.; Sir William Trumbull; Sir Richard Steele; E. O——; Mr Addison; Mr. Craggs; Mr. Gay; Dean Swift, &c., with several Letters to Ladies; to the number of two hundred. N.B. The Originals will be shown at E. Curll's when the book is published." The other paper was a scrap of some letter in the same hand, which expressed "a dissatisfaction at Curll for not having printed his advertisement." What more cannot be seen, for the rest is cut off close to the writing.

Mr. Pope's friends imagined that the whole design of E. Curll was to get him but to look on the edition of Cromwell's Letters, and so to print it as revised by Mr. Pope,[1] in the same manner as he sent an obscene book to a Reverend Bishop, and then advertised it as corrected and revised by him.[2] Or if there was any such proposal from

[1] Doubtless that was Mr. Curll's intent, or he need not have acquainted Mr. Pope with his design of printing a new edition.—CURLL.

[2] Falsehood the fourth. One hundred guineas shall be paid to this narrative-writer if he can produce any such advertisement of Mr. Curll's. This is founded on a merry story, and the fact as follows, viz.:—Mr. Henry Hoare, eldest son of Sir Richard Hoare, came to Mr. Curll and told him, that Dr. Robinson, then Bishop of London, heard he was concerned in printing an edition of the Earl of Rochester's poems. Mr. Curll told Mr. Hoare that he was among other booksellers and printers, viz. Mr. Darby, in Bartholomew Close, Mr. Bettesworth, in Paternoster Row, Mr. Rivington in St. Paul's Churchyard, Mr. Pemberton, in Fleet Street, &c. concerned in an edition of that nobleman's works; but likewise told Mr. Hoare that he would get a book interleaved for my Lord Bishop, and whatever his lordship saw amiss, if he would be pleased to strike out any lines or poems therein, such leaves should be reprinted and rendered conformable to his lordship's opinion. Away goes Mr. Hoare, overjoyed with this message from Mr. Curll, with a tender of his duty to the Bishop, and opens his credentials, upon hearing which the bishop smiled, and made the following reply to Mr. Hoare: "Sir, I am told that Mr. Curll is a shrewd man, and should I revise the book you have brought me, he would publish it as approved by me." This no doubt Mr. Curll might justly have done, for whatever is not condemned is approved; a standing maxim this, in civil, canon, and common law.—CURLL.

P. T., Curll would not fail to embrace it, perhaps pay for the copy with the very money he might draw from Mr. P. to suppress it, and say P. T. had kept another copy. He therefore answered the only way he thought it safe to correspond with him, by a public advertisement in the Daily Post-boy, Daily Journal, and Grub-street Journal:[1] —"Whereas A. P. hath received a letter from E. C., bookseller, pretending that a person, the initials of whose name are P. T., hath offered the said E. C. to print a large collection of Mr. P.'s Letters, to which E. C. requires an answer, A. P. having never had, nor intending to have, any private correspondence with the said E. C., gives it him in this manner. That he knows no such person as P. T., that he believes he hath no such collection, and that he thinks the whole a forgery, and shall not trouble himself at all about it."

E. Curll returned an impertinent answer[2] in the same paper the next day, denying that he endeavoured to correspond with Mr. P., and affirming that he wrote by direction, but declaring that he would instantly print the said collection. In a few days more he published the advertisement of the book as above, with this addition, "E. C., as before in the like case, will be faithful." He now talked of it everywhere—said "that P. T. was a lord,[3] or a person of consequence, who printed the book at a great expense, and sought no profit, but revenge on Mr. Pope, who had offended him:" particularly "that some of the letters would be such as both church and state would take notice of; but that P. T. would by no means be known in it, that he never would once be seen by him, but treated in a very secret manner." He told some persons that sifted him in this affair, "that he had conversed only with his agent, a clergyman of the name of Smith, who came, as he said, from Southwark." With this person it was that Curll transacted the affair, who, before all the letters of the book were delivered to Curll, insisted on the letters of P. T. being returned him, to secure him from all possibility of a discovery, as appears from No. 10.

Mr. Pope, on hearing of this Smith, and finding when the book came out that several of the letters could only have come from the manuscript book before mentioned, published this advertisement:—

[1] The advertisement appeared in the Grub-street Journal on April 3, and in the Daily Post-boy on April 4.

[2] It was universally allowed to be a very pertinent one.—Curll. It was as follows:—"Whereas A. P., poet, has certified in the Daily Post-boy, that he shall not trouble himself at all about the publication of a large collection of the said Mr. P—'s letters, which P. T. hath offered E. C. to print, this is to certify, that Mr. C. never had, nor intended ever to have, any private correspondence with A. P., but was directed to give him notice of these letters. Now to put all forgeries, even Popish ones, to flight, this is to give notice that any person, or A. P. himself, may see the originals, in Mr. P—'s own hand, when printed. Initials are a joke; names at length are real.

No longer now like suppliants we come,
E. C. makes war, and A. P. is the drum."

Curll was encouraged to be bold in his reply by the letter (No. 4. p. 425) he had received the day before from P. T.

[3] This is false: E. P. is a nobleman, P. T. is a scrub.—Curll. E. P., whose letter is given at p. 440, seems to have had no connection with P. T.

"Whereas a person who signs himself P. T., and another who writes himself R. Smith, and passes for a clergyman, have transacted for some time past with Edmund Curll, and have in combination printed the private letters of Mr. Pope and his correspondents, some of which could only be procured from his own library, or that of a noble lord, and which have given a pretence to the publishing others as his which are not so, as well as interpolating those which are—This is to advertise, that if either of the said persons will discover the whole of this affair, he shall receive a reward of twenty guineas; or if he can prove he hath acted by direction[1] of any other, and of what person, he shall receive double that sum"[2]

Whether this advertisement or the future quarrel of Curll and Smith about profits produced what followed, we cannot say, but in a few days the ensuing papers, being the whole[3] correspondence of P. T. and Edmund Curll, were sent to the publisher T. Cooper, which we shall here lay before the reader. They begin as high as

October 11, 1733.

2. P. T. to Curll.

Mr. Curll,—Understanding you propose to write the life of Mr. Pope, this is only to inform you I can send you divers memoirs which may be serviceable, if your design be really to do him neither injustice nor show him favour. I was well acquainted with his father, and with the first part of his own life, though since he hath treated me as a stranger. It is certain some late pamphlets are not fair in respect to his father,[4] who was of the younger branch of a family in good repute in Ireland, and related to the Lords Downe, formerly of the same name. He was, as he hath told me himself,—and he was, very different from his son, a modest and plain honest man,—a posthumous son, and left little provided for, his eldest brother having what small estate there was, who afterwards studied and died at Oxford. He

[1] For Curll had said in his advertisement, that he wrote to Mr. P. by direction, and another of his drawing up of Mr. Pope's life, began thus, "By direction."—Author of Narrative. N.B. This was true.—Curll.

[2] Curll put forth this counter-advertisement:—"Whereas it is promised in Mr. Pope's name, in the Daily Post-boy, that twenty guineas shall be paid to a person who signs himself P. T., to discover R. S., or forty guineas shall be paid to R. S. if he will discover P. T. or anybody else who was in the confederacy of publishing Mr. Pope's Letters—This is to give notice, that another person who writes himself E. P. was likewise concerned with Edm. Curll in the said important confederacy, who have all jointly and severally agreed to oblige Mr. Pope if he will make it better worth their while, and let E. Curll print his works for the future; who hereby promises, in justice to all the purchasers of the said Mr. Pope's Letters bought of him, to deliver this week, *gratis*, the letters to Mr. Jervas, Mr. Digby, Mr. Blount, and Dr. Arbuthnot, which were wanting in all the copies seized. And in a month will be also published, Letters Political and Familiar, by Mr. Prior, Mr. Addison, Mr. Pope, Sir Richard Steele, &c., being the second volume of Literary Correspondence, &c." When Curll became convinced that Pope himself was the publisher of the volume, he maintained that he was entitled to the forty guineas.

[3] False. It is not half; see the Initial Correspondence hereto subjoined.—Curll.

[4] Alluding to his having been called a hatter and bankrupt. It appears that throughout this letter self is uppermost, though it is endeavoured to be concealed. The account looks like a stratagem of Pope's own.—Bowles.

was put to a merchant in Flanders, and acquired a moderate fortune by merchandise, which he quitted at the Revolution, in very good circumstances, and retired to Windsor Forest, where he purchased a small estate, and took great delight in husbandry and gardens. His mother was one of the seventeen children of William Turnor, Esq., formerly of Burfit Hall in the Riding of Yorkshire. Two of her brothers were killed in the civil wars. This is a true account of Mr. Pope's family and parentage.[1] Of his manners I cannot give so good a one: yet as I would not wrong any man, both ought to be true, and if such be your design I may serve you in it, not entering into anything in any wise libellous. You may please to direct an answer in the Daily Advertiser, this day se'ennight, in these terms: "E. C. hath received a letter, and will comply with P. T." Yours.

On the back-side of this letter is indorsed in Curll's hand: "Notice was accordingly given, as desired, in the Daily Advertiser, upon which was sent the following letter."

3. P. T. to Curll.

Nov. 15, 1733.

Sir,—I troubled you with a line some time since, concerning your design of the life of Mr. Pope, to which I desired your answer in the Daily Advertiser of Thursday the 18th inst. October. I do not intend myself any other profit in it than that of doing justice to, and on that person, upon whom, sir, you have constantly conferred some care, as well as pains in the course of your life, and I intend him the like for his conduct towards me. *Apropos* to his life, there have lately fallen into my hands a large collection of his letters, from the former part of his days till the year 1727, which being more considerable than any yet seen, and opening very many scenes new to the world, will alone make a perfect and the most authentic life and memoirs of him that could be. To show you my sincerity and determinate resolution of assisting you herein, I will give you an advertisement which you may publish, if you please, forthwith; and on your doing so, the letters shall be sent you. They will make a four or five shilling book. Yet I expect no more than what will barely pay a transcriber, that the originals may be preserved in mine or your hands, to vouch for the truth of them. I am of opinion these alone will contain his whole history, if you add to them what you formerly printed of those to H. Cromwell, Esq. [*Here a part of the letter is cut off, and the*

[1] The Oxford antiquary informs us, that Thomas Pope, the young Earl of Downe, died in St. Mary's parish in Oxford, 28th Dec. 1660, aged 38 years, leaving behind him one only daughter named Elizabeth, who was first married to Henry Francis Lee, of Ditchley in Oxfordshire, and afterwards to Robert, Earl of Lindsey. The earldom of Downe went to Thomas Pope, Esq., his uncle, who likewise leaving no male issue, the estate went away among three daughters, the second of whom was married to Sir Francis North, afterwards Lord North of Guilford. Both these Earls of Downe were buried at Wroxton, near Banbury, in Oxfordshire, with their ancestors. See Wood's Athen. Oxon. vol. ii. p. 543, edit. ult.—Curll.

following words indorsed by Curll; but you must put out an advertisement, for] otherwise I shall not be justified, to some people who have influence, and on whom I have some dependence, unless it seem to the public eye as no entire act of mine; but I may be justified and excused, if, after they see such a collection is made by you, I acknowledge I sent some letters to contribute thereto. They who know what has passed betwixt Mr. Pope and me formerly, may otherwise think it dishonourable I should set such a thing a-foot. Therefore print the advertisement I here send you, and you shall instantly hear from or see me. Adieu.

Here a postscript is cut off.

There appears no other letter from P. T., till one of April the 4th, which must be in 1735, as it relates plainly to Mr. Pope's advertisement in answer to Curll's letter to him of March 22nd.

4. P. T. to Curll.

April 4.

I see an advertisement in the Daily Advertiser, which I take to relate to me. I did not expect you of all men would have betrayed me to Squire Pope; but you and he both shall soon be convinced it was no forgery, for since you would not comply with my proposal to advertise, I have printed them at my own expense, being advised that I could safely do so. I would still give you the preference if you will pay the paper and print, and allow me handsomely for the copy. But I shall not trust you to meet and converse upon it, after the suspicion I have of your dealings with Master P., unless I see my advertisement of the book printed first, within these four or five days If you are afraid of Mr. P., and dare not set your name to it as I proposed at first, I do not insist thereupon, so I be but concealed. By this I shall determine, and if you will not, another will. It makes a five shilling book. I am your servant.

On a scrap of paper torn from a letter the direction crossed out.

5. P. T. to Curll.

Sir,—I should not deal thus cautiously or in the dark with you, but that it is plain from your own advertisement, that you have been treating with Mr. Pope.

On another piece cut off.

6. P. T. to Curll.

I still give you, sir, the preference. If you will give me 3*l.* a score for 650, each book containing 380 pages 8vo., and pay down 75*l.* of the same, the whole impression shall be yours; and there are letters enough remaining, if you require, to make another 30 sheets 8vo. a five shilling book. You need only answer thus in the Daily

Post, or Advertiser, in four days—"E. C. will meet P. T. at the Rose Tavern, by the playhouse, at seven in the evening, April 22nd," and one will come and show you the sheets.

7. CURLL TO P. T.

April 29, 1735.

SIR,—I have not ever met with anything more inconsistent than the several proposals of your letters. The first bearing date Oct. 11, 1733, gives some particulars of Mr. Pope's life, which I shall shortly make a public use of, in his life now going to the press.

The second of your letters of Nov. 15, 1733, informs me that if I would publish an advertisement of a collection of Mr. Pope's letters in your custody, the originals should be forthwith sent me, and for which you would expect no more than what would pay for a transcript of them.

In your third letter of the fourth instant you groundlessly imagine I have attempted to betray you to Mr. Pope; say, you have printed these letters yourself, and now want to be handsomely allowed for the copy, viz. 3*l.* a score, which is 2*l.* more than they cost printing;[1] appoint a meeting at the Rose on the 22nd instant, where I was to see the sheets, dealing thus, as you truly call it, in the dark.

April 21, you put off this meeting, fearing a surprise from Mr. Pope. How should he know of this appointment unless you gave him notice? I fear no such besettings either of him or his agents. That the paying of seventy-five pounds would bring you to town in a fortnight, would I be so silly as to declare it. By your last letter of last night, a gentleman is to be at my door at eight this evening, who has full commission from you.

You want seventy-five pounds for a person you would serve; that sum I can easily pay, if I think the purchase would be of any service to me. But in one word, sir, I am engaged all this evening, and shall not give myself any further trouble about such jealous, groundless, and dark negotiations. An honourable and open dealing is what I have been always used to, and, if you will come into such a method, I will meet you anywhere, or shall be glad to see you at my own house, otherwise apply to whom you please. Yours.

For P. T. or the gentleman who comes for him at eight this evening.

This appears to be the first time Curll had any personal conference with R. Smith the clergyman.

8. CURLL TO THE REV. MR. * * * [SMYTHE].

SIR,—I am ready to discharge the expense of paper, print, and copy-money, and make the copy my own, if we agree. But if I am to be your agent, then I insist to be solely so, and will punctually pay every week for what I sell, to you.

[1] The final agreement was that Curll should pay 60*l.* for 600 copies in sheets.

9. CURLL'S ANSWER TO P. T.'S OF MAY 3.[1]

SIR,—You shall, as all I have ever had any dealings with have, find a just and honourable treatment from me. But consider, sir, as the public, by your means entirely, have been led into an initial correspondence betwixt E. C. and P. T., and betwixt A. P. and E. C., the secret is still as recondite as that of the free-masons. P. T. are not, I dare say, the true initials of your name; or, if they were, Mr. Pope has publicly declared that he knows no such person as P. T. How, then, can anything you have communicated to me discover you, or expose you to his resentment?

I have had letters from another correspondent, who subscribes himself E. P., which I shall print as vouchers in Mr. Pope's Life, as well as those from P. T., which, as I take it, were all sent to me for that purpose, or why were they sent at all?

Your friend was with me on Wednesday last, but I had not your last till this morning, Saturday, 3rd of May. I am, sir, yours.

P.S. What you say appears by my advertisement in relation to Mr. Pope, I faithfully told your friend the clergyman. I wrote to Mr. Pope, to acquaint him that I was going to print a new edition of his letters to Mr. Cromwell, and offered him the revisal of the sheets, hoping likewise that it was now time to close all resentments, which, on honourable terms, I was ready to do. I told him likewise I had a large collection of others of his letters, which, from your two years' silence on that head, I thought was neither unjust nor dishonourable.

10. CURLL TO SMYTHE.

Half an hour past ten.

I CANNOT send the letters now,[2] because I have them not all by me, but, either this evening or to-morrow, you shall not fail of them, for some of them are in a scrutoire of mine out of town, and I have sent a messenger for them, who will return about three or four this afternoon. Be not uneasy: I never break my word, and, as honourable and just treatment will be shown by me, I shall expect the same return.

The estimate and letters you shall have together, but I desire the bearer may bring me fifty more books. Pray come to-night if you can. I am faithfully yours.

Curll was now so elated with his success, the books in his hands, and, as he thought, the men too, that he raised the style of his advertisement, which he published on the 12th of May, in these words, in the Daily Post-boy:—"This day are published, and most beautifully printed, price five shillings, Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence for thirty years; from 1704 to 1734. Being a collection

[1] This is an answer to the letter No. 3, p. 442, which Curll says was sent on May 8—an evident mistake, since the present reply was written on May 3.

[2] P. T.'s letters to Curll.—AUTHOR OF NARRATIVE.

of letters, regularly digested, written by him to the Right Honourable the late Earl of Halifax, Earl of Burlington, Secretary Craggs, Sir William Trumbull, Honourable J. C., General * * * *, Honourable Robert Digby, Esq., Honourable Edward Blount, Esq., Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Wycherley, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Steele, Mr. Gay, Mr. Jervas, Dr. Arbuthnot, Dean Berkeley, Dean Parnell, &c. Also letters from Mr. Pope to Mrs. Arabella Fermor, and many other ladies. With the respective answers of each correspondent. Printed for E. Curll, in Rose-street, Covent-Garden, and sold by all booksellers. N.B. The original manuscripts, of which affidavit is made, may be seen at Mr. Curll's house by all who desire it." And immediately after he writes thus to Smith :—

11. CURLL TO SMYTHE.

May 12, 1735.

SIR,—Your letter, written at two afternoon on Saturday, I did not receive till past ten at night. The title will be done to-day, and, according to your promise, I fully depend on the books and MSS. to-morrow. I hope you have seen the Post-boy, and approve the manner of the advertisement.[1] I shall think every hour a long period of time till I have more books, and see you, being, sir, sincerely yours.

But the tables now began to turn. It happened that the Booksellers' Bill—for so it was properly called, though intitled, An Act for the better encouragement of learning—came on this day in the House of Lords. Some of their lordships having seen an advertisement of so strange a nature, thought it very unfitting such a bill should pass without a clause to prevent such an enormous license for the future. The Earl of I[la]y, having read it to the House, observed further, that, as it pretended to publish several letters to Lords, with the respective answers of each correspondent, it was a breach of privilege, and contrary to a standing order of the House. Whereupon it was ordered that the gentleman-usher of the black rod do forthwith seize the impression of the said book, and that the said E. Curll, with J. Wilford, for whom the Daily Post-boy is printed, do attend the House to-morrow. And it was also ordered that the bill for the better encouragement of learning be read a second time on this day seven-night. By this incident the Booksellers' Bill was thrown out.[2]

May 13, 1735.—"The order made yesterday upon complaint of an advertisement in the Post-boy, of the publication of a book entitled Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence for thirty years past, being read, Mr. Wilford the publisher, and Mr. E. Curll, were severally called in and

[1] By this it appears, it was of Curll's own drawing up, which he denied to the Lords.—AUTHOR OF NARRATIVE. This is false. Mr. Curll told the Lords he copied the advertisement, and returned the original. This R. S. knows to be true.—CURLL. The observation of Curll in the text was a reply to Smythe's question (No. 5, p. 443), "Why do not you advertise?"

[2] This is likewise a flagrant falsehood.—CURLL.

examined, and being withdrawn, Ordered, that the matter of the said complaint be referred to a committee to meet to-morrow, and that E. Curll do attend the said committee. And that the black rod do attend with some of the said books."

May 14.—P. T.[1] writes to Curll on the unexpected incident of the Lords, to instruct him in his answers to their examination, and with the utmost care to conceal himself, to this effect :—"That he congratulates him on his victory over the Lords, the Pope, and the Devil; that the Lords could not touch a hair of his head, if he continued to behave boldly; that it would have a better air[2] in him to own the printing as well as the publishing, since he was no more punishable for one than for the other; that he should answer nothing more to their interrogatories than that he received the letters from different hands; that some of them he bought, others were given him; and that some of the originals he had, and the rest he should shortly have." P. T. tells him further, "That he shall soon take off the mask he complains of; that he is not a man of quality, as he imagined, but one conversant with such, and was concerned particularly with a noble friend of Mr. Pope, in preparing for the press the letters of Mr. Wycherley; that he caused a number over and above to be printed, having from that time conceived the thought of publishing a volume of P.'s letters, which he went on with, and ordered as nearly as possible to resemble that impression. But this was only *in ordine ad*, to another more material volume of his correspondence with Bishop Atterbury and the late Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke. And he confesses he made some alterations in these letters, with a view to those which Mr. Curll shall certainly have if he behaves as he directs, and every way conceals P. T." We have not this original letter, but we hope Mr. Curll will print it;[3] if not, it can only be for this reason, that as it preceded their quarrel but one day,[4] it proves the letters of Bishop Atterbury, Lord Bolingbroke, &c., cannot be in Curll's hands, though he has pretended to advertise them.[5] The next day Curll answers him thus :

12. CURLL TO SMYTHE.

Thursday, 9 manè, May 15, 1735.

DEAR SIR,—I am just again going to the Lords to finish Pope. I desire you to send me the sheets to perfect the first fifty books, and likewise the remaining three hundred books, and pray be at the Standard tavern this evening, and I will pay you twenty pounds more. My defence is right; I only told the Lords I did not know from

[1] This letter, which is printed at p. 445, was written by Smythe on behalf of P.T.

[2] Mr. Curll was resolved not to put on that air of lying P. T. advised, but told the Lords strict truth, which occasioned the breach, not quarrel, between them.—CURLL.

[3] Which he has done in the Initial Correspondence, with several others.—CURLL.

[4] Mr. Curll knows of no quarrel, but much roguery.—CURLL.

[5] Bishop Atterbury's letters, &c., are in Mr. Curll's hands, which he is ready to produce.—CURLL. But only one of the number was addressed to Pope.

whence the books came, and that my wife received them. This was strict truth, and prevented all further inquiry. The Lords declared they had been made Pope's tool. I put myself upon this single point, and insisted, as there was not any peer's letter in the book, I had not been guilty of any breach of privilege. Lord Delawarr will be in the chair by ten this morning, and the House will be up before three. I depend that the books and the imperfections will be sent, and believe of P. T. what I hope he believes of me.

The book was this day produced, and it appearing that, contrary to the advertisement,[1] there were no letters of lords contained in it, and consequently not falling under the order of the House, the books were re-delivered. At the same time Curll produced and showed to several of the lords the foregoing letter of P. T.,[2] which seems extraordinary, unless they had begun to quarrel about profits before that day. But, after it, it is evident from the next letter that they had an information of his willingness to betray them, and so get the whole impression to himself.[3]

13. CURLL TO SMYTHE.[4]

ROSE-STREET, *past three, Friday, May* 16, 1735.

SIR,—1. I am falsely accused. 2. I value not any man's change of temper; I will never change my veracity for falsehood, in owning a fact of which I am innocent. 3. I did not own the books came from across the water, nor ever named you; all I said was, that the books came by water. 4. When the books were seized I sent my son to convey a letter to you, and as you told me everybody knew you in Southwark, I bid him make a strict inquiry, as I am sure you would have done in such an exigency. 5. Sir, I have acted justly in this affair, and that is what I shall always think wisely. 6. I will be kept no longer in the dark; P. T. is Will o' the Wisp. All the books I have had are imperfect; the first fifty had no titles nor prefaces, the last five bundles seized by the Lords contained but thirty-eight in each bundle, which amounts to one hundred and ninety, and fifty, is in all but two hundred and forty books. 7. As to the loss of a future copy, I despise it, nor will I be concerned with any more such dark suspicious dealers. But now, sir, I will tell you what I will do; when I have the books perfected which I have already received, and the rest of the impression, I will pay you for them. But what do you call this usage—first take a note for a month, and then want it to be changed for one of Sir Richard Hoare's. My note is as good, for any

[1] False. The advertisement did not say there were any peers' letters in the book.—CURLL.

[2] False again. Mr. Curll showed the letter at large, not the extract herein recited.—CURLL.

[3] This is false, R. S. having before contracted with Mr. Curll for 600 books, and given him a receipt for 300, but delivered only 240, and those all imperfect. —CURLL.

[4] The letter to which this is an answer will be found at p. 446.

sum I give it, as the Bank, and shall be as punctually paid. I always say, gold is better than paper, and 20*l.* I will pay if the books are perfected to-morrow morning, and the rest sent; or to-night is the same thing to me. But if this dark converse goes on, I will instantly reprint the whole book, and as a supplement to it, all the letters P. T. ever sent me—of which I have exact copies—together with all your originals, and give them in upon oath to my Lord Chancellor. You talk of trust; P. T. has not reposed any in me, for he has my money and notes, for imperfect books. Let me see, sir, either P. T. or yourself, or you will find the Scots proverb verified: *Nemo me impune lacessit.* Your abused humble servant.

P.S. Lord O—— and Lord Delawarr, I attend this day. I will sup with you to-night.[1] Where Pope has one lord, I have twenty.

Mr. Curll just after, in the London Post or Daily Advertiser, printed this advertisement: "Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence, etc., with a Supplement of the Initial Correspondence of P. T., E. P., R. S., etc." To which in two days his correspondents returned the following answer: *May* 23, 1735.—To manifest to the world the insolence of E. Curll, we hereby declare that neither P. T. and much less R. S. his agent, ever did give, or could pretend to give any title whatever in Mr. Pope's letters to the said E. Curll, and he is hereby challenged to produce any pretence to the copy whatsoever. We helped the said E. Curll to the letters, and joined with him, on condition he should pay a certain sum for the books as he sold them. Accordingly the said E. Curll received two hundred and fifty books, which he sold, perfect and imperfect, at five shillings each, and for all which he never paid more than ten guineas, and gave notes for the rest, which proved not negotiable. Besides which, P. T. was persuaded by R. S., at the instigation of E. Curll, to pay the expense of the whole impression, viz. 75*l.*, no part whereof was repaid by the said Curll. Therefore every bookseller will be indemnified every way from any possible prosecution or molestation of the said E. Curll: and whereas the said E. Curll threatens to publish our correspondence, and, as much as in him lies, to betray his benefactors, we shall also publish his letters to us, which will open a scene of baseness and foul dealing, that will sufficiently show to mankind his character and conduct.[2] P. T. R. S.

[1] This P.S., as Cooper printed it, contradicts itself. Mr. Curll called at Lord Delawarr's house, and found him and Lord Cowper gone to Holland. And that evening Mr. Curll had the honour to spend with Lord Haversham. As to lords, Mr. Curll might have double his number.—Curll. Cooper had printed the P.S. thus:—"Lord ——, I attend this day. Lord Delawarr I sup with to-night."

[2] To this Mr. Curll replied in the Daily Post-boy of May 27, viz.—"Gentlemen, the scurrility of your advertisement I despise; falsehood under your own hands I shall here prove upon you; and as to your scandal in affirming that my notes proved not negotiable, I will take proper measures. It is declared, that neither P. T., much less R. S. his agent, ever did give, or could pretend to give, any title whatever in Mr. Pope's letters to Mr. Curll, and he is challenged to produce any pretence to the copy whatsoever. P. T., in his first letter to Mr. Curll, writes thus:—'To show you my sincerity and determinate

The effect of this quarrel has been the putting into our hands all the correspondence above; which having given the reader to make what reflections he pleases on, we have nothing to add but our hearty wishes,—in which we doubt not every honest man will concur,—that the next sessions, when the Booksellers' Bill shall again be brought in, the legislature will be pleased not to extend the privileges, without at the same time restraining the license of booksellers, since in a case so notorious as the printing a gentleman's private letters, most eminent,[1] both printers and booksellers conspired to assist the piracy,[2] both in printing and vending the same.

P.S. We are informed, that notwithstanding the pretences of Edmund Curll,[3] the original letters of Mr. Pope, with the post-marks upon them, remain still in the books from whence they were copied, and that so many omissions and interpolations have been made in this publication, as to render it impossible for Mr. P. to own them in the condition they appear.[4]

II.

Extract from the Journals of the House of Lords on the subject of Pope's Correspondence.[5]

Proceedings in Committee Die Mercurij, 14° Maij, 1735, Lord Delawarr in the chair.

resolution, these letters shall be sent you; they will make a four or five shilling book; yet I expect no more than what will barely pay a transcriber, that the originals may be preserved in your hands to vouch the truth of them. Yours, P. T. P.S. I would have you add to them what you formerly printed of those to Mr. Cromwell.' In a letter from R. S. to Mr. Curll, he thus writes:—'Sir, my cousin P. T. desires you will get 600 of the titles printed with all expedition; and assures you, that no man whatsoever shall vend a book but yourself, for you shall have the whole impression to be sure. I shall leave it to your generosity to consider me for the copy. I am, your friend and servant, R. S.' On Monday, the 12th instant, Mr. Curll published these letters, though he had but 50 books, and those wanting titles and prefaces; but the same day at noon R. S. sent for Mr. Curll to the Standard tavern, in Leicester-fields, where Mr. Curll paid him 30*l.*—in cash 10*l.*; by a negotiable note, payable in a month, 15*l.*; and a conditional note for 5*l.*—for which R. S. gave a receipt to Mr. Curll in full for 300 books, delivering them by two porters, five bundles of 38 books in each, making 190, which he said came by water, and they were sent to Mr. Curll's house, and his wife received them in his absence,—Mr. Curll having had in all about 240 books, though a receipt given for 300, and the last 190 all delivered imperfect. I therefore desire to know if this does not open a scene of baseness and foul dealing, that sufficiently show to mankind the characters and conduct of P. T. and R. S.? I shall say no more till I publish the whole of their transactions upon oath."—Curll.

[1] Mr. Pope is no more a gentleman than Mr. Curll, nor more eminent as a poet, than he as a bookseller.—Curll.

[2] T. Cooper's edition is the pirated one, and which all honest booksellers and the public have agreed to discourage.—Curll. Cooper, with the connivance of Pope, reprinted the volume of 1735, and Curll considered this an invasion of his rights.

[3] Mr. Curll never pretended to have any more letters of Mr. Pope's than he produced to the Lords in committee.—Curll.

[4] Mr. Pope well knows that these letters now appear as he directed them to be printed; which will hereafter be made more fully appear.—Curll.

[5] After Lord Ilay had called the attention of the House of Lords on the 12th of

The order of reference read, the black rod laid before the committee some of the books which he had seized at Mr. E. Curll's, pursuant to the orders of the House. After debate in relation to the method of proceeding, the Earl of Ilay acquainted the committee that he had one of the books at home which was bought at Mr. Curll's, and that in the 117th page there was a letter to Mr. Jervas, which contained, as he apprehended, an abuse of the Earl of Burlington, and his lordship desired that the book laid before the committee might be looked into for that letter; but the said books being in sheets, and the pages not to be easily turned to, Mr. Curll was called in, and directed to take the said sheets and fold one entire book, which he having done accordingly, he brought the same and delivered it to the lord in the chair, and then he withdrew.

Then the said book was looked into, but the above-mentioned letter to Mr. Jervas could not be found in it. Then the black rod was asked whether the said book was one of those which he seized at Mr. Curll's, and says it was. And, after further debate in relation to the method of proceeding, it was proposed to call Mr. Curll in again, and ask him how he came to publish the advertisement. And he, being called in and asked accordingly, says the advertisement was sent to him; he was to take a copy of it and put it into the paper. He does not know from whom it came, but the person who sent it subscribed himself P. T. Says he wrote to Mr. Pope to acquaint him that a gentleman whom he had disobliged, who signed himself P. T., had offered him a large collection of his (Pope's) letters to print. That Mr. Pope did not send him any answer to his letter, but put an advertisement in the Daily Post-boy, that he had received such a letter from E. C., that he knew no such person as P. T., that he believed nobody had such a collection of letters, but that it was a forgery, and that he should not trouble himself about it. And then he read an advertisement which he put into the Post-boy in answer to the said advertisement of Mr. Pope. He is directed to look on the book which was delivered to the committee, and asked whether that book contained the whole of what he published and sold in pursuance of the advertisement. Says this book has more than those he published, for this has a preface and title-page, which he never saw before he came to the committee. There were two parcels sent to him; the first he received himself; the other parcel was left at his house with his wife, when he was not at home, which he had not opened when they were seized. Those that he sold had not the title and preface.

Notice taken to him that the advertisement mentions that the original letters, of which affidavit is made, may be seen at his house;

May to the advertisement which had appeared that morning in the Post-boy, the gentleman-usher of the black rod was ordered to seize the copies of Pope's correspondence. Curll, the publisher of the book, and Wilford, the publisher of the Post-boy, were at the same time summoned to attend the next day. A few questions were put to them, and the subject was then referred to a committee, which met on the 14th.

and he is asked whether he has the originals of all the letters contained in the book, and how he came by them. Says he has not the originals of all the letters. He has the original letters of the correspondence with H. C. He had them from Mrs. Thomas, for which he paid her a sum of money; and, being asked what sum, he says ten guineas, and says he is willing to produce these letters if their lordships please.

Asked who made the affidavit. Says he made it, and that the purport of it was, that he believed the said letters to be original letters, he knowing Mr. Pope's handwriting, and several of them having the post-mark upon them.

He is again showed the book, and asked whether he takes upon him to say that is the book, and the only book, which he published and sold in pursuance of the advertisement. He says, yes, it is the only book, excepting the title and preface.

Asked how he came to advertise with the respective answers of such correspondents, if there is no letter of any lord printed in the book. Says that it was his ignorance; he only meant, by correspondents, such persons as had answered the letters; and says there is not any letter of any lord printed in the book. He read every line of the book before he published it.

Notice taken to him of a note in the book which mentions that a letter from the Duke of Chandos to Mr. P. may be printed in the second volume. Says he knows nothing at present of a second volume; but, if ever he should publish a second volume, he will not print any letter of the Duke of Chandos or of any other lord without their leave.

Asked whether he has any other original letters besides the correspondence with H. C., which he had from Mrs. Thomas. Says he has not, but he believes he shall have others; he has been promised them. Asked who promised them him. Says the promise was made him by a penny-post letter; he does not know from whom it came. When he has them, he shall be very willing to produce them.

Asked whether he ever saw P. T. Says he never did.

Asked whether he has any other copy of this book. Says he has not; delivered them all to the officers of the House. Asked whether any other edition was published by anybody else. Says he knows of no other edition. Asked whether he did not sell some of the books before the lords' order came to him. Says he sold about fifty.

Then he was directed to withdraw. The lord in the chair acquainted the committee that he had turned over the said book and did not find any letter of any lord in it; and proposed that it should be declared, that it did not appear to the committee that there was any letter of any lord printed in the said book.

After further debate, it was proposed to adjourn till to-morrow; and that the clerk should keep the said book in his custody, and that the black rod should deliver to him some more copies of the said book, and that he should against to-morrow look into the said copies to see if the above-mentioned letter to Mr. Jervas was in any of them. And, the same being agreed to, it was ordered accord-

ingly. Intimation to be given to Curll to attend the committee to-morrow, and bring with him the original letters which he has in his custody. Adjourned till to-morrow morning, 10 o'clock.

Die Jovis, 15° Maij, 1735. Lord Delawarr in the chair.—The order of reference to this committee read. The standing order of the 31st of January, 1721, declaring it to be a breach of privilege to print lords' works, &c., &c., also read. And the lord in the chair acquainting the committee that he had carefully looked over the said book, and did not find any letter of any lord therein, and other lords of the committee declaring the same also, it was proposed to report to the House, that the committee not finding any letter of a lord printed in the said book, they conceive that the printing of the book is not contrary to the said standing order, and are of opinion that the said books should be delivered back to the said Curll. And the same being agreed to, report was ordered to be made to the House accordingly.

III.

Statements and Documents published by Curll.

Curll to the Peers of Great Britain.

Rose-street, Covent-garden, *May* 22, 1735.

My Lords,—This day se'en-night I was in the same jeopardy as Mr. Dryden's Hind :—

Doomed to death, though fated not to die.

But, till the hour of my death, I shall, with the most grateful acknowledgments, always remember both the justice and honour your lordships have done me on this occasion. Prevarication, my lords, is a noted finesse of the society of Jesus. Mr. Pope says in one of his letters, that an evasion is a lie guarded ; but in another to Mr. Wycherley, he thus writes, p. 24, 25 :—"I am sorry you told the great man whom you met in the Court of Requests, that your papers were in my hands. No man alive shall ever know any such thing from me, and I give you this warning besides, that though yourself should say I had any way assisted you, I am notwithstanding resolved to deny it." An excellent proof this of the modesty of Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, Esq.

Now, my lords, to matter of fact. I shall this week publish a new edition of Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence, &c., wherein the letters to Mr. Jervas, Mr. Digby, Mr. Blount, and Dr. Arbuthnot, which were wanting in all the copies seized by your lordships' order, shall be by me delivered *gratis*. And as I am resolved to detect, if possible, the contrivers of this gross imposition upon your lordships, I will, by way of Supplement, print all the letters I have received from E. P., P. T., and R. S., with some other correspondences, which, as Mr. Bayes says, shall both elevate and surprise the public.

I have engraven a new plate of Mr. Pope's head from Mr. Jervas's

painting; and likewise intend to hang him up in effigy, for a sign to all spectators of his falsehood and my own veracity, which I will always maintain under the Scots' motto: *Nemo me impune lacessit.*

CURLL TO THE BOOKSELLERS.

ROSE-STREET, *May* 22, 1735.

GENTLEMEN,—Being informed that there are clandestinely sent to Messrs. Innys and Manby some copies of Mr. Pope's letters, this is to give both them and you notice, that if they, or any person whatsoever, sell one copy of the said letters, but what comes from me, I will take reprisals on their copies.[1] Farther, my new edition[2] will have considerable additions never before printed, with cuts of the most eminent persons, which I will sell you cheaper; therefore use me as you would be used yourselves. The person who complains of me shall be by me used as he deserves.

Extract from Curll's preliminary Epistle to Pope in the second volume of Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence. 1735.

You very well know, sir, that in the year 1717, when the Court Poems, viz., The Basset-Table, The Toilet, and The Drawing-Room, were published, upon your sending for me to the Swan Tavern in Fleet Street, in company with Mr. Lintot, and inquiring into the publication of that pamphlet, I then frankly told you, that those pieces were by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, a dissenting teacher, given to Mr. John Oldmixon, who sent the same to be published by Mr. James Roberts, in Warwick Lane; and that my neighbour Mr. Pemberton, and myself, had each of us a share, with Mr. Oldmixon, in the said pamphlet. For this you were pleased to treat me with half a pint of canary, antimonially prepared;[3] for the emetic effects of which, it has been the opinion of all mankind, you deserved the stab. My purgation was soon over, but yours [illegible] (without a timely repentance) till, as the Ghost says in Hamlet, with all your imperfections on your head, you are called to your account, and your offences purged by fire. Yet notwithstanding your behaviour to me, in turning this matter into ridicule, and making me the subject of several of your libels, all which I have equally despised, I made you an offer of reconciliation, though you yourself was the aggressor.[4]

[1] He means that, to indemnify himself for their interference with an edition which he considered he had purchased, he would publish some of the works of which they possessed the copyright. In 1736 he brought out an edition of Pope's Sober Advice, with this notice upon the title-page:—"Printed for T. Boreman, at the Cock, on Ludgate Hill, 1735, who having taken the liberty lately to print some poems which are my property, I here return him the same compliment in part, as I always will, whoever attacks me, by way of *lex talionis*, i. e., the just law of retaliation."

[2] His republication of the original volume, of which the copies had been brought to him ready printed.

[3] This alleged incident occurred during the interview at the Swan Tavern. "My brother Lintot," Curll says in the Curlliad, "drank his half-pint of old hock, Mr. Pope his half-pint of sack, and I the same quantity of an emetic potion. I went home and vomited heartily."

[4] Evidenced by my letter of the 22nd of March, 1734-5.—CURLL.

You were by me acquainted, that you had disobliged a gentleman, the initials of whose name were P. T., who to show his resentment was resolved to publish a large collection of your letters. To this you thought fit, suitable to your former behaviour, to return me a very impertinent and false answer, in the Grub Street Journal, Daily Journal, and Daily Post-boy—that you believed the whole to be a forgery, and should not trouble yourself at all about it,—in the last of which papers, on the 5th of April, I gave you a full reply, to which it was not in your power to rejoin. What steps were afterwards taken in this affair, I shall impartially relate. P. T., from whom I had not heard in two years before, wrote me a letter, that you should soon be convinced of your mistake, and, being indisposed himself, appointed R. S. to be his agent, an account of which whole transaction I have laid before the public in the Initial Correspondence hereunto annexed.

On the 12th of May last I published the said collection of your letters, and on the same day, upon your being told by a gentleman, who saw you in the Court of Requests at Westminster, that it was pretty plain the letters published were no forgeries, you very pertly answered, "So much the worse." "Yes," replied the gentleman, "so it is for you, Mr. Pope." But this, by the bye, sir, was owning them to be genuine.

Upon your complaint to some lords,[1] whom you have made patrons to the abuse of others, it was owing that the books were seized, and not to the advertisement, which was but the shoeing-horn to your groundless resentment against me. But you have met a second defeat before that most august assembly, as you did in your first attack, relating to the Duke of Buckingham's works.[2]

> Therefore confess you have a Tartar caught,
> Be, once, sincere; and frankly own your fault.

You say, sir, it will be but justice to you to believe that nothing more is yours than what you have owned,[3] notwithstanding all that hath been published in your name, or added to your Miscellanies since 1717, by any bookseller whatsoever.[4]

[1] Bolingbroke, attainted, late Earl of Oxford, impeached, &c. Vid. your Epistles.—CURLL.

[2] On Jan. 31, 1721-22, Curll was brought before the House of Lords for an advertisement of an intended publication—The Life and Works of the Duke of Buckingham. Curll, who was reprimanded by the Lord Chancellor, supposes the proceeding to have been instigated by Pope, the subsequent editor of the Duke's Works.

[3] In the preface to the second volume of his poetical works in quarto, dated January 1, 1734, Pope professed to enumerate his productions, and then added the equivocal declaration quoted by Curll.

[4] Your booksellers *ab origine* are indeed pretty numerous, viz., F. Tonson, W. Lewis, who sold your Essay on Criticism to B. Lintot; L. Gilliver, B. Motte, a Printer; F. Brindley, O. Payne, T. Boreman, and C. Corbet, all hereditary bookbinders, to whom you sold, by agency, your Sober Advice from Horace, as will be proved, notwithstanding you are resolved to deny it.—CURLL. According to Curll, Pope received sixty guineas for it.

O, while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph and partake the gale?
And shall thy verse to future age pretend,
Thou wert Curll's enemy, but now his friend?
That urged by thee, he turned the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from envy to desert;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light,
And proved the art of lying[1] was not right;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.[2]

But to return, sir, you say I was first threatened and afterwards punished for printing the Court Poems.[3] Pray, who gave you the authority of punishing? Remember only, that now is my turn to punish, and if I have not the spleen of a warped poet, or a Scot's medicaster,[4] I will find some other prescription that shall, once more, as Shakspeare says, harrow up your soul.

To believe nothing is yours but what you own, would be merely ridiculous. Did you not deny the Dunciad for seven years? Did you not offer a reward of three guineas, by an advertisement in the Post-man, to know the publisher of your version of the First Psalm? and when you were informed, did you ever pay the premium?[5] Did you not publish the Worms yourself? And do you own any of these in the preface to the second volume of your works? In short, sir, your conduct as to your poetical productions is exactly of a piece with what I once met with at the Old Bailey. A most flagrant offender was put upon his trial for a notorious theft, and by his egregious shuffling he put Mr. Recorder Lovel into a violent passion. Sirrah, says he, you have got a trick of denying what you ought to own, and of owning what you might as well deny. "An' please your honour," quoth culprit, "that's the way not to be hanged." However, impudent Jack was tucked up by a fresh fact proved upon him that very sessions.

Thus if with small, great things may be compared,
Kind fate, at length, may wait on thief and bard.

[1] It would have a better air in him, Curll, to own the printing as well as publishing of Mr. Pope's Letters. Vid. Narrative. N.B. He the said Curll was of a different opinion.—CURLL.

[2] See the end of the Essay on Man.—CURLL.

[3] See the Notes Variorum on the Dunciad.—CURLL.

[4] Dr. Arbuthnot.

[5] "This profane version of the First Psalm," it was said, in the Key to the Dunciad, 1728, "was handed about by Mr. Pope in the Lent season, and printed from an original copy in his own handwriting. He put out an advertisement in the Postman, offering three guineas reward to discover the person who sent it to the press, but this was only an evasive feint; for Mrs. Burleigh, in Amen Corner, was the publisher of it, and was ready to produce the manuscript under his own hand, but neither he, nor any one for him, ever paid the premium or said one word more about it when he found it could be proved on him." Curll reiterated in his reply to the attack on him in the Dunciad, "that Scriblerus, Cleland, or any other of Mr. Pope's seconds, might see the original in his own handwriting, if they would pay the three guineas advertised by Mr. Pope's orders in the Postman."

As to the publication of your letters, a state decipherer has assured me, that by a transposition of initials the plot is unravelled; ex. gr. P. T. is Trickster Pope, R. S. is Silly Rascal, to sell imperfect books, and then cry out w—— first. Pray, most sincere sir, how could either P. T. or R. S. come by the letter I wrote to you, if A. P., R. S., and P. T. were not all of a clan? *Risum teneatis, amici?*

Who was it played the gardener,—sure it could not be honest Searle,[1]—in lopping some branches, inoculating others, and transplanting a large shoot from one of your letters to Mr. Cromwell, and grafting it upon Mr. Walsh's stock?

> Refrain the path that leads to evil;
> Tell the plain truth and shame the Devil.

Ananias and Sapphira felt the divine vengeance for one lie; what then do your confederates expect, or justly ought to dread, for so many as have been told about the publication of your letters? The plot is now discovered.[2] Lawton Gilliver has declared that you bought of him the remainder of the impression of Wycherley's letters, which he printed, by your direction, in 1728, and have printed six hundred of the additional letters, with those to Mr. Cromwell, to make up the volume. Yet still it must be given out that a nobleman has been robbed, and his innocent servant must be discarded, to support your most flagrant falsehood. This, sir, is eating shame and drinking after it. Therefore, if you have any remorse of conscience, take Dr. Arbuthnot's last advice—study more to reform than chastise, and begin with making yourself the precedent.

The Initial Correspondence;[3] *or, Anecdotes of the Life and Family of Mr. Pope.*

> Who can shame P——? break all his cobwebs through,
> He spins the slight self-pleasing threads anew:
> Destroy his lies, or sophistry, in vain,
> The creature's at his dirty work again;
> Throned in the centre of his base designs;
> Proud of extending his vain-glorious lines.
>
> EPIST. TO ARBUTHNOT.

> His own example strengthens all his laws;
> He is that petulant poor wretch he draws.
>
> ESSAY ON CRIT.

[1] Mr. Pope's gardener, at Twickenham.—CURLL.

[2] In an address to Pope, prefixed to the third volume of Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence, Curll says, "The first volume of your letters was printed by your own direction, to complete your correspondence with Mr. Wycherley, as Lawton Gilliver hath himself acknowledged." From this it would be inferred that Gilliver printed the new letters, which was possibly the case. He had published for Pope on other occasions, and was the person to whom the poet would naturally have recourse to match the type and paper of a work which had issued from his shop.

[3] What Curll called the Initial Correspondence, because the principal person, P. T., had only signed his initials, was published by the bookseller in July, 1735, in the same volume of Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence, in which he reprinted the Narrative, with notes.

It is a very just observation made by a late impartial biographer, that those persons who have been most industrious in handing down to posterity the memorials of other men, have generally had the misfortune to be neglected themselves. Unwilling that so hard a fate should befall a man who so little deserves it, I was glad to embrace any opportunity rather than trust a thing of such consequence to hereafter; and I have this satisfaction,—how uncommon soever it may be thought, to give an account of a man in his lifetime,—that I have preserved some memorials of an indefatigable gentleman now living, which an able pen may improve greatly to his honour, when dead. With this view, then, I shall begin my labour with the account Mr. Pope has given us of himself;[1] and proceed to other authorities to which I shall all along refer. E. Curll.

Mr. Alexander Pope was born in Cheapside, London, on the 8th day of June, in the year 1688; so that one week produced both Pope and the Pretender. Memorable era! His parents, being of the Roman Catholic persuasion, educated him by a private tutor, of whom he learned Latin and Greek at one and the same time. He passed through some seminaries with little improvement till twelve years of age, after which he perfected his studies by his own industry.[2] So early a propensity had he to the Muses, that, among several other pretty poetical productions, he sent his friend Mr. Cromwell An Ode on Solitude, written when he was not twelve years' old.[3] And before this time, he had severely satirised his schoolmaster, as appears from the following original letter.

1. E. P. to Curll.

March 27, 1733.

Sir,—In pursuance to your advertisement desiring such accounts of Mr. Pope as his deserts demand, I send you these anecdotes, the truth of which I can testify, and will, if called upon, as having been his schoolfellow myself at the time. The fact is very remarkable, as it is a proof of that natural spleen which constitutes his temperament, and from which he has never deviated in the whole course of his life. The last school he was put to, before the twelfth year of his age, was in Devonshire Street, near Bloomsbury; there I also was, and the late Duke of Norfolk, at the same time. It was kept by one Bromley, a Popish renegado, who had been a parson, and was one of King James's converts in Oxford, some years after that prince's abdication.[4] He kept a little seminary till, upon an advantageous

[1] A portion of the next paragraph is taken from Jacob's Lives of the Poets, and the bookseller asserted in the Curlliad that the account of Pope "was drawn up by Pope himself, and by him given to Mr. Jacob with a brace of guineas to insert it." It appears, however, from a letter of Jacob, written out of hostility to the poet, and published by Dennis in his "Remarks on the Dunciad," that the two guineas were the large subscription of Pope to a work of small price, and that the sketch of him was not his own composition, though he added to it and altered it.

[2] See Jacob's Lives of the Poets, 8vo. p. 145.—Curll.

[3] See his letters to Henry Cromwell, Esq.—Curll.

[4] His name was William Bromley, son of Henry Bromley, of Holt, in Wor-

offer made him, he went a travelling tutor to the present Lord Gage. Mr. Alexander Pope, before he had been four months at this school, or was able to construe Tully's Offices, employed his muse in satirising his master. It was a libel of at least one hundred verses, which a fellow student having given information of, was found in his pocket, and the young satirist was soundly whipped, and kept a prisoner to his room for seven days; whereupon his father fetched him away, and I have been told he never went to school more. How much past correction has wrought upon him, the world is judge; and how much present correction might, may be collected from this sample. I thought it a curious fact, and therefore it is at your service, as one of the ornaments of this excellent person's life. Yours, &c., E. P.[1]

The old gentleman, P. T., not calling upon me, I did not put the advertisement into any newspaper, and this whole transaction lay dormant near two years. But upon regulating some papers in my scrutoire about the close of March, 1735, this advertisement came to my hands, and reflecting within myself that the resentment between Mr. Pope and me, though from the first ungenerously taken up by him, had continued much too long, being almost eight years, I was willing to lay hold of an opportunity for proposing an accommodation. Accordingly I wrote to Mr. Pope on the 22nd of March, and enclosed the above-mentioned advertisement in the handwriting of P. T., and desired his answer, which he thought fit, in a very ungentlemanlike manner, to return me in three papers, viz., the Grub Street Journal, the Daily Journal, and the Daily Post-boy, in the last of which I replied, April 5th.

Upon this incident P. T. renewed his correspondence, and sent me word he had seen an advertisement of Mr. Pope which related to him, and that Mr. Pope should soon see the collection of letters published; for that, upon my not advertising them, he had been persuaded to print them himself, and offered me the refusal of the impression, his demands for which were seventy-five pounds; and added, that a person should meet me at the Rose Tavern, in Bridges Street, and bring me, at a day appointed, one of the books in sheets. But on the day appointed I received a countermand, that he thought he had lost his wits by making such an appointment, and seemed in a terrible panic lest Mr. Pope should send some of his Twickenham bravoes to assault us; but how Mr. Pope was to know of this meeting is the cream of the jest. I sent him word that I commiserated his fears, but as to my own part I did not at all dread any assassination whatever from Mr. Pope, even though it were a poetical one. To this P. T. rejoined that a gentleman should call at my house precisely at eight o'clock in the evening in a week's time; but in the interim I received the following letter:—

cestershire, Esq. He was entered a gentleman-commoner of Christ Church College, Oxon, 1673. See Wood's Athen. Oxon. vol. ii. p. 1063. edit. ult. – Curll.

[1] This letter was succeeded by the letters from P. T., dated October 11th and November 15th, 1733, which have already been given (No. 2, p. 423, No. 3, p. 424) in the Narrative published by Cooper.

2. P. T. to Curll.

May 3, 1735.

Sir,—P. T. will send you fifty books,—all but the title, which you may order as you please, and therefore was not wrought,—in five or six days' time, and you may pay for them as you propose, at the week's end: it will be left to your honour, to show you my intentions are honourable. You may therefore advertise as you propose, five or six days together, that the book will be published by you the 12th inst. Your servant.

Accordingly, on the 7th of May, R. S., a short, squat man, came to my house, not at eight, but near ten at night. He had on a clergyman's gown, and his neck was surrounded with a large lawn barrister's band. He showed me a book in sheets almost finished, and about a dozen original letters, and promised me the whole at our next meeting; and the next day I received the following note from P. T., and a letter from R. S., viz.:—

3. P. T. to Curll.

Sir,—You see I leave all to your own prudence, and you now see I trust your honour as to price, &c., which settle with the bearer against the week's end; for out they must come now forthwith. I doubt not you will return my letters, and we must by no means seem to use Pope with disregard, but rather commend, &c., lest by any circumstances I writ to you, the publisher be detected. Yours.

P.S. The clergyman you saw will bring you the books, to whom I insist you will deliver my former letters concerning Mr. Pope, whom I must be concealed from; and he tells me you had written an advertisement of Mr. Pope's Life, in which, if you insert any one circumstance of what I told you in a private letter, I shall be discovered and exposed to his resentment. I insist on your honour in returning them therefore.

You may do as you please yourself in relation to the references to Cromwell's letters, and therefore you may add any such advertisement to the title of the book itself, for I do not thoroughly understand you as to that.

4. Smythe to Curll.

May 8, 1735.

Dear Sir,—Please to send by the bearer the title and the preface, and an estimate, and the papers you promised me last night,—I mean the letters. The printer is drawing out the sheets, and you shall have the rest with expedition. If I should get off my engagement for this evening, leave word where I shall meet you. I am your friend and servant.

P. S. The old gentleman is vastly pleased at our meeting last night; do not fail to send by the bearer the letters. I shall have great news, and good, to tell you on Friday, to both our advantage.

5. SMYTHE TO CURLL.

Two o'clock, Saturday, May 10, 1735.

DEAR SIR,—My cousin desires you will get 600 of the titles printed with all expedition ; and assures you that no man whatsoever shall vend one book but yourself, for you shall have the whole impression to be sure. He says Tuesday. I am, sir, your friend and servant.

P.S. Why do not you advertise ?

6. SMYTHE TO CURLL.

May 12, 1735.

SIR,—You see how earnest P. T. is to have these books out, therefore you will receive by the bearer some titles. By one o'clock you shall have more books ; but he must insist on some money to pay the printer. The number I shall bring you will be near two hundred ; be at home at twelve, for I may get them before. I am your friend and servant.

According to the request herein, I stayed at home ; and about one o'clock R. S. sent for me to the Standard Tavern in Leicester Fields, where I paid him ten pounds, and gave him a negotiable note for fifteen pounds, payable in a month, as he desired. We had not been together half an hour, before two porters brought to the tavern five bundles of books upon a horse, which R. S. told me came by water. He ordered the porters to carry them to my house, and my wife took them in. They contained but 38 books in each bundle, making in the five bundles 190 books, all wanting the letters to Messrs. Jervas, Digby, Blount, and Dr. Arbuthnot's letter. But he said they contained 50 in each bundle, which, with 50 I had before, without titles or prefaces, made 300, and gave me the following receipts :—

May 12, 1735.

" Then received of Mr. Curll ten pounds on account, by me,
" R. SMYTHE."

" Received at the same time a note of hand of fifteen pounds, one month after date, which when paid is in full for three hundred books, by me, " R. SMYTHE."

N. B. He had a conditional note of mine besides, payable on demand, for five pounds. E. CURLL.

About two o'clock on the very day of publication, the 12th instant, all the books that were in my custody were seized by a warrant from the House of Lords, and myself, and Mr. John Wilford, publisher of the Post-boy, were both ordered to attend their lordships the next day, which we did accordingly. Mr. Wilford, and the printer of the Post-boy, whom he brought with him, were, upon examination, discharged. But the Lords resolving themselves into a Committee, I was ordered to attend the next day. At my return home I found the following letter from R. S :—

7. SMYTHE TO CURLL.

May 13, 1735.

SIR,—As soon as I heard of our misfortune of the books being seized, I posted away to P. T. He said he found his great caution was but necessary; but though he knew Mr. Pope's interest with the great, he apprehended only his personal revenge, or a Chancery suit, knowing he would spare no cost to gratify his revenge. He said if you had been more cautious than to name Lords in your advertisement, this could not have happened; but since it has happened, you shall not only find him punctual, but generous. He immediately sent me with money to pay off the printer, and I have the whole impression in my hands. I then found that the rogue had delivered your last parcel imperfect; but I will bring you both those sheets, and the whole impression, the very first day they can be safely delivered you.

P. T. says he never intended any more advantage, but merely not to be out of pocket, except you had been willing to gratify me a little; but now he will be just, and act handsomely to you, though ever so much to his own loss, provided you keep secret our whole transaction. As it is plain that Pope's whole point is only to suppress the books, and find out who gave the letters, you will entirely disappoint him in both, if whatever questions the Lords ask, you will answer no more than thus—that you had the letters from different hands, some of which you paid for, that you printed these as you did Mr. Cromwell's before, without Mr. Pope's ever gainsaying it; and that, as to the originals, many you can show now, and the rest you can very speedily.

It is well that an accident hinders you at present from the originals, which now they would seize. P. T. thinks it was indiscreet to advertise the originals so very quick as the first day, until you actually had them, which, by his own falling ill, he could not come at so soon in the place where they lay.

The Lords cannot stop the books above two or three days, if at all; and P. T.'s wonderful caution, as it happens, will enable you to sell them, whatever orders they may make. For he, apprehending injunctions in Chancery might suppress the book, had already printed another title and preface, which throws the publication entirely off you, and might be safely vended even in that case. In short, if you absolutely conceal all that has passed between P. T., me, and yourself, you win the old gentleman for ever. For his whole heart is set upon publishing the letters, not so much for this volume, as *in ordine ad* to much more important correspondence that will follow, viz., with Swift, late Lord Ox—d, Bishop Rochester, and Lord Bol.

You shall hear soon from me. I hope this will be quickly over. I remain, your faithful servant.

[1] The "wonderful caution" of which Smythe speaks, consisted in leaving out Curll's name from the title-page, and substituting the general form, "Printed and sold by the booksellers of London and Westminster."

8. SMYTHE TO CURLL.

May 14.

SIR,—We heartily congratulate you on your victory over the Lords, the Pope, and the Devil: for we have sure information that the books will be restored to you either this day or to-morrow. The old gentleman is charmed with your behaviour yesterday; only thinks it wrong that he hears you owned the books were sent to your wife by an unknown hand. This may induce inquiry and suspicion of some dark transaction, and be thought shuffling. The Lords will think you more sincere, and it will have a better air, to say you had the originals and copies from different hands, and that some you paid for, some were given you, and you printed them in your own right. You can suffer no more for printing than for publishing them, and the Lords cannot touch a hair of your head.

All that P. T. can apprehend is, that Pope may obtain an injunction in Chancery, against E. Curll by name, notwithstanding which, those books may be selling which have not your name, with the preface which he provided for that purpose. And you cannot but observe when you read that preface, that at the same time that it makes you not publisher, it yet proves your right to Cromwell's Letters. This is as lucky as can be, and Pope cannot obtain an injunction without owning himself, in the bill, author of the letters, which will serve you to prove the letters genuine.

If you observe all the old gentleman's directions you will soon be fully acquainted both with his person and designs. In the meantime, to show you he will take off the mask, and clear the *mysterium magnum* you complain of, I have his leave to tell you these things, which he would have writ to you himself, but that his arm is now disabled by the rheumatism. He is no man of quality, but conversant with many, and happening to be concerned with a noble lord, a friend of Mr. Pope's, in handing to the press his letters to Wycherley, he got some copies over and above. This incident put first into his head the thought of collecting more, and afterwards finding you did not comply in printing his advertisement, he went on with it by himself; found Cromwell's answers in the same lord's possession, with many others, which he printed as near as possible to correspond with the letter and paper, &c. The alterations he made in some paragraphs, &c., were necessary, the same things being repeated in other letters, either of this or the next volume,—particularly the original of the letter to Mr. Walsh is in his hand.

I hope to have some of his originals when we meet. The books that rascal sent imperfect you shall have perfected on your first desire, by a line to Dick's; in which you are desired to send us word of what you now think of the honour and candour of your faithful friend P. T.

9. SMYTHE TO CURLL.

May 15, *Thursday, Five o'clock.*

SIR,—You are happily got off, to my extreme pleasure. I take the first minute I hear of your acquittal to tell you, from certain

information, that * * * * *—Pope's friends—particularly * * * would have done any sort of illegal injustice to have come at you, even to imprisonment and confiscation of the books.[1] It was wholly owing to * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *, that you are defended in your rights ; and it will be but common gratitude in you—as well as may possibly, nay certainly, recommend you to their patronage—to take the first opportunity to return them your public thanks. The coach waits, and I am going with this joyful news to the old gentleman ; and to have his orders for what he promised, is the reason I cannot possibly see you this night. I am, yours most sincerely.

10. Smythe to Curll.

May 15 or 16.[2]

Sir,—I have seen P. T., from whom I hoped to have had the MSS. But I found him in a very different humour from what I left him. He says you did not follow the instructions he sent you, in not owning the printing ; which though in your letter you seem to think nothing, yet joined to your having owned to others, that you had them from across the water, was almost all that you could discover. Yet further, we are certainly informed that you have named me as the hand that conveyed them. This you have said, that I was a clergyman belonging to C. Church in Southwark. Judge you whether we can think of you as you have reason to think of us, whether this be honourable usage, after you had known what P. T. had done, and what a sum he paid to get you the whole impression. P. T. had reason to think you would betray him as soon as you had it. Judge, too, if you have done wisely to hazard, by your blabbing, the loss of a future copy of immense value, which I much doubt he will ever let you have. He has positively enjoined me not to trust myself with you till better assurance : and the best way for my part that I know you can give any assurance is, to send the twenty pound first, to Dick's Coffee house, in a note on Mr. Hoare, by ten to-morrow morning ;[3] and to show P. T. that you trust him as absolutely in that small sum, as he has done you in a much greater. As soon as you do this, and not before, he will send all the things you desire, which I believe he would never have done after your naming me, and coming so near as Southwark, but for his being so earnest to have the book published. In one word, he has put it upon this test.

[1] The blanks in Smythe's letter I could not let pass ; his reflections were so gross upon the Lords in general, and one noble peer in particular. But this whole transaction, with some others relating to Mr. Pope, I will lay before the House at their meeting.—Curll.

[2] The date in the original publication is May 17, which must be an error, since the answer (No. 13, p. 430) was written on the previous day.

[3] Curll had said (No. 12, p. 429) that if the remaining 300 copies of the letters were delivered, he would pay 20*l.* more. Smythe in return insists that the money should be paid before the books were delivered. Curll misunderstood him, and supposed (No. 13, p. 430) that he wanted that the notes of hand for 20*l.*, which had been given for the volumes already sent, should be exchanged for one of the notes of Sir Richard Hoare.

I am sorry you have given him this occasion of distrust. I would be glad to do you a good office with him ; but I fear you have done me a bad one in naming me. I am, yours.

Your answer ought to be very satisfactory.

11. SMYTHE TO CURLL.

May 19, 1735.

SIR,—I will bring you the remainder of the impression Thursday evening. For I am really tired with this capricious temper of the old gentleman ; he suspects his own shadow. I shall leave it to your generosity to consider me for the copy. I am just sent for to him, and am told he is in good-humour. I have but just time to tell you, I am, your friend and servant.

[1] The rest of this honest transaction may be seen in the following Advertisement, viz :—

12. E. CURLL TO THE PUBLIC.

FROM POPE'S HEAD, IN ROSE-STREET,
COVENT-GARDEN, *July* 26, 1735.

Mr. Pope having put me under a necessity of using him as he deserves, I hereby declare, that the first volume of his letters, which I published on the 12th of May last, was sent me ready printed, by himself ; and for six hundred of which I contracted with his agent, R. Smythe, who came to me in the habit of a clergyman. I paid the said R. Smythe half the sum contracted for, and have his receipt in full for three hundred books, though it has since, by him, been honestly owned, that he delivered me but two hundred and forty books, and those all imperfect. For this treatment I shall have recourse to a legal remedy. Mr. Pope in the Grub-street Journal—a libel wherein he has been concerned from its original—the Daily Journal, and the Daily Post-boy, declared these letters to be forgeries, and complained of them to the House of Lords ; which falsehood was detected before that most august assembly ; and upon my acquittal, he publishes a very idle narrative of a robbery committed upon two manuscripts, one in his own, and the other in the Earl of Oxford's library. This fallacy being likewise exposed, he now advertises he shall with all convenient speed publish some letters himself, particularly relating to his correspondence with the Bishop of Rochester.[2]

[1] What follows was added by Curll in a second edition.

[2] The advertisement appeared in the London Gazette of Tuesday, July 15, 1735 :—"Whereas several booksellers have printed several surreptitious and incorrect editions of letters as mine, some of which are not so, and others interpolated ; and whereas there are daily advertisements of second and third volumes of more such letters, particularly my correspondence with the late Bishop of Rochester, I think myself under a necessity to publish such of the said letters as are genuine, with the addition of some others of a nature less insignificant, especially those which passed between the said Bishop and myself, or were in any way related to him, which shall be printed with all convenient speed.—A. POPE."

But the public may be assured that if any letters Mr. Pope himself, or any of his tools, shall think fit to publish, are the same, or any way interfere, with those I have published, that the same shall be instantly reprinted by me.

This second volume of Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence contains the remainder of his own letters to Henry Cromwell, Esq. ; Bishop Atterbury's letters to Mr. Pope, and some other curious pieces I had of his son. Also, original letters to, and from, Lord Somers, Lord Parker, Lord Harrington, Judge Powys, Sir R. Steele, Mr. Prior, Mr. Addison, &c., with which I presume Mr. Pope has not anything to do.

The third volume of Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence will open with his letter to the Duchess of Buckinghamshire, &c., which I am ready to produce under his own hand.

I know not what honours Mr. Pope would have conferred on him. 1st, I have hung up his head for my sign. And, 2ndly, I have engraved a fine view of his house, gardens, &c., from Mr. Rysbrack's painting : but if he aims at any farther artifices, he never found himself more mistaken than he will be in trifling with me.

The foregoing advertisement I put into Fog's Journal of Saturday, July 26th, but must own I was not a little surprised to find in the next week's Journal the printer begging pardon for inserting this advertisement, which he himself read before it was put in, and was of opinion, that the appeal therein made to the public was no more than doing myself justice. Having been out of town for some days, at my return home on Monday, August 11th, I called at the printing-house to know the meaning of such a procedure. The printer, who is a very honest man, frankly at once told me, that he was of the same opinion, as at first, in relation to the justness of my complaint ; but that he inserted it to oblige Mr. Pope, who, with some of his pettifoggers, threatened to bring an information against the paper,[1] which was the only motive for this his ridiculous recantation.

As to Mr. Pope's being concerned in the Grub-street Journal, all his denials stand only for ciphers ; for one of the Grub-street proprietors assured me, that both himself, and Huggonson, the Quaker, who prints the said journal, could testify the contrary ; nay farther, I know, from indisputable evidence, that Mr. Pope wrote a letter to a certain gentleman in the most pressing instances of friendship, not to divulge the secret of his being concerned in that paper with his writing partner, Dr. Arbuthnot.

[1] This is confirmed by a letter of Pope to Fortescue, dated August 2, 1735, in which he says, "Curll has done me another injury in propagating lies in Fog's Journal of Saturday last, which I desire you to see, and consider if not matter for an information."

END OF VOL. I.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

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